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FUEL ECONOMIES HOLD OUT A HOPE FOR EASTERN EUROPE
Thomas Land

HONG KONG INHERITANCE: THE ARTS AND HIGHER EDUCATION
S. F. Bailey

THEATRE IN PRAGUE, PAST AND PRESENT
Rachel Falconer

THE COMPULSIVE SUBJECTIVITY OF EDVARD MUNCH
Muriel Julius

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FUEL ECONOMIES HOLD OUT A HOPE FOR EASTERN EUROPE

by Thomas Land

CITY scale energy efficiency demonstration schemes in the Russian Federation may well become the centre piece of a comprehensive global programme to restrict environmental pollution. The demonstrations are part of a three-year programme co-ordinated by the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe (ECE) with help from Western industry to reduce the vast energy efficiency gap dividing Eastern and Central European countries from their Western neighbours. The UN's Economic and Social Council now proposes to widen the programme to make its benefits available worldwide.

Overall energy intensity — energy consumption per unit of gross national product — has been much higher in Eastern and Central Europe than in the market economies. According to an authoritative recent estimate published by the Colorado School of Mines, the former Soviet Union alone should be capable of saving in all types of energy the equivalent of a staggering 12m barrels of oil per day.

The 1973 and 1979 oil price rise shocks which have fuelled the development of energy saving techniques and services in the West were not experienced by the Soviet Union and its European satellites. Their industries were protected by their collective wealth in primary energy resources supporting ideologically inspired price subsidies which in turn encouraged inefficiency and pollution.

Today, the same countries are undergoing painful transition to market economies, facing steep energy price rises at the outset of winter as well as widespread consequent hardship and social unrest. But the prospect of substantial energy economies offers them a solution.

Their efforts now to catch up with the energy efficiency standards of

the West could indirectly benefit many rapidly industrializing poor countries by providing them with a useful development model.

Eastern and Central Europe faces 'many of the same energy problems as the developing countries', comments the influential Washington-based World Resources Institute in an important recent analysis. 'They too face sharply increasing energy demands, with the resultant increase in debts, capital constraints and growing environmental threats. The efficiency with which energy services are provided is well below that achieved in the rest of the industrialized world, and thus energy efficiency creates attractive opportunities in these countries'.

Increasing the energy efficiency does not mean that energy supplies are reduced nor that energy services are cut off. Rather, the energy required to provide a given service is reduced by improving the efficiency of that service, for example by providing refrigeration with more efficient compressors. This stretches the effect of power supplies.

The energy required to make steel has been two to three times greater in Eastern and Central Europe than in the West. The same is also true for the integrated steel plants in India and China, which are among the biggest steel producers of the developing world. The Institute reckons that with proper design and operation many new industrial plants in both the developing and the transition economies could reduce fuel consumption by 30 per cent or more and achieve even greater savings using state of the art industrial processes.

The energy sector bears a major responsibility for environmental problems in Eastern and Central Europe, concludes a study published by the World Bank. Pollution has reduced life expectancy in Russia from 70.4 years in 1964 to 69.3 years in 1990, adds the first comprehensive report on the environment compiled by Moscow. In some badly polluted cities, life expectancy has shrunk to 44 years.

Probably the most dramatic component of the ECE's Energy Efficiency 2000 programme is the mounting of city-scale demonstration projects in Russia under the authority of the Ministry of Fuel and Energy and the Ministry of Science, Higher Education and Technical Policy.

In Tushino, a Moscow suburb, the housing and service sector buildings serving 100,000 inhabitants will be rehabilitated by the end of 1994. A new town for a community of 25,000 inhabitants will be developed on a green field site at Severnij, another suburban region of Moscow, by the fourth quarter of 1996. And at Voronovo, near Moscow, a collective farm community of 5,500 which manages 15,000 head of cattle will improve the energy efficiency of its building infrastructure and adopt more environmentally benign technologies for its farming operations.

These projects are accompanied by a long series of specialist meetings drawing participants from the energy industry in many countries throughout the region and beyond. There are schemes to enhance trade and co-operation in energy efficient and environmentally sound technologies and power demand management practices largely through contacts between businessmen, trade officials, bankers, engineers and managers.

A wide variety of useful information services are being compiled. They include lists of prominent individuals in relevant enterprises, banks and government departments; a data bank on legal instruments, grants, subsidies, loan schemes, energy labelling and technical standards; descriptions of environmental pollution control and abatement procedures; and analyses of current pilot and demonstration projects for energy savings in buildings, industry, agriculture and transport.

One recent series of business development seminars brought together by the ECE energy efficiency programme in Jonkoping, Sweden, attracted senior participants from 15 countries representing more than 100 commercial enterprises, government departments and agencies. The meetings provided opportunities for personal contact between 100 top East and Central European specialists from enterprises serving a market with a combined population of 250 million people and 200 West European development bankers as well as businessmen representing companies with a total turnover in excess of $13bn.

The event took place at the premises of an international trade fair displaying energy efficiency and environment protection technology. The $150,000 expenses of the event were largely met by contributions from industry as well as the Swedish government's trade development and technical assistance programmes.

Forthcoming international meetings organized by the ECE will concern electricity generation (Geneva), power station refurbishing (Ankara), industrial training (Romania), and renewable energy (Geneva).

The energy efficiency demonstration programme involves far more than just the introduction of new technology. The Severnij project, for example, will show how new houses and communities can be designed and built for greater energy efficiency by introducing the concept of a new way of life in a region accustomed to high energy consumption under the direction of a rigid central planning system.

Apartment blocks, factories, hospitals, schools, hotels and other buildings throughout formerly communist-dominated Europe will need to be converted to provide consumers with the means to regulate and control their energy use for the first time. The products needed for this process may be imported from Western companies or, in the longer term, manufactured locally under licence, possibly in former military factories.

Experience gained at Tushino and Severnij will have implications for the rehabilitation of existing high-rise apartment blocks and the construction of modern new towns throughout Eastern and Central Europe. The results of the Voronovo project can be applied to thousands of similar industrial scale farms in the Russian Federation and many more elsewhere.

All three projects will focus on the measurable effects of market economy energy conservation policies and the introduction of energy pricing, tariff structures, energy management, auditing, metering and monitoring techniques. Ultimately, the greatest challenge will be the implementation of these innovations and their adaptation to local circumstances, enabling individual consumers to exercise greater choice in using increasingly

expensive energy more efficiently.

The three demonstration projects are funded by the Russian Federation and managed by local authorities concerned with infrastructure construction involving hundreds of domestic companies including former defence industries. Some research and training institutions, government departments and commercial enterprises in the United States, Austria and Denmark are already involved; and discussions are under way with others in Canada, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and elsewhere in the West.

ECE support for the programme includes the identification of potential donor organizations, sponsors, multilateral lending institutions, banks and business concerns. Manufacturers demonstrating their energy efficiency products participate in the programme on a promotional basis.

Tushino is a typical suburb of Moscow. The capital consumes 28bn cubic meters of gas, 2.4m tons of oil and 1.6m tons of coal a year. Energy production efficiency levels are low, transmission facilities are poor and consumers lack understanding in savings. An estimated 40 per cent of Moscow's power consumption could be saved through the introduction of the full range of efficiency measures commercially available in the West.

The demonstration area comprising 150 apartments and related service sector buildings is similar to many other dreary city suburbs throughout Eastern and Central Europe. The lessons taught by the exercises will be therefore applicable on an enormous scale.

One of the main energy efficiency improvement projects at Tushino will be the modernization of four existing boilers and 23 heat exchangers at a gas fired local power station (cutting fuel consumption by 20 per cent).

Other schemes include the introduction of control and measuring devices to perform commercial accounting between energy suppliers and consumers, the establishment of a domestic heat metering production facility, the provision of a variety of thermal insulation for buildings and the installation of three-phase temperature regulators in apartments as well as electric lighting control systems and automatic timing devices.

Severnij new town will be a technologically oriented community of 340 hectares divided roughly in equal shares comprising housing, commercial business premises and municipal buildings. The area is sufficiently separated from other Moscow suburbs to make the project an autonomous town planning and construction exercise. A very wide range of building and infrastructure development schemes in the area will demonstrate the scope of energy efficiency in design techniques, construction, maintenance services and operations.

Construction plans at Severnij include a gas fired combined heat and power plant and heat distribution network as well as a hospital, a retirement home, a boarding school, a technical college, a business centre and hotel complex, a techno-park for architects and the building trade, shops, commercial offices and product exhibition facilities. The existing inadequate electricity, natural gas and hot water distribution networks are being extended. The new housing units are being equipped with modern cooking stoves as well as home heating equipment burning a variety of fuels and

enabling residents to exercise a high degree of choice in their energy consumption.

The Voronovo demonstration area consists of a farm, housing units, administrative buildings and a rest home. It covers 6,000 hectares of arable land and produces milk, potatoes and other crops.

The programme is expected to yield annual energy savings of 1,000-1,500 tonnes of oil equivalent. There are about 6,000 similar farms in the Russian Federation alone which could benefit from the present efficiency demonstrations and achieve enormous potential energy economies by adapting similar techniques. The experience from the Voronovo project could also have an impact on crop producing farms of which there are scores of thousands in the country.

The programme focuses on the demonstration of new technologies enhancing energy efficiency in food production and cattle breeding through the reconstruction of a farming complex and the utilization of agricultural wastes. New construction projects in the programme include the erection of a gas/oil fired boiler system, new housing units, a communal garage, bath and laundry centre, a forage shop and a sports hall. The thermal efficiency of all existing buildings and installations is being improved. Control systems and monitoring equipment are being installed to account for energy consumption in each building.

Next year, the ECE's regional approach to promoting energy efficiency is expected to be widened through co-operation involving all the UN's economic commissions to culminate in a global programme. The scheme based on the promise of the European experiment will proceed under the direction of a steering committee and ultimately address such global issues as transboundary pollution.

'All countries,' says the ECE, 'can draw advantage from enhanced energy economy and efficiency in terms of reduced investments in energy supply infrastructure, reduced dependence on energy imports, reduced strains on the balance of payments, delayed depletion of scarce energy reserves and stimulation of indigenous technical competence and industrial capacity...

'Energy is a major source of atmospheric pollution, but need not be. Energy efficiency can significantly reduce environmental degradation.'

[Thomas Land is an author and foreign correspondent who writes on global affairs.]

SIERRA LEONE: THE WORLD'S POOREST NATION

by Elizabeth Vidler

ON April 30th, 1992, Sierra Leone witnessed a dramatic development in the form of a military coup d'etat. Replacing the All People's Congress (APC), which ruled for a remarkable twenty-four years, Captain Valentine Strasser took over the reins of power to become, at the age of 27, the youngest Head of State in Africa. The coup was hardly surprising, however, when regarded in the context of the dismal social and economic record of the APC, under both Siaka Stevens (1968-85) and Joseph Momoh (1985-92). Despite being well endowed with natural resources — including diamonds, gold, iron ore, rutile, relatively rich agricultural land and great tourist potential — in 1991 Sierra Leone came last in the world in the United Nations' Human Development Table. This was all the more damning since the criteria used were not only those of GNP per capita, but involved social criteria such as infant mortality, life expectancy and literacy.

An important factor in Sierra Leone's precipitous decline has been gross economic mismanagement. From the outset the Government failed to deal effectively with the economic crisis. Policies designed to meet short term difficulties, such as deficit financing, simply exacerbated problems in the long run. The necessity for careful management of the country's resources often seemed to elude those in power. An extreme example occurred in 1980 when Siaka Stevens, acting upon considerations of prestige, decided to host the extremely costly Organisation of African Unity Meeting, thereby exacerbating his country's financial predicament. The deteriorating situation was characterised by a shortage of foreign exchange and a worsening balance of payments situation.

Economic mis-management and failure was a reflection of costly state policies. For example, despite the fact that importing food has been a major drain on a scarce foreign exchange, agricultural expansion was inhibited by policies which demanded high levels of taxation in the agricultural sector, and the suppression of food prices to prevent urban protest. Similarly, despite official rhetoric, neither the problem of smuggling nor that of the black market has ever been seriously tackled. Smuggling has had a crippling effect on the economy of Sierra Leone, resulting in scarcity of foreign exchange, yet the Government lacked the political will to take a 'firm stand' as it repeatedly promised. Smuggling, by depriving the banking system of foreign exchange, led to the intensification of the black market. Faced with the prospect of empty shops the Government was often willing to bend the rules to ensure goods were available. A minority benefited enormously from this arrangement, however as the economy deteriorated, the ordinary citizen could increasingly ill-afford even basic commodities.

Effective development policies were further distorted by the dominant position of a group of Lebanese and Afro-Lebanese businessmen. Although

excluded from political office, they cultivated informal alliances with senior political figures, and consequently established a degree of influence in the business and political spheres unprecedented elsewhere on the continent. Popular resentment of this group is extremely high in Sierra Leone; many feel they have been forced out of important areas of the economy to make way for the Lebanese. Under Stevens, much of this resentment was focused upon Jamil S. Mohammed, a Sierra Leonean with Lebanese roots. Not only immensely wealthy, Mohammed was also a close associate of Stevens and a key financial patron of the APC regime. Accused of manipulating government policies in favour of his widespread business interests, he was often blamed for the country's economic troubles. Stevens did not wholly discourage this trend, after all it did distract attention away from APC mismanagement, however, the Lebanese were important allies and Stevens occasionally made statements in their defence. It appears certain that the APC received generous monetary contributions from the Lebanese, and it has further been alleged that certain key political figures, together with the Lebanese, were involved in large scale diamond smuggling. With the changing of the political guard in 1985, Momoh appeared to effect little change. Although there was certainly increased friction between the government and Mohammed, who eventually left the country in 1987 amidst rumours of involvement in the coup attempt of that year, the Lebanese retained their strangle-hold on the economy.

Compounding these problems and playing an important part in the country's economic decline was corruption. Although by its very nature difficult to quantify, corruption appears to have been a widespread and significant feature of the political economy of Sierra Leone. Perhaps the most notorious of the corruption scandals were the two which emerged in the early 1980s, popularly known as 'vouchergate' and 'squandergate'. These involved the misappropriation and embezzlement of huge sums; most of the culprits were ministers and top civil servants. Such examples however, are merely the tip of the iceberg. Under Stevens, corruption came to affect virtually every aspect of the political economy. He understood that political power is tied to the economy and that in order to maintain political control with a weak economy in decline, those in key positions have to divert and corruptly use public funds. Inevitably the diversion of funds affected the presumed development strategies of the regime. Provision of government services was increasingly determined by bribes and personal connections. Contracts, import licences, foreign exchange and government subsidies were all utilised by Stevens and later Momoh, as rewards for loyal supporters.

When Momoh acceded to power in 1985, popular expectations of his ability to reverse the country's declining fortunes were high. Disappointment and disillusion however, soon followed. As previously indicated, Momoh failed to tackle the root of the country's problems, and the well known economic ills — smuggling, black marketing, corruption and indiscipline — persisted. A major problem of Momoh's tenure was his lack of a long term developmental vision for Sierra Leone. Despite some early

successes and subsequent shake-ups of the economy, evidence of real progress is hard to find. The various catch phrases of the regime, including the 'new order' and 'constructive nationalism' were gradually revealed as little more than hollow political slogans. The 'Green Revolution' launched in 1986, and billed as the country's solution to the problem of self sufficiency in rice, the staple food, lacked a realistic governmental approach. It was given a low budgetary priority and consequently lacked resources; the resources it was allocated were often corruptly diverted by public officials. Part of Momoh's problem was a lack of personnel committed to a thorough economic overhaul; many of the 'old guard' of the Stevens era continued in office after 1985. They had a vested interest in the maintenance of a corrupt economy and so the lack of progress is to a certain degree understandable. By 1992 the situation in Sierra Leone was chaotic. Problems included a scarcity of foreign exchange, deteriorating infrastructure, limited electricity supply, frequent breakdowns of communications and a host of other problems such as late payment of salaries, declining health and vast unemployment. Agriculture remained weak, manufacturing was in decline and excessive government borrowing had resulted in spiralling inflation and gross distortions in the banking system.

Given such endemic economic decline, it was hardly surprising that a successful coup d'etat took place in 1992. More remarkable was the ability of the APC to hold on for as long as it did. A glance at political developments since 1968, however, throws some light on this apparent paradox of political survival and economic decline. Siaka Stevens, an extremely shrewd politician, utilised various strategies in his quest for survival. Once in office he immediately made it clear he would brook no opposition to his plans to consolidate power. In 1968 he unseated 26 opposition MPs with election petitions, he declared a permanent state of emergency between 1969 and 1975, (as a pretext for detaining opponents), and in 1970 banned the opposition United Democratic Party. It was not only official parliamentary opposition that came under fire however. Throughout the 1970s and 1980s Stevens employed a variety of tactics to silence critical voices. The freedom of the press for example, was curtailed not only by the 1980 Newspaper Amendment Act, (which required that newspapers apply to the Minister of Information for a certificate of registration which he could refuse or withdraw), but also by the frequent arrest of outspoken editors, and in the last resort by the use of party thugs to smash up printing presses. Stevens also employed co-optation, i.e. the incorporation into the government of senior members and representatives from potential opposition groups, such as the Trade Unions and the Military. For example, the trade unionist Ibrahim Langley and Brigadier J. S. Momoh, head of the military, were both nominated as members of parliament by Stevens after the 1982 elections. Sometimes however, this strategy failed to work, as in the rejection of 'their' nominated MP by the strikers in the 1981 strikes. On such occasions Stevens was not averse to changing tactics and taking more extreme measures. The 1981 strikes for example, were violently crushed by the government. Similarly,

Stevens dealt with the 1971 and 1974 coup attempts by ordering the execution of those involved and in 1971 he signed a mutual defence pact with Guinea, thereafter receiving security assistance in the form of Guinean troops, stationed in Sierra Leone until 1973. Under Stevens it was perhaps the students who best retained an independent voice. However, their protests were rather sporadic and disorganised, and with Stevens' monopoly on the use of force, they failed to pose a serious challenge to his rule. The APC's intolerance of pluralism and criticism even extended to those within the framework of the party. This point is amptly illustrated by the case of Alfred Akibo-Betts, the man responsible for uncovering the vouchergate scandal at the Ministry of Finance in 1981. Less than a year later he was 'advised' by a senior party official to withdraw from the elections since the APC no longer wanted him in Parliament.

The consolidation and centralisation of power under Stevens took several forms, including changes to the constitution. An astute gradualist approach to these changes virtually ensured success. Threats to the incumbent regime came to be identified as synonymous with threats to state security, and thereby served as a pretext for expanding the scope of power. Thus a coup attempt in 1971 was followed by the introduction of a Republican constitution and the 1977 student demonstrations were followed in 1978 by the introduction of a one party state. The establishment of a de jure one party state in 1978 was the culmination of the decline of formal competitive politics in Sierra Leone. Throughout the 1970s elections were effectively diminished as a means for challenging the continued rule of the APC. They were characterised by intimidation and violence. In 1973 the violence was such that the opposition Sierra Leone People's Party had to withdraw completely.

Further evidence of the centralisation of political power under Stevens was his politicization of the judiciary and civil service. A key feature of this process was the increasing personalisation of political power. The award of high office and the distribution of public resources by Stevens became a method of assuring fidelity. Holders of high office, for example in the civil service, were appointed by Stevens on the basis of loyalty rather than merit, and in the process he created a loyal network of clients on which he could draw when he needed political support. Stevens also sought to limit the power of the chiefs by increasing the level of personal involvement in chieftancy politics. Neither the installation nor removal of a chief could take place without his approval. Perhaps, however, the ultimate illustration of Stevens personal control was his ability in 1985 to hand pick Momoh, the head of the army, as his chosen successor, and then impose his choice on the APC and the nation, ignoring the dismay of his first and second vice-presidents who had both nurtured presidential ambitions.

When Joseph Momoh acceded to the presidency he did so with a considerable fund of popular support and goodwill. Promises of a 'new order' aroused fresh hope amongst the people; they welcomed Momoh as a leader capable of reversing their country's decline. Despite widespread

support, however, it soon became clear the new president was vulnerable on several fronts. The highly personalised political system Momoh inherited, with a cabinet, government and party whose personnel and officials by and large, owed their position to the former president, did not augur well for the new administration. The need for Momoh to create his own political base was clear, yet proved far from straightforward. From the outset Stevens himself posed a problem. On retirement he had appointed himself to the post of party chairman — a post generally assumed to have been created to allow Stevens to act in an advisory capacity. Conflict soon developed however, as it became clear Stevens intended not only to advise, but also to control, his chosen successor. Momoh tried strenuously to distance himself from the former president, and made clear his intention to brook no interference, yet Stevens continued to plot against him from the sidelines until his death in 1988.

Problems were also posed by certain elements within the Government. On retiring, Stevens had ensured that most of the 'old guard' should be inherited by the incoming President. To counter their influence, Momoh called a general election in 1986, yet despite the appearance of some new faces, in the event many of Stevens old cronies resurfaced, and were given ministerial posts. Antagonised by Momoh's attempts to implement change, they made every effort to resist the 'new order'. By 1987 the Government was plagued by reports of disloyalty and conflicting interests which culminated in a coup that year. Although defeated, largely thanks to Momoh's base of support within the military, the coup attempt illustrated the divided loyalties within the Government. Among those implicated was Francis Minah a former close associate of Stevens and Momoh's first Vice President.

Momoh's leadership style rendered him particularly vulnerable to the machinations of antagonistic cliques. Apparently wishing to get on with the business of running the country, he distributed power and authority to a much greater extent than his predecessor. This strategy backfired however, when ministers began to take advantage of the situation, making decisions secretly and often embarrassingly in the name of the Government. Momoh further decreased the level of personal involvement by refusing to be drawn into distracting political conflicts. He even declined to intervene on behalf of particular candidates in the General Elections. Yet by remaining above the fray Momoh failed both to manipulate conflicts for personal advantage, and to create a network of loyal clients personally beholden to him as his predecessor had done with such consummate skill. Thus when Momoh needed support it was not necessarily forthcoming and subsequent efforts to transform the prevailing political climate proved at best only partially successful. Successes included a halt in 1986, to the cycle of electoral violence and the emergence of some refreshingly frank analyses of the country's problems from politicians and APC members. Momoh himself tolerated an unprecedented amount of criticism from those with whom he shared power. Yet lacking a clear political agenda, and preoccupied by economic problems, Momoh failed to implement a far

reaching political programme. The resultant political stagnation, coupled with economic decline, culminated in a successful coup d'etat last April. Why the coup occurred at this particular juncture, when the necessary preconditions appear to have been in place for years, is the subject of intense speculation.

The new military leaders — the National Provisional Ruling Council — have justified and explained their intervention by portraying themselves as the saviours of Sierra Leone. They have promised to rescue the country from economic decline, eliminate corruption, restore multi-partyism and bring the Liberian rebel incursion to an end. Nevertheless, the NPRC's professed altruism has been greeted with scepticism in some quarters. If Captain Strasser and his colleagues are genuinely committed to the progress of the country, why did they wait until after more than two decades of decline before taking action? Of course at this early stage it is impossible to discern their true motives, however an alternative explanation centres upon their vested interest in intervention. During the APC administration, obedient officers were amply rewarded with promotion, salary increases and other social privileges. Were Strasser and his friends denied upward mobility under the APC? If so, they may have felt it was their turn to reap some of the benefits of national political power.

Military aspirations to political power are not new in Sierra Leone. Coup attempts, although generally disorganised and poorly planned, occurred periodically during the APC administration. Yet in 1992 determination to succeed, in the face of the Liberian civil war, was at a premium. The war impinged upon Sierra Leone in a number of ways, with social and economic problems exacerbated by the presence of thousands of Liberian refugees and the commitment of troops to the ECOWAS peace-keeping force. However, it was perhaps the soldiers who bore the worst of the brunt. In 1991 Charles Taylor launched a guerrilla insurgency against Sierra Leone because of its role in the civil war. The military responded, yet before long found themselves engaged in frustrating action under extremely poor living conditions. Meanwhile their political bosses, comfortably ensconced in Freetown, the capital, appeared indifferent to their plight. The subsequent politicisation of certain elements of the army was an immediate cause of the coup. Moreover, once the decision to intervene had been made, the coup leaders encountered apparently minimal resistance. Momoh, at the first sign of trouble, and perhaps realising the unpromising nature of his prospects under the multi-party system he had pledged to restore to Sierra Leone, fled to Guinea.

What then does the future hold for Sierra Leone? Clearly, the new military administration must tackle certain key problem areas to retain the popular acclaim which greeted the coup. Urgent tasks include a revitalisation of the economy, a timely ending to the rebel incursion, a denunciation of corruption and a restoration of the fundamental human rights of all Sierra Leoneans. Particularly controversial is the debate surrounding the return to multi-partyism — a return promised by the APC in 1991. Various observers in the international community regard the coup

as a setback to the cause of democracy, and a disruption to the restoration of a multi-party system. Nevertheless, the goodwill of the APC regime, and Momoh's genuine enthusiasm for a system which may well have cost him his job, has come under close scrutiny. In all likelihood, multi-party elections under the APC's direction would have been heavily rigged in its favour. The burning question now is, can the NPRC do any better? Despite the mood of optimism within Sierra Leone, sceptics doubt the ability of the NPRC to realise its promises. They have pointed to Strasser, arguing that at 27 he is simply not old or experienced enough to tackle the country's monumental problems. Nevertheless, the havoc Strasser's elders and supposed betters wreaked on the country, should not be forgotten. Undoubtedly the situation is desperate, and the tasks formidable, yet with genuine commitment Sierra Leone's problems are not insurmountable. Captain Strasser and the members of the NPRC face a crucial test in the months ahead.

[Elizabeth Vidler is a postgraduate research student at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne.]

The February number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Poetic Reflections of a Psychiatrist* by Michael Raymond and *A Traveller in Peru* by Sara Jackson.

HONG KONG INHERITANCE: THE ARTS AND HIGHER EDUCATION

by S. F. Bailey

CHRIS Patten, after appointment as Governor of Hong Kong, was reported to have said that China was getting the best inheritance since Cleopatra. It certainly is one that could not have been predicted in, say, 1948/49 when Mao swept across China to take power, and to this day an inheritance a lot better than probably most people in Britain realise. I have just returned from a short visit, the second since leaving in 1983, and can certify that the place is as electric, ebullient, and downright successful (and as noisy) as it has ever been. The economy, now inextricably entangled with that of Guangdong Province and through that province with that of the rest of China, is expanding rapidly and the gains of that expansion are being spread into the public sector generally. Expenditure on social welfare, for example, is expected to grow by over 25 per cent over the next four years, and that on health by nearly the same amount. Nor are they starting from a low base — primary health care delivery has for some time been better than that in Britain, with the infant mortality rate in 1990 at 5.9 in Hong Kong and 7.9 in Britain, and the expectation of life, despite the incursion of so many refugees, 74.6 for men and 80.3 for women in Hong Kong as compared with 72.4 for men and 78.0 for women in Britain. The crude facts of the Hong Kong inheritance for China can easily be garnered from the massive report produced each year by the Hong Kong Government; but two areas, the arts and higher education, in which I happen to have some first-hand knowledge, may be of interest.

The popular gibe thirty years ago was that Hong Kong was a cultural desert, a gibe that could never be true as long as the place was 98 per cent Chinese. The Chinese are perhaps the most culturally conscious people on earth. What Hong Kong was until about fifteen years ago was a place deprived of cultural facilities, mainly because the mostly expatriate ruling elite grossly underestimated popular interest in the arts.

When I first arrived there in the autumn of 1967 it was a city of about five million with one theatre of 463 seats, one concert hall with 1,476 seats, two small lecture/committee rooms available for public use, and a small, not very well equipped exhibition area. There were no professional performing arts groups of any sort. It was dismay over this lack of facilities that led me and a few others to start the Arts Centre project, a project which even before it opened in the autumn of 1977 acted as the trigger for a development of arts facilities unequalled in the world.

Hong Kong today, with a population still barely six million, instead of two facilities with a total of 1,939 seats and no professional companies, has acquired in less than twenty years 14 multi-purpose venues with 15,596 seats, a further 14 performing arts venues, three professional drama

companies, three professional dance companies, and two professional orchestras, both up to international recording standards. And still in the lead, chronologically and artistically, and still operating, as it started, without any subsidy from public funds, is the Hong Kong Arts Centre. The very fact that I can quote figures like these is itself a tribute to the Arts Centre, because they are no more than tit-bits taken from the 400-page *Hong Kong Arts Directory*, produced by the Hong Kong Arts Resource and Information Centre, which is an off-shoot of the Centre and based in the Centre.

The peculiarity and strength of the Centre is that it is an independent organisation operating without public subsidy, sometimes with difficulty but always with success. 1991/92 was one of the more successful years, and the audited accounts show an operating surplus of over 12 per cent, and liquid reserves of over 32 per cent, of the year's expenditure of roughly HK$32½m (about £2.6m at current exchange rates). How on earth, it may be asked, can an arts centre produce figures like that?

The answer is that it was planned, designed, and built that way. It was planned as an organisation owning a building in which there would be enough revenue-producing areas (mainly but not exclusively offices) to counter-balance the revenue-losing areas of art galleries, experimental theatres and the like; and that the promoters kept their nerve and finished the building as planned instead of stopping half way and accepting some form of patronage to cover losses. The first ten years were difficult, because the Government had inserted a clause in the lease requiring lettings to be only to arts-related bodies, most of which were unable to pay a full commercial rent; but once the Centre was established as a major part of the Hong Kong arts landscape this was abandoned, and although most of the tenants still have at least some tenuous connection with the arts many of them are able to pay a commercial rent. In 1991/92 the combination of box office and auditoria hire charges produced 28 per cent of the revenue, but this was comfortably out-distanced by the 40 per cent from rents. It is a system which works, although there is always a struggle for sponsorship funds for particular events, which amounted to a little over 10 per cent of revenue for the same year.

After some initial difficulties the Centre was offered a site in February 1972. A month before that it held the first of its arts exhibitions in borrowed premises, running for a month and the first of six a year held for five years, and shortly after that the idea of an annual Hong Kong Arts Festival began to gain ground. Under a mixture of commercial and Government sponsorship that took off in 1973, and was followed a few years later by the biennial Hong Kong Festival of Asian Arts. There are now, including these two, some seventeen festivals listed, the other major one being the Hong Kong International Film Festival, started in 1977, the year in which the Arts Centre was completed and opened its doors.

Ten years after the Arts Centre opening the explosion was well under way. The Government sponsored Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts, with its six venues, 2,418 seats and full range of courses, had been

finished and opened, the Shatin Town Hall in the New Territories with two major venues and 1,700 seats plus dance studio, music studio and exhibition area had been completed, similar facilities at Tuen Mun and Tsuen Wan were under construction, the Academic Community Hall at the Baptist College with its single 1,346-seat auditorium was open, the Cultural Centre at Tsim Sha Tsui was near completion with its three main venues totalling 4,343 seats, and a host of other schemes were completed or under development. Five years on again in 1992 building and initial development works for the arts have been completed, and consolidation and new developments are the order of the day. As far as cultural facilities are concerned Hong Kong is now more like a honey-pot than a desert.

More or less parallel with this development of the arts have been equivalent developments in education and especially higher education, but in this case they have been funded almost wholly by the Government, and the major driving force has been the Government-appointed but independent University and Polytechnic Grants Committee (UPGC) of Hong Kong. This was formally established towards the end of 1965, but did not produce its first grant recommendations until 1967. At that stage it was still simply the University Grants Committee with a brief to look after the relatively old University of Hong Kong (HKU) founded in 1912 on the base of a medical school founded in 1887, plus the newly formed Chinese University of Hong Kong (CUHK) then scattered over four different sites but about to start work on a large new site beyond Shatin in the New Territories. In 1967 there were at the two universities a total of 6,855 first-degree students and 495 post-graduates; the total Government recurrent expenditure on them was HK$30.6m and the capital expenditure HK$3.6m (about £1.9m and £225,000 at the 1967 rates of exchange).

The Committee took the lead in recommending and then helping to plan a modern Polytechnic, which came into being in 1972, and the Committee was expanded to become the UPGC, responsible for two universities and a polytechnic with common systems for dealing with recurrent and capital programmes. At the beginning of the seventies it had also set up a system for student finance with a mixture of grants and loans, controlled through the UPGC office.

By the end of the seventies the two new institutions (CUHK and the Polytechnic) were up and running on their new campuses, the Polytechnic was offering a range of degree courses as well as sub-degree courses, the old Medical School at HKU had been expanded and a large Dental School added, a Medical School had been added to CUHK, and a second Polytechnic was being planned.

The position in 1992 is that the UPGC funds a total of seven institutions, the two original universities, two polytechnics, a third university (the Hong Kong University of Science and Technology), and two post-secondary colleges, the larger of which offers degree courses. The total recurrent cost (excluding student finance, which by then had been hived off to a separate body) in 1991/92 was a little over HK$4,000m (about £320m), and capital

expenditure HK$1,900m (about £152m). There are 27,750 first-degree students (5,377 of them part-time) and about 2,300 post-graduate students, many of them also part-time. The total student head-count in tertiary-level institutions was about 55,000. In addition the Government in 1991 set up a Research Grants Council, developed from a UPGC Research Sub-committee, with funding of HK$100m in 1991/92, rising to HK$144m in 1994/95 and with a total commitment over the four years of HK$510m (about £41m).

For a city of under six million people this is pretty good going. The fact is that the People's Republic of China is unarguably getting a bargain. The British have little choice about handing it over, because Hong Kong is not viable without the New Territories lease, which expires in 1997. Whether more than a tiny handful of British people understand just how much of a bargain they are handing over is doubtful, and perhaps no longer matters very much. What now matters is that the rulers of the People's Republic should understand the nature of what they are going to inherit on 1 July 1997, and this is still not clear.

[S. F. Bailey, CBE, was Secretary of the University and Polytechnic Grants Committee of Hong Kong from 1967 to 1980, and then Secretary to Council at the Hong Kong Polytechnic until 1983; and he was Founder Member and Chairman of the Committee of the Hong Kong Arts Centre from 1969 to 1980.]

FRUGAL FORESIGHT IN ESTONIA

by Judy Kendall

MY first introduction to Estonia was in the visa section of the London Embassy. Unlike Latvia or Lithuania, Estonia were taking their newly-acknowledged borders very seriously, and my visa cost me all of twenty pounds — four times what I had to pay for my Russian one. I learnt later that in fact my Estonian visa was valid for all Baltic countries and that I could have obtained it free from the Lithuanian or Latvian embassies — my first taste of the frugal foresight that was so indicative of everything Estonian.

It took me a while to locate the London Embassy, tucked away at the back of a building in West London, down some stairs into a long dingy corridor and off to an unimposing windowless room on the right. Filled with too many tables and stacked chairs and an empty unplugged coffee urn, it bore more resemblance to a provincial church hall than an embassy; the only signs of a diplomatic presence were two rather dejected Estonian flags, and an out-of-date Baltic guide book.

However, the 'lady-in-waiting', a fluent English speaker, was quick and efficient, and had soon whisked off my application to the inner diplomatic sanctum for signing. Some, however, were not so lucky. While I was waiting, a Russian Estonian entered asking for visas for him and his family, rather ashamedly admitting that his passport was 'the red one' — USSR issue. The official's tone changed sharply once she discovered that he could not speak Estonian, and she told him that he 'would just have to wait like any one else'.

This disapproval of non-Estonian speakers of Russian origin became depressingly familiar to me on my arrival in Estonia. 'Ich *hasse* die Russen. Ich *hasse* sie!' one old lady told me in her best German learnt under occupation in the Second World War. I had been invited up for coffee, (an inordinately expensive luxury for Estonians) in her beautifully spacious lounge in a second floor flat in the centre of Tallinn, Estonia's capital. She immediately started to tell me how much she hated the Russians, and got so worked up that she spilt the expensive coffee all over the saucers.

She had her reasons. Her husband went to America in 1939. She and her young son were planning to join him, but the Russians arrived in Estonia before she was able to leave, and she never saw him again.

Under Soviet rule her flat was divided in two, portioned off for use by another family. 'Now I don't mind,' she said, 'my second husband is dead and it's enough for me.' But the bitterness still rankles.

She is not the only one. Although Estonia now belongs to Estonians again, they are far from happy. Forty per cent of the population come from Russia, and have remained ethnically and culturally separate. Few Russian Estonians can speak Estonian — a fact that is fiercely resented by native Estonians. I became quite accustomed to the routine testing

of boundaries and patience. My Estonian friends, as a matter of principle, would address all officials or strangers in Estonian first. Too often, the answer came in Russian. 'Sorry, I can't speak Estonian'. And I would have to listen to yet another angry aside as my Estonian friends expressed their hate of their previous colonisers.

Admittedly, Estonian is a notoriously difficult language to learn, and Russians could argue that they were simply moving from one part of the Soviet Union to another and had no reason to learn this difficult non Indo-European language spoken by less than a million people. But there has been little change in attitude on either side since independence, except that the Estonians express their resentment more openly now. There is very little integration between the two peoples and little desire for it to happen. When the Estonian government offered citizenship to Russian Estonians very few took up the offer — preferring perhaps understandably to place their bets on their larger neighbour whilst still enjoying the more favourable lifestyle in Estonia, but Estonia has not forgiven them.

Since then the rules on citizenship have tightened up: applicants must pass a written test to demonstrate knowledge of at least a thousand Estonian words. Estonians never tired of telling me indignantly that the free Estonian language lessons held in many workplaces and city areas are extremely poorly attended if at all. For Russian Estonians the result has been no representation at all in Estonian government.

Estonians are not alone in their antipathy towards Russia and things Russian. Similar sentiments are echoed in the two other Baltic states, who seem to be taking their lead from Estonia's acts of independence. Also, one of the main reasons that the visa to Estonia is so expensive is because of an agreement with the neighbouring Finns, who, just 60 miles away over the Baltic Sea, fear the influx of the Russian mafia through Estonian territory in search of attractive Western goods.

Another reason for Estonian hatred of Russians stems from class differences. Russians who came to Estonia were brought to work in the factories, the military and the power stations. In East Estonia where most of the factories are the population is over 90 per cent Russian, most of whom are labourers and have been very poorly educated. They were not encouraged to assimilate into the Estonian community or culture in any way, either by the nationalistic Estonians or their own communist masters.

In contrast, the Estonians, in their fervour to keep their fragile culture and language alive, pride themselves on being amongst the most highly educated peoples in the world. Estonian culture is very highly prized, a fact borne out by the number of artists and poets elected to high office. One afternoon when visiting the vast new national library, which is still under construction, I met an old workman in dusty overalls, only learning later that he was one of Estonia's best-known artists, preparing to paint a mural in the library entrance — taking time off from his other job as the Chairman of the Estonian Parliament.

For a country whose identity and independence is so tightly bound up

in the preservation of its culture and language, the greatest insult and threat is a failure to recognise this. And so, unfortunately, the bad feeling remains: 'Die Russen sind *faul*' [The Russians are lazy], said the old lady to me as I left — a parting message for me to take to the West. Maybe the Russians she came across were, brought up in a Soviet system that provided them with housing and work, but gave them little room to think for themselves, and little incentive to work hard.

Hopes for the future are not bright. For the Russians, the choice is for the moment clear; despite adverse citizenship laws and much bad feeling life still holds more promise for them in Estonia than back in bankrupt Russia. On the other hand, many Estonians are clear in their wish to rid their country of all things Russian. A dangerous impasse seems to have been reached, though one Moscow business man, whose family spent their summers in a dacha in East Estonia, offered me an unusual brand of optimism. 'The Estonian government is very clever,' he said. 'And they will realise that they cannot afford to let us go. The Russians do the difficult work here, and Estonians don't like to do that. Estonians like to be in universities. They don't want to work in the factories. They will soon realise their mistake.' Promises of an even greater apartheid?

THE GRIVAS LEGACY IN CYPRUS

by Robert Evans

ON 6 November the latest round of talks between Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot leaders ended on a familiar note of disagreement. Set up under the auspices of the United Nations and co-ordinated by the US State Department, the talks focused on the subject of a possible Federal government and the reduction in size of Turkish Cypriot territory. During the 1980s Rauf Denktash, president of the unrecognised Turkish Cypriot government which has controlled the northern part of Cyprus since 1974, was asked if he would accept 29.9 per cent of the island as Turkish Cypriot territory, instead of the existing 34 per cent. Now this figure has been further reduced to 28.2 per cent, a figure which he steadfastly refuses to accept. Neither is he convinced that Greek Cypriot leader George Vassiliou wants a Federal government, in which both sides share the administration for the good of everybody living on the island.

Denktash has threatened to boycott the next round of talks, unless he is allowed to discuss the issues of Federal government and territory put forward in August on what he sees as a 'take it or leave it basis'. He does not want to go back to a pre-1974 situation, and urged the Greek Cypriots openly to declare their support for a federal government.

So the argument continues, suspicion grows and multiplies, and a solution to this long-standing problem seems as far away as it ever was. But when did it all start and who instigated it? Most commentators are inclined to think back to the events of July 1974, when an invasion by Turkish troops followed an Athens-sponsored coup that ousted, and almost killed, Archbishop Makarios. The invasion led to partition of the island, a state of affairs which continues today and which has been the cause of many unsuccessful, almost pointless negotiations.

But even before the summer of 1974 representatives of both Cypriot communities had been for many years locked in intercommunal talks in an effort to settle a worsening dispute brought about by amendments to the constitution, which Makarios had pushed forward in 1963. Although the Archbishop had maintained that these amendments would lead to a more workable government, the Turkish Cypriots rejected them, as did the government in Ankara, on the grounds that it would undermine the role of the Turkish Cypriot minority.

The present day conflict, however, has its roots embedded even further back than 1963 — in fact, as long ago as May 1948, when George Grivas, a semi-retired colonel in the Greek army, and a Cypriot by birth, decided to lead a revolutionary force on Cyprus with the intention of overthrowing the British administration and thereafter declaring *enosis*, the union of Cyprus with Greece. Grivas had long since come to the conclusion that if the Cypriots were ever to gain independence, it would have to be through violent means. With this end in mind, he set up a revolutionary committee, consisting of military and professional men with strong right wing views

who would support him in his plans to start a rebellion on the island. On the committee's recommendation, Grivas returned to his native Cyprus in July 1951 — his first visit in twenty years. During this mission of reconnaissance he sought out the newly elected Archbishop Makarios, whom he had known in Athens at the time of the German occupation. They discussed plans for an armed uprising but did not agree on the methods to be used.

Grivas travelled all over the island, examining the terrain and talking with local people about the possibility of starting a campaign of violence. He realised quickly that two major obstacles stood in his way. Firstly, he saw the disadvantages of fighting a guerrilla war due to the excellent transport and communications system, which provided easy access to every part of the island, even the mountainous areas, thereby restricting the movements of all but very small groups of men. And secondly, there were the Cypriots, who having been under foreign rule for their entire history, lacked faith in their own ability to confront, let alone defeat, such a superior force as the British. During his month-long stay he met with nothing but scepticism among the people, and even Makarios, the voice of the people on *enosis* matters, seemed to doubt the colonel's plans and methods.

Believing that he could overcome these handicaps, however, Grivas returned to Athens, where he tried to rally political support. The future premier, General Papagos, was typical of the majority who refused to co-operate. As a candidate standing in the coming elections, he did not want to jeopardise his career by appearing to support an insurgence against an old ally.

In July 1952, Makarios chaired a secret meeting of the committee in Athens to discuss armed rebellion further. Grivas urged them to endorse his proposal for a two-pronged attack to be carried out by guerrillas in the mountains and saboteurs in the towns, which were full of military targets. Makarios doubted that the colonel would find fifty men to follow him.

At a second meeting later that month two sub-committees were set up, one for political and one for military affairs, presided over by Makarios and Grivas respectively.

Following a second reconnaissance trip to the island, Grivas drew up his General Plan of action, which he was to stick to rigidly throughout the four years of rebellion. Despite only limited support from political figures, he managed to raise enough money to send arms to Cyprus, where they were buried until he arrived to begin operations.

In autumn 1953 Papagos, now Prime Minister, announced that Greece would bring the Cyprus issue before the UN the following year and ordered Grivas to abandon his plans and leave the question of *enosis* to be solved through the diplomatic channel. At this time the British began to pull out of Suez in order to make Cyprus their Middle East headquarters, and Grivas urged the Archbishop to grant a prompt start for the revolution before the island became swamped with British troops.

A meeting of the committee in January 1954 agreed that action should

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begin as soon as possible. Only Makarios opposed this. His apprehension about the use of force echoed that of the Greek Foreign Ministry, who warned Grivas that a violent campaign would do nothing but cause 'incalculable damage' to the Cyprus question, which was making progress through the diplomatic channel. Papagos also sent word pressing the colonel not to do anything that would endanger relations with Britain. But Grivas was unwavering in his determination to get to Cyprus and begin the fight.

In August 1954 Greece submitted its first appeal to the UN and two months later, on October 26th, Grivas left Athens. He would not return for another four and a half years.

Exhaustive preparations, training and indoctrination followed, until, at just after midnight on April 1st 1955, a series of explosions in different parts of the island signalled the start of what was to become a long and bitter struggle. The early successes scored by Grivas's irregulars, who went by the name of EOKA, were marred by acts of indiscipline and even cowardice. Unused to war, the young Cypriots did not find it easy to slip into the role of assassin or saboteur, and Grivas spent many hours in fits of temper or depression brought on by failed missions due to sloppiness or treachery. To those who dared betray him or the cause he dealt a swift and decisive blow. By the beginning of October 1955 the small, inept band of irregulars had shaken the administration to the extent that the civilian Governor had to be replaced by a military man. Field-Marshal Sir John Harding arrived on the third, and a month and a half later he declared a state of emergency.

Grivas knew that he could never hope to defeat the British militarily. His aim was to draw attention to the Cyprus question through acts of violence that would lead to diplomatic pressure on an international level and eventually to a solution. Everything he did followed a meticulous plan, rigorously adhered to. Even his diet was strictly regulated, consisting of between 24 and 30 oranges a day, with perhaps a plate of cold meat twice a week. He often lamented, especially in the early stages, that his orders were not properly carried out, or that some of the recruits treated the organisation as a vehicle on which they satisfied their appetites for excitement or adventure. On several occasions he had to expel young men for insubordination. Even the slightest deviation from his will sent him into a wild rage.

During the four-year long struggle he worked indefatigably, fanatically, drafting his propaganda leaflets for schoolboys to distribute, sending out his orders and directives by undisclosed courier routes to his twenty section leaders, and training new recruits, some of them still in their teens, for their first kill. Grivas knew how important it was to exploit the youth — he had witnessed the tactics used by the communist-controlled ELAS fighters during the fiercely contested Greek civil war that followed the German withdrawal — and he wasted no time in emulating them. Potential traitors were followed and if necessary, executed. These included Greek Cypriot communists — Grivas was idealistically opposed to Com-

munism, to the point of madness — Turkish Cypriots, if they tended to side with the British, and those Greek Cypriots who did not condone EOKA's activities.

Generally speaking, the Turkish Cypriots were regarded as brothers of the movement and they were requested not to work for the British, even though they did not approve of *enosis*. Grivas stated, on several occasions, that he had no intention of causing a rift between the two communities living on the island, but this was the inevitable consequence of his obsession with the union of Cyprus and Greece.

In 1957 Turkish Cypriots set up an underground organisation, VOLKAN, which subsequently became the Turkish Resistance Organisation (TMT). In contrast to EOKA it remained legal throughout the intercommunal clashes of 1957-58. The British formed an auxiliary police force, staffed entirely by Turkish Cypriots, whose job it was to counter EOKA activities. At this time the British Colonial Secretary, Lennox-Boyd, mentioned partition as an alternative to *enosis*, and this was taken up by the press and radio in Turkey, and by the Turkish President, Menderes. The authorities began to reveal their partiality towards the Turkish Cypriot demonstrations and riots opposing *enosis* and favouring *taxim*, partition.

Some examples of this partiality can be seen in a series of incidents in 1958. In May an explosion outside the Turkish Information Office resulted in riots by Turkish Cypriots, which the British army allowed to continue for three hours before intervening. By the end of July 1958 Greek Cypriots had been expelled from one of the ethnically mixed suburbs of Nicosia. The riots continued. A state of emergency and 30,000 British troops were no deterrent. By this time Grivas had begun talking of three enemies — the British, the communists and now the Turks.

Once the Turkish Cypriots had entered the arena with their own battle cry, Grivas's dream of a 'greater Greece' was doomed. Forced to accept the agreements signed in London on February 19th 1959, which brought his armed rebellion to a disappointing end, Colonel George Grivas returned to Athens a defeated but defiant man. Fifteen years later, less than six months after his death, the Turkish invasion of Cyprus resulted in partition and a new chapter in the history of this unfortunate island.

When the talks continue — if indeed they do — can we expect a solution based on harmony and mutual interest 'for the good of everybody living on the island', or the usual stalemate brought about by intransigence and suspicion?

It seems pointless to hope for anything at all.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

by Lucy Beckett

COLERIDGE in 1797 showed his garden at Nether Stowey to an atheist friend who believed children should be brought up as agnostics in the interests of freedom. 'This is my botanical garden', said Coleridge. 'How so?', said the friend, 'It's covered with weeds.' 'Oh', said Coleridge, 'that's because it has not yet come to the age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries'.

In traditional thought education is the teaching and encouragement of children to know God, to love Him, to praise Him, to fear Him, to want to serve Him. Education is the introduction of children to full human life. Education is the welcoming of children into their inheritance, which is the civilisation of Christendom, a human world of meanings, beliefs, traditions of thought, of art and of skill, a world which is historical as well as natural, made by man as well as created by God. The human world of man's making has always been in some respects in harmony with God's creation, in other respects in jarring discord against it. Education is a personal transaction between human beings in the course of which children begin to hear the difference for themselves, and begin consciously to try to live and work, in themselves and with others, in and for more harmony and less discord.

These are not separable enterprises but a single undertaking. The fact that education is no longer so perceived is its chief enemy, and is responsible for the many threats endangering its continuing adequacy to give the young what they need to become what they have it in them to be, what God created them for. These threats must be identified and countered so that the young will not be deprived of what is theirs to receive and theirs to choose.

The fragmentation of the whole that education truly is has taken place gradually, since the seventeenth century but recently with increasing speed, and has taken place because of the secularisation of our civilisation. The 'liberation' of reason from faith, identified by St. Bernard as a grave danger as long ago as the twelfth century, and the compassionless (because faith-less) over-valuing of classical 'freedom' of thought as the Renaissance moved into the Enlightenment, produced over centuries the familiar pattern of branches of learning in which the young have had their minds and imaginations trained. Some developed from 'subjects' much older than the Renaissance, subjects taught and learned in mediaeval Christendom within the validating context of faith: theology, mathematics, philosophy, law, medicine, music, grammar and rhetoric or the study and practice of writing. Others were added as the disciplines of study through which man understood himself and his world diversified, discovering for him different ways of investigating and ordering his experience, and different kinds of power: history, geography, the physical sciences, politics and economics.

Later were added the study of vernacular languages and their literatures, including English literature, alongside the classical languages and literatures. These were the means by which those at school and university were initiated into the intellectual and imaginative world of European civilization; these were the means by which different kinds of truth were pursued and applied. In this long secondary development of 'new' disciplines, the relation of faith not only to reason but to shifting perceptions of truth altered in the minds of succeeding generations, as intellectuals led the flight of western Europe from belief in God. The study of history, for example, at least since Gibbon, has quite properly regarded Christian faith, or its profession, as one among other motives which have inspired human action or inaction for both good and ill. The study of physics since Kepler and Galileo, the study of biology since Darwin, have, equally properly, established truths which, because of a fragmentation to which they have contributed apparent justification, have seemed in profound (and victorious) conflict with Christian faith. The same is true of Marxist economics, of positivist philosophy, of the secular study of literature, whether as magical secretion of the Romantic imagination or as autonomous text detached from any frame of reference that might supply value judgement or the criteria for confidence in a canon of works.

This process of dissolution, in the course of which the 'educated' became less and less likely to be fully Christian, has, in the prosperous, secular West, been held back from the nihilism which it implies by democratic liberal humanism. This was largely put together by the Victorian moralists, using on the best elements of the English political tradition polished but slippery Enlightenment concepts mixed with nostalgia for Christian conviction. It is a triumph of reasonableness and moderation, but it rests on a Christian ethical structure no longer underpinned by faith, and hopes too much of man without God. It has, at least until recently, supported the fragmented pursuit of the good, the beautiful and the true, the fragmented education described above. But its current failure to articulate an effective defence of this loosely allied set of disciplines reveals the hollowness at its heart, its lack of belief in God as goodness, beauty and truth, without whose absolute guarantee of eternal value and meaning all values and meanings are merely relative.

Alongside the profound secularisation, from within, of academic, intellectual, moral and aesthetic life, growing pressure from without has, for at least a hundred and fifty years, distorted and confused what was once clearly understood as 'education' by appropriating parts of it to its own, extrinsic, ends. The need for a docile industrial labour force, to perform tasks requiring neither judgement nor imagination nor the satisfying skill of ancient crafts, produced the two-tier system of education, in the grammar/public school and the university, for some, and, in alternative institutions and alongside the decline of the traditional apprenticeship, *training* for many more. The evident élitism and social divisiveness of this system, together with increasing intervention from philistine governments, a contempt for 'the academic' and for the arts greater in England than in

many other European countries, the post-war spread of a junk consumer culture, and, most significant of all, a commonly held view that only the single objective of rising prosperity can or should command general assent in modern society — all these have resulted in the muddled elision of 'education' and 'training' both in policy and in practice. They have also resulted in the deeply destructive assumption that education is to be funded and evaluated nationally only in terms of industrial and commercial cost-effectiveness. If the unsustained values of liberal humanism have been weak in the face of increasingly relativist intellectual and cultural life, they are weaker still in the face of what Michael Oakeshott, in *The Voice of Liberal Learning*, called 'the beginning of a dark age of barbaric affluence'. He himself, the best contemporary writer on the perils facing education, is a case in point. He said, for example: 'Education begins with the appearance of a teacher with something to impart which is not immediately connected with the current wants or "interests" of the learner... The business of the teacher is to release his pupils from servitude to the current dominant feelings, images, ideas, beliefs and even skills... Nothing survives in this world which is not cared for by human beings.'

His whole argument can carry more weight than he himself was able to give it. It becomes deeply and encouragingly positive only if it is taken to imply the possibility of releasing children from both nihilistic relativism and the chains of affluence into their true life and freedom as children of God. Without this implication, the 'voice of liberal learning' can with justification be accused of speaking merely from subjective preference. When an adolescent in a classroom says: 'Well, I just prefer *Dallas* to *King Lear*; it's all a matter of opinion, isn't it?', he is speaking with the full weight of our 'free' and secular society behind him. The teacher who does not know within himself how to support his reply: 'But *King Lear* is better' much beyond: 'Take my word for it. And in any case you need this A level', has lost contact with the absolutes of Christian civilization, which ultimately have no guarantee except that of God.

The initiation of children into the disinterested pursuit of goodness, beauty and truth in and through God's created world is the real task of teachers; the difficulties they now have to understand and to overcome if they are to perform it well have been sketched above in general terms. In practical detail, the difficulties look greater still. A few examples:

The disciplines of science have not only appeared to establish truths counter to the truths of faith; they are, of all 'school' studies, the most subject to utilitarian perversion, the most amenable to government pressure to deliver, as sole justification for their expensive continuing existence, contributions to rising prosperity. They are also the most difficult now to sustain in relation to an absolute sense of God's justice and goodness (though not in relation to an absolute sense of his truth and beauty).

The learning of languages is in danger of degenerating into mere utilitarian training: proficiency in the idiom of contemporary speech, functionally concentrated by commercial priorities, has overtaken the acquisition of literate access to another culture's approaches to goodness,

truth and beauty. Even more seriously endangered is the access of the young to their own culture's depth of language and experience in relation to goodness, truth and beauty. Chaucer and Milton are already considered too difficult for school study, and 'irrelevant' to the 'interests' (in either sense) of modern children. Many teachers think Shakespeare should, and therefore will, follow, in spite of his presence, thus far, in the National Curriculum.

The learning of creative skills is in danger of degenerating into token preparation for the understanding of industrial processes; here again, those enterprises which can most readily be turned to merely utilitarian ends are most at risk. The use of materials to design and make beautiful objects with perfectionist skill is more endangered than music, though real music, like real poetry and real films, is only just holding its ground against the tide of sensation, pornography and violence which threatens to wash away all three.

What teachers need to regain is their own confidence in the language of each discipline, each subject, each skill, as a language which in the end speaks of God, and which can be learnt well enough for new things to be said or created in it. This learning will in every case involve genuine understanding of the depth and range of a subject, of the area of human meaning with which it deals, of the kinds of truth, beauty, goodness it is capable of communicating. Here 'language' and 'literature' become metaphorical, with the potential for the creation of new meaning contained in any current, actual language — and the greater its literature the greater its potential — being the analogue for the set of learnable conventions and meanings of all the rest. It is as possible to design a literate house, to make a literate chair, to set up a literate experiment, to approach a mathematical problem or to play a Mozart sonata in a literate fashion, as it is to write a literate essay on Keats or (with a different kind of literacy) on cabinet government or (different again) Charlemagne. It is obvious that there is not time in a child's life at school to acquire literacy in all the disciplines of our civilization. But if he acquires none, neither will he acquire the qualities that education has always been reckoned to develop: patient application, discrimination, disinterested curiosity, accuracy, intellectual honesty, doubt. These are the human qualities of those capable of sound judgement; they are neither 'knowledge' nor 'skill' but the fruits of both when both have been assembled simultaneously in the process of real learning. Beside them, the 'core skills' that were recently canvassed by the National Curriculum Council can be seen, correctly, either as already possessed by the educated or as capable of being quickly picked up by them, in or after school.

The complex of disciplines here described — and above all the common drive towards sound judgement, wisdom, which informs it — is a cumulative European enterprise whose origins lie further back than Socrates. It is what education meant to the schoolmasters of the Roman empire, to monks in the 'Dark Ages', to their successors who taught in the universities of mediaeval Christendom, to the Renaissance humanists who

inspired the foundation of the grammar schools, to Johnson and Coleridge, to Newman and Matthew Arnold, to William Morris and T. S. Eliot and F. R. Leavis. For two centuries it has been part of the light at the end of a series of tunnels for Russians who missed so much of it; for half a century the spiritually oppressed of Eastern Europe have longed to rejoin it. It remains part of the aspiration of many in the Third World, but, unless it is preserved by those who disinterestedly care for it, it will not long remain so.

In the exercise of this trust, England has a particular responsibility of which she is no longer sufficiently aware or proud for its fulfilment to be assured. English has, for a combination of historical reasons, a few disreputable but many more highly creditable, replaced Latin as the educated and educating language of the world. A great deal of the forging of modern America was made possible by Theodore Roosevelt's provision of high-quality free schooling in English for immigrant children from many countries early in this century — a tradition now collapsing (in England as well as in America) under ill-thought-through pressure for ethnic minority rights. Nehru said that the independence of India was made possible only by the English language — a remark of notable irony and balance. The chairman of the Lithuanian Writers' Union recently said: 'English will be the language to unify the Baltic States'. Children in felt tents in Mongolia are learning English from the television sets their parents have toiled to afford. Of course, access to the public world of western communication through the acquisition of the most-used language of power has been, and is, the primary point of these gestures of gratitude or aspiration. But there is more to all of them than this. Just as Latin civilized the countries converted to Catholic Christianity because the learning of the language for the understanding of the Bible and the liturgy brought with it Cicero and Virgil and St. Augustine, and the sense of the rule of law and of citizenship both sacred and secular, so English has brought with it Shakespeare and Locke and the liberal ideals of the nineteenth century, and a political tradition of rights and liberties with deep mediaeval roots which has informed every revolution everywhere since 1776. Europe itself has not forgotten the twiddling of radio knobs to find both hope and reliable news when Hitler was occupying most of its countries. But while England deserves to shine for the world as an old exemplar of freedom and truthfulness, the English themselves, for lack of real education in their own history and literature, and, worst of all, for lack of connexion to the Christian frame of belief within which, however tenuously acknowledged, all England's great contributions to civilization have been made, are in danger of losing their grasp not only of why this should be so, but of the value of English liberty itself.

Freedom has become, for lack of thoughtful discrimination, a profoundly confused concept, very difficult to use with clarity in the context of educational intention. This confusion, like others, has its origins in the secular triumphs and spiritual defeats of the English seventeenth century. We are still deeply affected by the almost inextricable gains and losses of

the political and economic freedoms won in England and communicated to the rest of the 'free' world over the secularising centuries of 'development'. Some of the losses produced, in reaction, as long as two hundred years ago, the Romantic impulse to free people, children in particular, from the corrupting and oppressive structures of an already complex, urban, industrial society, and to let them grow up outside its 'mind-forged manacles', each soul acquiring from uncluttered contact with 'the natural' its own reverence for creation. This impulse sometimes derived, in England, from a Christian Non-Conformist spring which ran, in the course of the nineteenth century, into the liberal humanist marshes, and was dissipated further in the drugs and rock music 'liberation' of the 1960s. But in all European countries the complicated history of accommodations made by the church to the authority of the state and the power of the dominant classes gave to every revolutionary impulse, of which this 'liberating' educational aspiration was one, an inextricably anti-ecclesiastical, and often also anti-Christian thrust. The fact that freedom has for so long in Europe (in England since Milton's generation) seemed to mean, also, freedom from ecclesiastical authority, has made it increasingly difficult to re-connect perceptions of beauty, truth and goodness to the perception of God revealed in Christ and of the church as his mystical body.

The identification of the authority of the state with an atheist revolutionary ideology in Russia and Eastern Europe has in this century done much to restore the truth, beauty and goodness of God, and the independent spiritual authority of the church, to the idea of freedom in those countries. But the recent collapse of communism as an imposed ideology brings with it the danger of identifying too closely the absolute spiritual freedom of the children of God within the church with the limited, because competitive and secular, freedom of a capitalist market economy. The sense of God's liberating truth, beauty and goodness has been stronger in Eastern Europe than in the West for generations, but partly because the seductive power of the false gods there promoted by the state has been weaker. Atheist totalitarianism on an unsound economic base is less attractive than affluence without ideology on a strong economic base. Freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, are all, of course, guaranteed by political freedom. But liberal relativism, experience shows, makes — when all choices seem 'as good' as each other because 'freely made' — the choice to speak the truth, form the conscience rightly, worship God through his church and sacraments, extraordinarily difficult. And the choices neither to speak nor make the effort to hear the truth, neither to inform nor heed the conscience, and not to worship anything beyond the next satisfaction of an induced material 'need', are all too easy.

Freedom is a frightening condition if it is not freedom of the soul in dependence on God, and not enough people in the West recognise its terrors. A few weeks after he had become president of Czechoslovakia, Vaçlav Havel said that his people had spent many decades groping their way along dark tunnels towards the distant light of freedom. The tunnels

had been grim, but their constantly-touched sides had been in their way reassuring. Now that his people had emerged into the sunny square, things were going to be in some respects more difficult. To make the choices of the sunny square rightly, to pursue happiness where it is truly to be found, is that alone for which all education is worth undertaking.

Teachers must not be overawed by the narrowly economic criteria of governments, nor deflected from an understanding of the real situation by the present weakness of the universities, which have found it decreasingly possible to resist a dire combination of political correctness and successive governments' deliberately applied financial pressure. In the recent past we have seen Oxford and Cambridge, in the cause of 'equality' but really because of a sanctioned fall of intellectual standards, abandon their requirement of O level Latin for all, abandon their requirement of any Greek for candidates for Classics, abandon their expectation that candidates for English will have read some Chaucer and Milton at school, or candidates for Modern Languages have read any literature in those languages written before the twentieth century. When, seven years ago, they scrapped their own difficult post-A level entrance examinations, they deprived the cleverest young people in the country of a period of intensive just-adult study, more closely taught and supervised than is ever possible at university, which cannot be replaced either earlier or later in life. Nationally, we are now seeing the number of students at English universities significantly and cheaply increased by the simple device of making both A level and degree course syllabuses lighter and less searching. Examinations of course dictate what goes on in classrooms. The decline, in substance and intellectual demandingness, from O levels to GCSE, together with the softening of many A levels to make them fit GCSE achievement, has made the task of teachers in schools exceedingly difficult.

If the slide towards 'breadth', 'relevance' and 'training for the modern world', which is a slide towards mediocrity and towards the deprivation of the young of the resources they need for the sunny square, descends further, some teachers at least must not lose sight of the tried merits of informed judgement acquired through patient learning in traditional disciplines of study, art and skill. The implications will be critical care in the choice of subjects offered, both at GCSE and at A level, and the resolve to teach those subjects to the maximum depth of which children are capable, in recognition that this is likely to exceed by a considerable margin what the examination system requires. This will be more difficult than a mere return to the situation of thirty years ago, when Oxford and Cambridge regarded A levels themselves as insignificant in comparison with the quality of education they knew they could expect from the best grammar and public schools. And teachers, like anyone else whose value is neither publicly recognised nor publicly encouraged, find work lonely and difficult to sustain.

The enterprise, if it is to achieve any serious success, will need courage, clarity and dedication from those prepared to undertake it. It will need, above all, consciously and constantly maintained belief in the absolute

value of real education for people one by one, in the knowledge that the enemies of this belief will be many and varied, will be both external and internal, and will often have the support of governments, the media, parents, other teachers, and children themselves. But belief in the absolute value of anything ultimately derives from and depends on belief in God (belief in the absolute, saving reality of goodness, beauty and truth), and the choices made in the sunny square become of no more than temporary, local, significance without the sustaining conviction that this is so. The articulation of this conviction and the holding of loyalty to it are now essential for the survival of genuine education.

[Lucy Beckett is Head of the Sixth Form at Ampleforth College in Yorkshire.]

POEM

INTIFADA — CHILDREN OF PALESTINE

Sullen smoke scowls low over
Hopes' blood, fighting back to the
Heart of our rage . . . still pulsing
In bruised and swollen ghettos.

We have wept a song of agony
Upon time's bitter lyre, plucking
Chords of despair from pulverized
Debris and scattered bones.

Defiant settlements draw a noose
Around our necks, strangling life,
While nations watch and offer prayer
To lift this twilight of our soul.

Our cries of anguish will explode
The world's night with searing breath,
When promises are slammed shut
Before the face of God.

Our ghosts will bleed homeland yearning
Into red-dawn silences, stalking through
Tunnels of aborted dreams where tormented
Earth will yawn up . . . the last dead.

Elizabeth A. Bernstein

THEATRE IN PRAGUE, PAST AND PRESENT

by Rachel Falconer

THEATRE in Prague is no longer a platform for social and political debate as it once was. Politicians, on one hand, have placed culture aside as they address themselves to economic reform, the federacy question, and the drafting of a new constitution. Many theatres, on the other hand, are turning away from overtly political subjects to the more comfortable forms of comedy and farce. It is a measure of the lack of communication between two groups who are largely drawn from the same intellectual circles, that state subsidy for the theatre was cut long before the legalization of private sponsorship. But the most important change is that people have stopped attending the theatre to find messages of political protest in 'the living line of European theatre that', as one Czech director put it, 'concretizes the life of the human spirit on stage'.

In the past, Czech theatre has always engaged itself in political conflict, whether overtly or covertly, by design or by force of circumstance. The first Czech, as opposed to German, theatre was founded in Prague to confirm the separate cultural identity of Bohemia within the Austro-Hungarian empire. The experimental avant-garde of the inter-war period was a joyful, baroque expression of Czechoslovakia's brief independence from either German or Russian domination. In the 1960s, criticism of the communist regime was expressed from the stage, until that outlet was forcibly silenced in August, 1968. Even so, the theatres of Prague continued to provide a focal point for social unrest until finally, in 1989, the revolutionary movement Civic Forum established its headquarters in the Magic Lantern Theatre, and elected the dramatist Vaclav Havel as its spokesman. Meanwhile, letters of protest were being drafted and signatures collected in smaller theatres throughout Bohemia, Moravia and Slovakia.

Immediately after the events of December 1989, a kind of euphoria overtook Prague's theatres. They had helped to win the revolution, and they had won considerable freedom of expression. There was an influx of plays from the west, both classic and modern. Tom Stoppard came to Prague to give his blessing to a Czech production of *Travesties,* and to renew his acquaintance with Havel. Michael Frayn's *Noises Off* was another popular import. Outspoken political plays about Stalinist and Nazi atrocities, such as Arnost Goldflam's production of Jurjev's *Little Pogrom in a Station Cafe,* multiplied in dark studio theatres across the city.

Above all, previously banned Czech authors enjoyed a period of instantaneous publicity. The showing of Skvorecky's exuberant *Tank Corps* coincided with a ridiculous quarrel between MPs and an art student about whether the last Russian tank on Czech soil should be painted pink, or repainted green, or removed altogether. The Capek brothers' classic anatomy of human folly, *The Insect Play,* enjoyed a well-attended revival at the National Theatre. Pavel Kohout, until recently exiled in Vienna, was rehabilitated with his portrait of madness and illusion, *The Poor*

Murderer, in a lush production at the Theatre on Vinohrady (*Armady Theatre* has been renamed: *Theatre on Vinohrady*). Even Milan Kundera, the celebrated exile whom Czechs regard with sharp-edged ambivalence, staged a careful come-back with early works such as his black-humoured novel, *The Joke*, and his humanist homage to Diderot, *Jacques and His Master*.

And of course there was a plethora of Havel productions, not only at the National and other large theatres, but also at Havel's own Theatre On the Balustrade, produced by the man who first discovered him, Jan Grossman. This great director of absurdist theatre has the intellectual insight, the ironic edge, and the technical poise to turn Havel's texts into swift and devastating exposes of dehumanized society. Like many others, Grossman was rescued from exile and small-town oblivion by the changes of 1989.

After the first flush of euphoria, however, the popularity of Czech revivals began to wane. From 1989 to 1992, social conditions have changed at incredible speed; a society insulated for twenty years is facing a tidal wave of western influence. People naturally want Czech drama to reflect these new experiences; meanwhile, Czech dramatists are preserving an apprehensive silence.

A sad example of this shift in public opinion is the critical reaction to Josef Topol's introverted 1980s play, *Goodbye Socrates*. Topol's works, previously banned, are considered by many to be examples of Czechoslovakia's greatest drama; hence this production was expected to attract widespread public acclaim. It was produced in the dazzlingly renovated Theatre of the Estates, once one of the grandest homes of German theatre, where Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was first performed. But even a solid production by a distinguished director could not make this strange and dislocating play palatable to contemporary Czech audiences. Critical reaction was unanimously negative, with the possible result that a major artist has been discouraged from writing for several years to come.

But this harsh response to Topol's play is part of a general recession in revolutionary euphoria. The 1990s have ushered in economic and political changes which overshadow such introspective analyses of the past. Moreover, as many will argue, depleted audience numbers may be a feature of the new, democratic society. A wider range of choice means fewer numbers at any one production. Since ticket prices have remained low (with a National Theatre ticket costing the price of two pints of beer, and tickets for smaller venues, up to half that amount), it seems likely that attractive content, rather than affordability, will determine which theatres remain in operation.

Before one predicts the emergence of a West End in the Czech capital, however, it may be worth remembering how deeply involved its theatre has been in the shaping and preserving of a national, political consciousness. Ironically, the communist government's programme of 'normalization' after 1968 raised some theatres to a privileged position in Czech society. During the years of Prague Spring and after, actors carried played a closely

observed game of dare with the authorities. Sometimes, the game consisted of using a dramatic text to attack government actions that could not otherwise be publicly criticized. In other places, no manipulation of the text was needed. An audience accustomed to thinking analogically received Chekhov, Gogol and Shakespeare with an immediacy difficult to conceive of beyond the confines of an oppressive regime.

At the National Theatre in 1963, for example, Otomar Krejca produced a *Romeo and Juliet* that spoke for the sixties decade. The translation was by Topol, the parts of Romeo and Juliet were taken by two great actors, and the play gave voice to political unrest in Prague at the time. As Professor Stribni, a Shakespeare scholar at the Charles University, recalls, 'they took Romeo's lines, "the time and my intent are savage wild . . .", and they stressed them to express the great anger and frustration of the younger generation, and their willingness for self-sacrifice'.

Five years later, Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* directed by Jan Kacer at the Drama Club acquired acute topicality in 1968. 'Suddenly the Russian tanks were here', Kacer recalls. 'They seized Wenceslas Square. That was our cherry orchard and everyone knew it.' Not only were there coincidences in plot, but Chekhov's characters were recognizable as Czech types. 'When Landovsky played Lopakhin in *Cherry Orchard*, he simply played what he was', Kacer says, 'a huge, lumbering, ugly immigrant. What he produced was no actor's interpretation; it was his own existence'.

If Shakespeare and Chekhov survived the 'normalization period' following the Russian invasion, many contemporary Czech plays did not. At the National Theatre, Krejca had initiated a huge drive for new work, encouraging young Czech poets to write for the stage. After a trip to London where he saw Arnold Wesker's trilogy of realist plays, Krejca succeeded in persuading a generation of writers to believe that the 'humanity of Wesker's plays' and their exploration of 'community problems' could be produced in a Czech context. Topol's *End of the Carnival*, produced at the National Theatre in 1963, revolves around the issue of independent farming as opposed to communes. Krejca regards the play as deeply political, 'not just in the way that it describes a party treasurer who wants to collectivize the farms, but in the platonic sense of the word, politics: the struggle for human happiness'.

Krejca's programme of new writing had soon become too adventurous for the National Theatre. Krejca then moved on to establish his own theatre, Beyond the Gate, where he opened the 1965 season with another new Topol play. This company lasted another seven years, 'playing whatever pleased us', until by government order the theatre was shut down and its leading members banned from further performance in Prague.

Other casualties of 'normalization' after 1968 were the Drama Club and Theatre on the Balustrade. At the Drama Club, Kacer had united theatre and film, such personalities as the film directors Forman and Menzel, and the comic absurdist playwright, Ladislav Smocek. The Drama Club according to Jiri Menzel was 'theatre for his neighbour'. Director Jan Kacer shared with Krejca 'an advanced interest in the individual, in society

as a collection of individuals'. Because the company consisted of well-known personalities from film, TV and the stage, relations between audience and company were intimate, and mutually appreciative. The golden age of this popular theatre, however, lasted only three years, from 1965 to 1968.

The fate of Jan Grossman's studio theatre, where Havel began his writing career, followed a similar pattern. Grossman's productions of three plays, Alfred Jarry's *King Ubu* (1964), Kafka's *The Trial* (1966), and Havel's *Memorandum* (1965) had brought Theatre on the Balustrade international acclaim as the Czech Theatre of the Absurd. But Havel's plays gained popularity in Czechoslovakia because their absurdities addressed recognizable social and political conditions. Karel Steigerwald, writer and now *dramaturg* at the Balustrade, says dismissively that absurdist theatre in the west raised 'aesthetic questions', while 'in this country it addressed social problems... Absurd theatre in Bohemia was actually realistic'. Absurdist drama revolved around an absence of moral values in the west, and an absence of just government in the east.

Czech authorities apparently perceived the attack, as they quickly suppressed performances of fifties' and sixties' absurdist drama in Prague. Jan Kacer believes there was a well-organized plan to kill off politically challenging theatre. 'Whatever you think about totalitarian power', he says, 'they were extremely skilful when it came to ideology. They knew perfectly well who was at the heart of the Balustrade,... and the Drama Club'. Following Kacer, Havel and Grossman were both banned from public performances by the early 1970s.

Some artists continued to perform privately, and in the 1970s, a number of plays were recorded in private flats, and secretly circulated on video and cassette. Among these 'home theatre' productions was *Living Room Macbeth* performed by five banned but well-known artists. In the last scene on the video, the five characters stand up to deliver Malcolm's final speech in unison, in the affirmation that society as a whole, rather than any single ruler, would bring an end to corrupt government.

Meanwhile, many theatres turned to the repertoire of established European classics to challenge the prevailing ideology. Thus while the west became familiar with Havel's plays, his own theatre in Prague filtered the same vision through Shakespeare. Evald Schorm produced a much-edited, Quarto-version of *Hamlet* to which, Professor Stribni says, the audience 'listened as a sort of protest. It was quite clear that Hamlet was a young student involved against his fellow and the whole state'. Lines such as 'the insolence of office' and 'the laws delay' produced electric approval in the audience. 'The two grave diggers in *Little Hamlet* were dressed as clowns with red plastic noses', says Stribni, a reminder of Beckett's Vladimir and Estragon. In the final scene, the grave diggers came on again, 'looked at all the dead bodies, which was a kind of holocaust, and they turned it into a mass grave'. In a detached manner, 'they spread powder of chloride over the bodies, as was done in the concentration camps'. Ironically, it may have been Schorm's use of imagery from the

Nazi period that allowed his critique of the abuses of power past the censor.

At the Balustrade, such political references were deliberate, if safely couched in a Shakespearean context. Elsewhere, spectators needed no direction to recognize topical analogies. Professor Hilsky, head of the English Department at Charles University, says of Shakespeare performed under a totalitarian regime that 'whatever you say, it may be nothing about your own society, it might be *Love's Labours Lost*, to say nothing of *King Lear* or *Macbeth* where the idea of power is explicitly discussed, in any case the play acquires a new vibrant energy, which comes from the political context'.

Hilsky, a foremost translator of Shakespeare into Czech, has frequently witnessed how 'the meaning is generated by the context, perhaps even more than the text itself'. in *Love's Labours Lost*, the king of Navarre and his courtiers disguise themselves as Muscovites to gain access to the princess of France, a subterfuge which the princess recognizes and submits to ridicule. When Hilsky's translation was performed at the municipal theatre in 1988, this scene provoked enormous laughter in the audience, because 'every Czech heart warmed to the idea of mocking a group of Russians'.

And when Costard comes with a message for the princess and asks 'which is the greatest lady, the highest?', the princess answers elusively, 'The thickest and the tallest'. Hilsky translates 'greatest' as *cele* or 'at the head' and puns this with a Czech homonym *v cele*, meaning 'in a prison cell'. This exchange becomes a political allusion Czech dissidents imprisoned at the time: 'Please, can you tell me who stands at the head of state? You will recognize him by those who are sitting in prison'.

The backcloth of a totalitarian regime against which such explosive political puns were fashioned is thankfully removed. And yet, the political punning continues. In the National Theatre's production of *As You Like It*, commissioned before the Revolution and still playing in 1992, *Touchstone* has begun to improvise with Hilsky's text, inserting topical jokes about two flammable issues, relations between Czechs and Slovaks, and *lustrace*, the post-revolutionary political screening of former collaborators with the secret police. 'The argument is that the Fool is supposed to improvise anyway', says Hilsky. The license taken by this particular Fool does not please everyone, least of all Hilsky, who says quite frankly that *As You Like It* would be better off without it'. Nevertheless, it brings an explosive immediacy to the text, as is acknowledged by fanatical applause at *Touchstone*'s curtain call.

The most exciting performances in Prague following the change to democracy in 1989, are those which, in my view, may be termed politically topical. Scattered and fragmented such theatrical highlights may be, but this fragmentation reflects the very nature of Czech society in a period of transition. For example, Otomar Krejca's production of *Waiting for Godot*, at the newly revived Beyond the Gate Theatre, is unconvincing as a whole. But fragments of the production are powerful, and clearly born of experience. Especially commanding is the portrayal of Pozzo as a tired over-lord,

brutal by force of habit in the first act, failing to understand the reasons for his fall in the second.

Also at Beyond the Gate II, is Bernanos' *Dialogue with the Carmelites*, directed by Krejca's younger colleague, Helena Glancova. In a stunning final scene, reminiscent of Manet's painting *The Execution of Maximilian*, a group of nuns, condemned by revolutionaries, approach an exit wall in darkness, then with up-tilted faces step into sudden illumination and a rattle of gun-fire. This is one of several recent productions which draws parallels between the French revolution and Prague, 1968. Another point of topicality is its support of the revival of Catholicism in Czechoslovakia.

Neither of these productions gives voice to a current, commonly held belief in the way that Krejca's *Romeo and Juliet* did in the 1960s, but then such a conviction would be difficult to identify today. Krejca reflects that 'what we are living now seems to be the end of one of the greatest of human dreams. We are living our incapacity to realize that dream'. His own answer to this collapse of belief is individualistic, 'to be faithful to oneself, to be conservative, not in the sense of conserving the old, but in the sense of realizing the eternal again an dagain'. Performances at Beyond the Gate II are manifestations of Krejca's view that art must be 'faithful to itself', even at the expense of relinquishing any recognizable social function.

A less isolating solution might be expected from Jan Kacer, who divided his time in 1991 between the National Theatre and the Czech parliament. Kacer decided not to stand for office again, and on election day, May 1992, he commented on the lack of direction in both politics and the arts. 'People are hesitating before the vote', he said. 'They are looking for new representatives in government,... they are also looking for a new style of theatre.' While the people chose Vaclav Klaus, a right-wing member of the former Civic Forum, Kacer believes the basic uncertainties are unresolved.

In his forthcoming production of *The Winter's Tale*, Kacer will be reflecting the current mood of social and political fragmentation. He intends his *Winter's Tale* to be 'very strange, without any over-all idea'. There will be hints of miracles, horror at metamorphosis, sudden aging. 'The audience will hear every note, not only the notes that I have chosen to emphasise'. Kacer's is a pluralistic vision of the play, and possibly a chaotic one.

Professor Hilsky, who is providing the translation, finds evidence for his view that 'you don't have to make Shakespeare topical; he already is'. In the opening scene, a lord from Bohemia displays a 'typically Czech' embarrassment at a wealthy Sicilian lord's offer of hospitality. 'There is the awkwardness that you always have here, with western visitors and their marvellous exchange rates... It's painful on both sides.' The Bohemian's solution is also typically Czech, according to Hilsky: he says, 'But if you come to Bohemia, we will give you some strong drink so you won't be able to recall our shortcomings'.

For his part, Kacer empathizes with the late Shakespeare who has aged,

seen radical changes in government, and grown bitter and critical of his former work. Kacer believes that the late romances betray a deep mistrust not only of language but also of human character. He looks back on his own experience in similar terms: 'I have never advocated any ideology, but that is a happy coincidence... I don't like communism because I preferred interesting, fully rounded characters to simplified ones'.

Meanwhile, at the Balustrade, Steigerwald characterizes Shakespeare as a rag-and-bones man. He describes the structure of *The Merchant of Venice*, possibly on next season's repertoire, as a 'brilliant patch-work', whose pattern is 'a metaphor for human existence'. It is an artistic patch-work that seems likely to reflect the pervading sense of social and political fragmentation. *The Merchant of Venice* will be cut and pasted by Grossman into an absurdist collage that will focus, in Steigerwald's words, 'on intolerance, racism and the degradation of society'.

In the years following the velvet revolution, the central question Theatre on the Balustrade surely faces is whether or not the Czech lands still need a showcase for the theatre of the absurd. Steigerwald is inclined to think they do. And Jan Grossman has put together three brilliant absurdist productions since his return in 1989: Havel's *Largo Desolato* (in 1990), *Temptation* (in 1991), and Molière's *Don Juan* in much-edited form (in 1989/1992).

Don Juan is a production that straddles the revolution, and its application to the Czech social and political context has markedly changed. In this uncommonly taut, focused revision of the play, Molière's passionate seducer has degenerated to a man whose self-loathing is only exceeded by his loathing for hypocrisy in others. His servant Sganarell is motivated by mixture of abject terror, greed, and the 'motiveless malignity' of Shakespeare's Iago.

In Grossman's version, there is no divine retribution for Don Juan's crimes. Instead, master and servant fall into an argument as they await the arrival of the statue for supper. A thunderstorm breaks overhead, and at some point in the chaos, Sganarell kills Juan by mistake. Having eliminated divine justice, Grossman focuses on two destructive human types: the dissident, consumed with self-hatred and loathing for hypocrisy in others, and the compromiser, bereft of his customary wit and good humour. The conclusion of their alliance is a particularly apt revision of Molière, given the political context of the Yugoslavian internecine war, and the shadow of such conflict in divided Czechoslovakia.

If this Don Juan bears some resemblance to Faustus, Grossman's production of Havel's *Temptation* at Theatre on the Balustrade focuses more explicitly on the Faustus theme. Havel wrote *Temptation* in 1985 to cauterize the memory of a fatal error of judgement. While serving a prison sentence, Havel had once consented to sign papers securing himself an early release. Later these documents were brought forward as proof of Havel's collaboration with the authorities. Blaming his own judgement, Havel took himself off to the country and spent the next few weeks in a frenzy of writing. The result was *Temptation*, a modern version of the

fall of Faustus, with a distinctly autobiographical slant.

Foustka is a scientist with forbidden interests in the occult to whom a gangrene-afflicted Fistula (Mephistopheles) offers satanic, psychological powers. When to his own surprise, Foustka succeeds in seducing his secretary, a pact with the devil is made. Havel shifts the emphasis from the aims to the means of temptation as Foustka acquires power over people at the price of playing double agent, spying on Fistula for his scientific institute and vice versa. In the end, Fistula turns out to be working for the director of the institute; in his attempt to beat the devil at his own game, Foustka is ruined. The secretary, incidentally, loses her job.

Grossman's production is swift, vividly colourful, and uncompromisingly absurdist. The mechanized movements of the scientists, revolving around a leak in the roof of the institute, contrasts ironically with the erratic, grandiloquent gestures of Foustka, the frank sexuality of his girlfriend, the secretary's sudden, naive passion for his Cause, and Fistula's disarming, old man's charm. But if the humiliation of Foustka seems harshly pessimistic, the play as a whole is affirmative. Former underground poet Magor writes in the programme notes that its 'message of hope lies in refusing to work with the devil'.

In former times, such an interpretation might have sufficed, since the 'devil' was easily defined in concrete, political terms. But Havel's play is not centrally concerned with identifying devils; rather, it focuses on Foustka's responsibility for his own acts. As perhaps can be seen more clearly today, the 'devil' in the play takes both sides. Foustka's mistake is to allow himself to be governed by the demands of either party, instead of his own reason and instinct.

Like all Havel's plays, *Temptation* analyses the difficulties of choice, and argues the necessity of action. In a recent interview for *The Guardian*, Havel stated that the way out of today's crises should be sought 'more in a change in people's behaviour and way of looking at the world than in changes in systems or technical wizardry'. *Temptation* is a play that today invites Czechs to approach privatization and the creation of a free market economy with independent, critical minds. In more general terms, it is a play written in the tradition of theatre that acts on social and political issues: a good sign that the present crisis in Prague's theatre will be quickly overcome.

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THE COMPULSIVE SUBJECTIVITY OF EDVARD MUNCH

by Muriel Julius

OF all paintings, the paintings of the nineteenth century Norwegian artist, Edvard Munch, are the antitheses of accepted Anglo-Saxon artistic taste. Not for us the revelation of tormented relationships set down for all to see, the hysteria of sorrow made plain. It is all too explicit, too autobiographical. Yet Munch is by far Norway's most famous painter. It always amazed me that Francis Bacon, his equal in depicting human anguish, and in my opinion the greatest British painter this century, found fame in this country, while Munch is largely unknown.

Munch's paintings, now being shown in an exhibition at the National Gallery in London, were a passionate denial of everything that had been accepted as a picture at all. They abnegated the sensible world. The public of his day wished the painter to express only what he saw; Munch retorts vehemently that he does paint only what he sees. On this point there was continual indignation for of course when one speaks of 'seeing', everyone means something totally different.

In his essay, *Literature and Revolution*, in 1923, Leon Trotsky wrote: 'It is not to be argued that the separation of art from other aspects of social life was the result of the class structure of society'. Nowhere was this more true than in the Norway of the late nineteenth century. Munch was unique at the time: his comparative wealth made that separation of no consequence.

Some years ago in the National Gallery of Art in Oslo I admired the works of four or five marvellous artists, all contemporaries or friends of Munch. Why had one never heard of them? I learned that artists were not highly regarded in Norway at that time; their works did not sell; they were forced to turn elsewhere to make a living. Munch's prosperity allowed him to devote himself to painting and his output was prodigious. When he died he left one thousand oil paintings to the Munch Museum in Oslo, over fifteen thousand prints and more than four thousand water-colours and drawings. His city is pervaded by reproductions of his works to an extent I have never experienced elsewhere.

Edvard Munch was born in Løten, near Oslo in 1863. His childhood was traumatic. His father was dementedly pious and his mother and eldest sister died of consumption while he was still young. 'Illness, madness and death were the black angels that kept watch over my cradle,' he wrote. His obsession with these tragic events found recurring expression in such paintings as 'The Sick Child,' 'The Room of Death' and 'The Dead Mother'.

His painting career began conventionally enough at the School of Arts and Crafts in Oslo, but by 1884 he evinced ideas on ethics and sexual morality far in advance of their time. In the Paris of 1885 he had his first

encounter with the work of the Impressionists and the Symbolist paintings of Gauguin and his non-naturalistic colours. Gauguin was then living in Brittany prior to leaving for Tahiti; Monet would shortly begin his famous series paintings of haystacks, Cathedrals et al. From 1889 to 1891 Munch attended Leon Bonnat's art school in Paris and then went to Germany. From 1892 until 1908 he made his base in Berlin.

In that first year he exhibited over fifty paintings at the Verein Berliner Künstler (Artists' Union of Berlin). The exhibition caused such an uproar that it was closed within the week. This *success de scandale* made him famous and these works, forerunners of Expressionism, were to influence many German artists. In protest against the closure, Max Liebermann, Ludwig von Hofmann, Curt Herrmann and their friends formed Gruppe XI in 1892. Six years later this gave way to the founding of the Berlin Secession, while in Austria Gustav Klimt started the Vienna Secession.

Soon after this cataclismic event Munch began his major work, the cycle of paintings he called 'The Frieze of Life'. It occupied him from 1893 to 1906. Explaining it, he wrote: 'It will have love and death as its subject matter... These paintings are moods, impressions of life of the soul, and together they represent one aspect of the battle between man and woman, called love'.

A number of the paintings explicitly reflect the personal angst of his unhappy love life, none more so than 'Jealousy', painted in 1895. It shows a nude woman in an open red robe about to pluck a red apple from a tree. Beside her a fully clothed man, Munch himself, stands in an attitude of supplication, like Adam and Eve. In the foreground a man's face stares from the shadows with an expression of anxious melancholy.

In a Berlin beer hall in 1893 Munch had been introduced to Dagny Juell, a Norwegian student, whose sexual magnetism and belief in free love caused intense rivalry between, among others, Munch, Strindberg and the Polish poet, Przybyszewski, whom she married. It is generally thought that this picture, in which sexual passion is symbolized by the red of the woman's robe and the forbidden apples, represents the three-cornered relationship among Dagny, Munch and Przybyszewski. The painting inspired a prose poem by Strindberg which began: 'Jealousy, sacred feeling of spiritual purity, which abhors the idea of mingling itself through an intermediary, with another of the same sex...'.

The subject obviously haunted Munch. The seductive attributes of this woman and her rejection of Munch can be read also into the painting 'Ashes'. In the foreground a crouching man holds his head in his hands in a gesture of despair. Behind him stands the same red-haired woman, her dress and hair in disarray, her arms aloft in a gesture of destructive sexuality. In the foreground a log has turned to ashes creating a grey haze, symbolic of dying love. (When exhibited at the Berlin Secession in 1902 this painting was called 'After the Fall', suggesting the period of remorse after sexual passion and biblical admonishment.)

Munch broke with conventional viewing habits engendered by the perspective representation of space in a manner that shook the spectators'

feeling of security. In both 'Jealousy' and 'Ashes' the perspective is tilted so that the figures, disposed in planes parallel to the frame, seem unnaturally close to the observer, yet not close to each other. The asymmetric composition and trick of separating the figures into unconnected planes makes one conscious of the atmosphere surrounding them, very often in terms of almost tangible silence.

Nowhere are these elemental means more powerfully conveyed than in Munch's most famous work, 'The Scream', a silent shriek of terror which has entered the public imagination as a universal symbol of anguish. Part of the powerful impact of Expressionism was due to the fact that it eschewed beauty: in 'The Scream' all lines lead towards the main focus of the image — the shouting head. The staring eyes and the hollow cheeks recall a death's head. Every line of the scenery seems to share the anguish of that shout. We know something terrible has happened and are disturbed because we will never know what that terrible something is.

About 'The Scream' Munch wrote: 'One evening I was walking along a path — on one side lay the city and below me the fjord, I was tired and ill — I stopped and looked out across the fjord — the sun was setting — the clouds were dyed red like blood. I felt a scream pass through nature; it seemed to me that I could hear the scream. I painted this picture — painted the clouds as real blood. The colours were screaming — this became the picture from 'The Frieze of Life'.

When reviewing a new book, *The Fin-de-Siècle Culture of Adolescence*, by Jack Newbauer, Jackie Wullschlager wrote: 'The portrait of the emaciated girl with frightened eyes staring out of Munch's 'Puberty' (1894) is a landmark in the painterly treatment of adolescence. The pain of transition, the embarrassed girl hiding her body, the dark shadow behind her symbolizing male sexuality, all themes which Kirchner, Kokoschka, Heckel and other Expressionists developed are there'. The atmosphere created by the strange dramatic light makes this picture additionally disquieting, emphasising the haunting image of awakening womanhood.

It is amusing to compare this interpretation with Gauguin's almost simultaneous portrait, of 'Anna the Javanese' (1893/4) who, at the age of thirteen, was already the complete carnal goddess. She became Gauguin's constant companion and mistress whom he flaunted round Paris in order to shock. Yet the very frankness of her nude portrait is not so disturbing as Munch's young model, nor as distasteful as the modern adolescents so beloved by Balthus.

Munch must be classed one of the supreme graphic artists of his or any other time. Today his prints are only for the very rich. In November 1988 a lithograph of 'The Scream' sold for £298,000 at Christie's in London and one of 'Madonna' fetched $616,000 in New York in 1990. 'Madonna' exemplified Munch's romanticism, a passionate portrayal of yielding womanhood within a field of magnetic emotion defined by her flowing feminine hair — Munch's ubiquitous symbol. It could be argued that Munch achieved greater force and clarity in his prints than he did

in his paintings.

I have tried to convey that Munch's art was always neurotic and frequently hysterical. His amorous attachments invariably ended badly; he suffered from claustrophobia; he drank too much. As one can deduce from his 'Self-Portrait with a Wine Bottle' (1906) with its flaming colours and threatening convergence of space, this is a tortured self-image. In 1908 he suffered what he called 'a complete mental collapse'. Yet he realized that his mental instability was part of his genius; 'I would not cast off my illness', he wrote, 'for there is much in my art that I owe to it'. Nevertheless he must have been an interesting companion. He counted among his friends Strindberg, Ibsen, Stephane Mallarmé, Thadée Natanson, the owner of 'La Revue Blanche', and the English composer, Delius. Another was Dr. Daniel Jacobson and he committed himself to his clinic for almost a year.

After his breakdown, Jappe Nilssen, an influential Norwegian art critic persuaded Munch to settle in Norway. From 1909 to 1911 he painted a series of three immense and several smaller murals for Oslo University, and twelve panels for the workers dining room in a chocolate factory in Oslo. He still visited Paris, Germany and Italy and exhibited widely, including the famous Armory Show in New York in 1913. In 1937 eighty-two of his works in German museums were branded 'Degenerate Art' by the Nazis and removed. Munch continued to live quietly in his house at Skøyen during the war, and died there in 1944.

Munch's art was the first to make subjectivity absolutely paramount in determining both form and colour. His unique quality was his capacity to imbue an available vocabulary with intense veracity and a pulsating reality. With 'The Scream' he enlarged artistic language in an entirely new and original way.

The exhibition, sponsored by Norsk Hydro (UK) Ltd, continues at the National Gallery until 7 February, 1993. It is accompanied by a catalogue too heavy to hold.

EDITING DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

by Bernard Tomlinson

IN this latest edition of Dorothy Wordsworth's *Grasmere Journals*, (Oxford University Press, £30), the editor, Pamela Woof has set about restoring the integrity of the original text. However well-intentioned editors are, the process of editing invariably results in distracting the reader from the inspired original. The text becomes clinically correct and much of the author's original inspiration becomes lost to the reader. When I asked Pamela Woof why Oxford University Press had accepted the necessity for yet another edition — there have already been three editions this century — she explained how the idea had grown out of a talk she gave in 1985 at the Wordsworth Summer Conference in Grasmere, 'Dorothy Wordsworth, Writer', in response to the request for a few notes to make the *Journals* more accessible to American readers.

The Wordsworth Trust was at that time preparing an exhibition, 'Wordsworth and the Age of English Romanticism' in collaboration with Rutgers University to be shown to celebrated acclaim in Chicago, New York and Bloomington, Indiana, during the winter of 1987-1988. The exercise had begun modestly enough with Pamela Woof adding here and there to Mary Moorman's notes to the 1971 edition. It soon became apparent that there were many more questions to be answered, matters of identification to be explained, incorrect adjustments to the original text to be rectified, and a surplus of extraneous punctuation to be removed. Eventually, although it had not been their original intention, Oxford University Press, to their credit, decided to re-set the type of the original text. Many of these variations to Dorothy's original manuscript may seem individually minute but taken as a whole they detract from its freshness and beauty, the hand-writing which is so individual to Dorothy, changing its meaning however slightly, upsetting the rhythm of her unique prose style and so reducing the reader's anticipation and pleasure of discovery. Pamela Woof has in a large measure brought us nearer to the heart of the *Journals* and in so doing placed them in a Grasmere which was dear to the heart of Dorothy and her much-loved poet brother.

As the notes accumulated — and they are very ample — Pamela Woof noticed editorial deductions which could not be sustained. She asks the question, for example, why Dorothy Wordsworth should according to the 1971 notes be receiving a letter from Peggy Ashburner, who lived opposite Dove Cottage. Thomas Ashburner, Peggy's husband, delivered coals to Dove Cottage. The date was 26 April 1802. Peggy was not likely to correspond with Wordsworth, or be away. The Ashburners had been so poor that they had been forced to sell their land. Pamela Woof disputes that this was Peggy Ashburner. Much more likely, she deduces it to be Peggy Marsh, Dorothy's 'good and dear Peggy', the servant of Racedown and Alfoxden days who 'would have gone to the world's end with us'. Peggy Marsh had married James Marsh, a blacksmith, followed by a life

of tragedy, sickness, deaths in the family, and a house burned down as well as a cruel husband. Peggy Marsh was wont to beg for money to which Dorothy always responded. Again, an entry for 24 March 1802 notes 'William walked out and wrote Peggy Ashburner'. The note in the 1971 edition explains incorrectly that Peggy Ashburner was 'at present away from Grasmere'. Dorothy had noted the loss of the land so dear to Peggy, how she would 'gang out upon a hill and look o'er t'fields and see' the sheep grazing. Dorothy refers to William walking out and composing the poem, 'Repentance' and this according to Pamela Woof tells us precisely when the poem was composed. Careful local investigation helps the editor to name the 'poor woman who had drowned herself' and whose funeral came by Dove Cottage. It was the ninth of February 1802. There was no funeral at Grasmere Church that day, but there was hard frost and snow everyday for a week. Dorothy notes in her journals that among the mourners was the poor woman's sister, 'Thomas Fleming's wife in a Chaise'. Pamela Woof had discovered that Thomas Fleming of Rydal had married in Ulverston a Dorothy Moser, whose sister Elizabeth had married in November 1800 a local man, John Kendall. It was this Elizabeth who had drowned herself in 1802. She was taken to Grasmere Churchyard where her mother was buried in 1789.

Pamela Woof told me that she learned more about the composition of the *Journals* by this analytical approach. Why, she asks, would Dorothy write a long account of two beggar boys and their mother, a long, careful and much corrected account, on 10 June 1800, two weeks after meeting them on the road to Ambleside? On the day she met them, 27 May, she had written, 'I walked to Ambleside with letters'. There is no mention of the encounter given in such detail later. Pamela Woof asks the question, 'Was it in May she had been alone, Wordsworth and John being in Yorkshire for three weeks, and on 10 June, Wordsworth was with her, taking his first walk to Ambleside since returning?' We can only presume that Dorothy told him about the charming, lying beggar boys met on that very road and that he showed so much interest that she wrote down a full account. Wordsworth was later to write a poem on the subject.

Academics will always be fascinated by the supporting role played by Dorothy and the extent to which it added fuel to the creative mind of William. Pamela Woof's dedicated study of the *Journals* revealed how conscious a writer Dorothy often is. She cites Dorothy's description of the daffodils, noticing two phrases about the wind, its blowing upon the daffodils over the lake, and its blowing 'directly' to them, later additions to the original description. Dorothy has turned the picture of tossing daffodils into a celebratory dance by consciously making the wind their partner.

There were many small but significant changes to be made to the last edition. Dorothy, claims Pamela Woof, did not write 'the moon shone like herrings in the water' on 31 October 1800, but 'the moonshine like herrings in the water'. The word 'moonshine' drops into the centrefold of the notebook and is a single word, characteristic use of a wonderful phrase

without a verb.

Re-setting the existing text from the original gave the opportunity to recover in print much more of Dorothy's own punctuation. When Dorothy's text falls victim to the over-zealous corrections of a less sensitive editor, the flow of the prose is interrupted. Take for example the sentence, 'I threw him the cloak out of the window the moon overcast, he sate a few minutes in the orchard came in sleepy, & hurried to bed — I carried his bread & butter'. The 1971 version checks the pulse of this four times by the insertion of punctuation and capital letters. The rhythm has now moved nearer to Dorothy's own.

Pamela Woof has prefaced this new edition with a generous introduction which captures the mood and varying pace, and although, as she writes, 'it is true that the *Journal's* clarities and power make themselves felt without any explanatory notes at all, there are still local points that remain a puzzle if we can bring no familiarity of place or people to Dorothy's account'.

POEM

PLAQUES

Leaving the park I saw the blue medallion
Honouring a rich man's wall, 'Ford Maddox Ford',
Semi-blinded by a flock of ivy trundling
Across its face — no lesser charm for that.
See how the speeding clouds remap the moon.

I recalled 'A. A. Milne', 'The Silver Studios',
'Coleridge' down a railwayside at dusk
Above a glimpse of drawing room, with books
And someone there, below, a valleyed
Might of track, tall, fantastic ladders

Fastened on the earth, and childhood verges
Where we used to play and pick those wild
White blooms the shape of pixie hats,
That threaded meshing with their paltry necks
Transcending, as the risen names transcend.

David Jacobs

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SECRET WAR

From Nigel West

In the October 1992 issue of the Literary Supplement Ann Bonsor criticised my history of SOE, *Secret War*, in unjustifiably strong terms and alleged that my account of SOE's activities in North Africa, of which she had some experience, was inaccurate.

As to the general thrust of *Secret War*, she posed some rhetorical questions which ought to be answered. Did I feel SOE was justified in dropping agents with no previous experience of parachuting into occupied territory? Should the Nazis have been allowed a free rein across Europe? Was it my proposition that SOE should never have been created?

The first item is almost too absurd. Hundreds of agents with no previous experience of clandestine operations were trained to be parachuted into occupied Europe and the overwhelming proportion of air operations were executed successfully. It has never been my proposition that only experienced agents should be sent on missions. Clearly, if such a ridiculous approach had been adopted from the outset it would have been virtually impossible to have dropped any agents at all. If I have expressed surprise at SOE's operational policies, it is in regard to decisions to allow senior personnel (who had been given access to future plans) to be dropped into enemy territory, and the selection of particularly unsuited individuals for deployment to countries where they had no prior knowledge of the language, the land or its inhabitants.

As regards the effort made to resist the Nazis, I am not entirely convinced that SOE's subversion made much of a strategic impact until 1944. Certainly the consequential loss of civilian life was both colossal and appalling, with very little to show for the sacrifice until after D-Day. This, of course, is not to underestimate the gallantry of those who participated in the missions, and indeed my book is dedicated to the late Ronald Seth, one of those agents who suffered indescribable privations at the hands of the enemy and never fully recovered.

As to whether SOE ever should have been created, I have no doubt that the military achievements accomplished by Special Forces Headquarters were of significant tactical value. Whether the same can be said for the *reseaux* developed by SOE in France and elsewhere between 1941 and late 1943, of which the majority collapsed or experienced hostile penetration, I am not quite so sure.

Ann Bonsor appears to believe that because someone was born after the end of hostilities they are therefore unqualified to study the history of the war, to undertake independent research or to make a contribution to the literature. Personal abuse of this kind has no part to play in sensible criticism although I recognise that any discussion of SOE's activities is bound to arouse passion. The unpalatable truth is that headquarters staff often felt that SOE's field personnel were reckless, while the agents themselves considered their desk-bound counterparts to be ruthlessly cavalier with security. In *Secret War* the opposing views are articulated, but not without a degree of balance and fairness to both sides.

Literary Supplement

SOME RECENT FICTION

by Betty Abel

Fraud. Anita Brookner. Jonathan Cape. £14.99. pp224. *The Testament of Spencer.* George Macbeth. Deutsch. £13.99. pp222. *The Dartmoor Yankee.* Malcolm Lynch. Tabb House. £12.95. pp174. *The Death of the Author.* Gilbert Adair. Heinemann Mandarin. £13.99. pp135.

Anita Brookner's latest novel, *Fraud,* is a finely written, small scale story in which the characters are etched in depth and truthful detail. It begins with the disappearance to Paris of the heroine, Anna Durrant, a 50 year-old spinster. Life has defrauded her. Bereft of her invalid mother, she tries to break free of her milieu, whilst reluctantly and guiltily attendant on her mother's 82 year-old friend Mrs. Marsh who equally needs her help but despises her passivity. The 'fraud' continues when she almost falls in love with her late mother's doctor, a former friend, who is concerned at her disappearance; but he had been already lost to her, years earlier when he chose the beautiful, dominating Vickie as his wife instead of her. She has come to see her wasted life as a long deception based on total obedience. 'Don't be like me', she tells Mrs. Marsh's widowed daughter, whom she now meets with a married lover in Paris. 'I believed my mother, who told me... that the best things in life are worth waiting for. And I waited. That was the fraud'.

Philippa takes the advice, abandons the unsatisfactory lover and returns home. But Anna? She tamely strides out into the Paris streets in search of a brighter future through the new clothes designed by and marketed for an older friend who is, improbably, finding salvation in designing exciting clothes for the elderly. This unbelievable ending seems to belie the author's devastatingly piercing insights into deception and self-deception; but otherwise this is an excellent novel.

The Testament of Spencer, the posthumously published novel of George Macbeth who died last February, is the gripping story of an attempted escape from past history, both national and personal. Set in the future at the end of the 20th century, in an Ireland where an uneasily joined republic containing all counties has been achieved, the 'narrator', John Spencer, 'a retired civil servant', is performing his final assignment after Ulster's last stand. That is, as secretary to his cousin, General Tom Grey, he is attempting to expunge from official records all acts of treachery, injustice and actual slaughter. Sensitive to all nuances, his poetic soul will not free him from history's persistent echoes.

There is an inescapable parallel here with the Tudor poet, Edmund Spenser, secretary to military governor Lord Grey de Wilton, owner of a large Irish estate. John feels threatened by the overshadowing past, although his feeling for Ireland is minimal. He is there only at the behest of his third wife and to avoid confrontation with his second, Linda, 'arranging her silks, draining her glass'. Linda's ghostly presence is only one of the shifting, treacherous tricks playing on Spencer's subconscious mind, filling him with foreboding but, strangely, giving him a base to which to relate.

Visits to local squires, the Desmonds and the O'Neills, with Riley, a former mercenary, only serve to drag him deeper into the mire of imagined historical reality. The straightforward plot is throughout the novel played against a

deeply layered background of fear. Its taut, stylish structure contrasts sharply with the sprawling, shapeless mass of past events casting shadows on present and future. After a pub brawl, 'the sawdust was no longer breathing blood' and 'we crossed through herbs and rushes to our four-poster'. Finally forced back to London (like Edmund Spenser, by the burning of his house) he tries to regain his former state of unawareness of Ireland's history, but the metaphors continue to breed in his brain. 'Heroism', he declares, 'I see now, is the art of choosing tomorrow's poet'. And lastly, 'I mean to be me before I die'. The end of the novel is thus engendered only in the mind of the poet: it has been the preparation for a long narrative epic now, alas, never to be written. To read it is, however, in itself a powerful experience.

In *The Dartmoor Yankee* Malcolm Lynch writes the story of John Adams, an American prisoner of war in 1812 who has escaped from his jail into the wilds of Dartmoor. He finds shelter and love with the gipsy-like but street-wise and beautiful Sally. His haven is soon shattered by the advent of prison guards and the apparently unaccountable ruthlessness of Sally who has informed on him. Ruthless but not faithless, she turns up in the end to help him fulfil the promise he has made to transport her 'to the Mississippi and feed her on buffalo'.

The conditions surrounding Napoleon's war include the declaration by the newly elected President Madison of a state of war between the States and Britain. Already by 1812 the French had built Dartmoor Prison where most of the captured Yankee soldiers were held, until its disintegration after 1815. John Adams is left running what is left of the prison's inmates, both captors and captured. Meanwhile Sally has carved out her own remarkably adventurous way to wealth and freedom, her apparent treachery being explained when she finally joins her lover on the borrowed *Boston Trader* and they sail for home. This attractive novel is one of Malcolm Lynch's best. It is full of lively narrative and vivid characterisation.

Gilbert Adair's book, *The Death of the Author*, is a brief, brilliant novel identifying the pitfalls of living one double life, if not two at the same time. Professor Leopold Sfax, a literary theorist in New Harbor University, America, conceals in his past two causes of bitter humiliation. One is the exposure of his father as a German collaborator in Paris, before and during the German occupation; the other, his own treachery in having written, under a pseudonym, a long series of articles in support of Hitler, at the instigation of Alain Laubreaux, when it seemed to preserve his safety whilst still in France. Expediency was all. But his subsequent fame as an authority on theories of language, even the originator of what came to be lauded as 'The Theory', bring him the public acclaim he dreads.

Inevitably Sfax's new, contrived life is doubly at risk when an aspiring post-graduate girl student decides to research his past in order to write a biography. He knows then the game is up. The ensuing murders make this fast-moving tale macabre in the extreme because, unlike an orthodox whodunnit, it brings home the contrast between the ordinary, rounded lives of characters already familiar and the suddenness of their plunge into tragedy. The economy and precision of Adair's language form an impressive lead-up to the final twist. Throughout the text he makes agile, witty references to post-modernist language theory: even the names Sfax and Laubreaux could be names in a Morality Play. His often expressed concern about conceptual problems raised in modernist terms is well known, most recently through books like *The Post-Modernist Always Rings Twice*. This novel is, too, a reminder of the similar

case of Paul de Mann, an eminent language theorist, who was exposed five years after his death in 1982 as the former writer of an enormous number of pro-Nazi articles published under an assumed name.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

1492 AND ALL THAT

The Christopher Columbus Encyclopedia. Editor Silvio A. Bedini. Two volumes. Macmillan: Globe Book Services. 1992. £95.00.

Now that it is 1993, the spirit of Columbus can at last rest easy. For journalists, media-people and some Columbus scholars, 1492 was largely devoted to the fashion of political correctness, which, being translated, meant sarcasm and scorn for Columbus, as man and sailor, and falsification — or at best a very fanciful re-telling — of his story. Of the dozen books on Columbus and his times that I reviewed in this journal in September last, only Felipe Fernandez-Armesto told his story straight. A Renaissance geographer of 1492 has been judged by the meanness of spirit of our own times, where gimmickry and novelty are paramount. Thus, at a session of the Minnesota Law School Human Rights Center, where a mock trial was held, Columbus was found guilty of murder, torture, slavery, forced labour, kidnapping, violence and robbery. Philip Glass's new opera had its premiere at the New York Metropolitan on Friday, 9th October, with tenor Timothy Noble and mezzo soprano Tatiana Troyanos; it had the Cambridge cosmologist Professor Stephen Hawking and a space shuttle crew also in starring roles.

By contrast Franchetti's *Cristoforo Colombo*, written in 1892 for the 400th anniversary and performed in a number of European cities, was selected after a competition was held in which Giuseppe Verdi was one of the panel of judges — Verdi had declined the invitation to compose it himself, busy as he was with *Falstaff*. 1892 also saw the holding of the great Colombian Exposition in Chicago, the erection of many monuments, notably in New York and in Philadelphia (mainly by public subscription among Italian-Americans). By contrast 1992's celebrations were marked by ridicule and contempt for the navigator, who was all-but-universally seen as the introducer of terror-economy to the Caribbean, and as the involuntary conveyor to the Americas of malaria, smallpox, and other killer diseases, not to mention colonialism, genocide and destruction of the rain-forest. He took back to Spain in exchange, it seems, only a few Indian captives — and syphilis.

Happily, one product of 1992 dispels the gloom: this splendidly printed, well illustrated and comprehensive encyclopedia, edited by Silvio Bedini of the Smithsonian Institution. A frequent name on its pages, on Genoese or Columbus family topics, is that distinguished academic and Italian senator Paolo Emilio Taviani. This is the work of some one-hundred contributors and advisory editors, each of whom adds a short bibliography to his essay. Among the contributors one is happy to note at least three British names, Helen Wallis of the British Museum, Oswald Dilke, Emeritus of Leeds (and war-time in Intelligence in the Middle East) and David Quinn, Emeritus of Liverpool (and Maryland). The range is staggering: from the study of La Rabida Monastery, which played a major role in sustaining Columbus (and where one of the brothers persuaded Queen Isabella to support his first voyage) to studies of the rival locations for the first landfall. There is no item on Columbus as a theme in opera — but there is, it seems, everything else. There is a long, fascinating and well-illustrated essay on Columbus Monuments and Memorials

by Barbara Groseclose of Ohio State University; and vivid pieces on tides and currents, on weather and wind, ships and crews (for each of Columbus's four voyages), and cannibalism. Angel Alcala of Brooklyn College is to be congratulated on her items on the Jews in Spain and on the Inquisition, Rebecca Catz of Berkeley for her piece on Columbus's goal, Cipangu (Japan). There are six articles (40 pages in all) on one or other aspect of Columbus's biography, a matching number on the American Indians. Among the nuggets, one notes: Columbus and Vespucci were friends rather than rivals; there is no evidence of direct contact between Columbus and Toscanelli; and not least one notes the place of the *conversos* like the wealthy Santangel family, who served the royal family of Aragon through a number of generations, largely through their mercantile interests in Genoa — and they too backed Christopher Columbus. This is a rich treasure house of detail, vividness and originality.

There is happily one omission here: but it tells another side of the story. A 1988 federal law and a series of court decisions allow 140 Indian tribes to operate 150 gambling saloons. Their revenue from gambling has grown from $287 million to over $3 billion today. Some tribes are now rich. In Minnesota eleven Indian bands earn $120 million in annual profits: they use the money in their reservations for housing, education, sewer-construction and roads. Have we, after all, 501 years on, something to learn from the Indians?

ESMOND WRIGHT

A LOOK BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Inside the Foreign Office. John Dickie. Chapman. 338pp. £6.99.

The author is a veteran Diplomatic Correspondent, having worked for the *Daily Mail* for many years, attended countless briefings and conferences and having lunched, dined and chatted with scores of diplomats. So the report he has given is a searching and good one. We learn how the Foreign Office works now and the changes it has had to suffer. We are given measured portraits of the fifteen Foreign Secretaries he observed and followed during his time and of the nine 'PUS', the actual heads of the Office who run the show.

We get a very useful picture of the actual work load of the Secretary and the office itself, and how the roles both of the Secretary and his staff, his ambassadors and envoys, have changed due to speedy aircraft and fast, abundant, electronic devices. One is given astonishing figures of thousands of cables, messages flowing in all the time and thousands of miles the Secretary has to cover to make the visits now expected of him. The Office itself is presented with its complex net of departments and technical sections, as well as the social aspects of the present intake into a structure still seen as the elegant fortress of Britain's upper class elite. There are few women and fewer 'ethnic minorities' but this appears to be changing slowly. The author also refers occasionally to the Secretary's daily programme.

He reports in a considered but straightforward manner what happens in a crisis and at conferences, on the usually difficult relations between the Foreign Secretary and his Office and Downing Street. This gives him the opportunity to tell some amusing stories about several Secretaries. One gets the impression Prime Ministers sometimes regarded their Foreign Secretaries as nuisances who had to be told what to do. There are discreet hints that FO staff sometimes did not take kindly to their new bosses. Of the Secretaries, seven were Conservatives, Lord Home serving in 1960 and 1970, and six Labour, two of them, Gordon-Walker and Crosland serving only months, due to loss of seat and

death. Lord Howe served longest, six years and one month and John Major the shortest — just three months. Only a few, Lord Callaghan, for example, introduced changes in the structure

The Foreign Secretaries and their officials are, of course, actively involved in every international crisis in the 30 years the author covers. He is therefore able to give lively accounts of the Rhodesia issue and conferences, for instance, and of the bombing of Libya. Inevitably, attention focusses on that 'Handbag Lady', Prime Minister Thatcher. It also shows the growing influence of speech writers. In the old days Ministers were supposed to write their own speeches. It is not concealed either that there is a constant struggle between the FO and Downing Sreet with much depending on the personalities involved. In politics this is as it should be.

Britain's membership of international organizations like NATO, the UN, and, of course, the European Community, have changed the FO and its working methods radically. This has produced floods of papers and meetings. It has also given a different shape to policy making itself for in most cases now British reactions have to be adjusted and harmonized to those of others; the recognition of Slovenia and Croatia, for instance, and the dispatch of British troops to Bosnia. Membership creates embarrassing problems like the constant efforts to balance interests and relationships between the US and the European Community, as in GATT.

There is, of course a special chapter on the Foreign Office and the media. It took the FO some time to admit that Diplomatic Correspondents might be useful. By the time Lady Thatcher arrived at Number Ten, an impressive duo of competing officials, Christopher Meyer from the FO and Sir Bernard Ingham from Number Ten, proved effective and colourful, each in his own way. There is little doubt that media relationships practised in the US and in Europe were learned from. But essentially the author maintains that, despite private briefings and drinks and meals, and the selected flock of correspondents on the planes of Foreign Secretaries, the FO maintains a carefully controlled, though not necessarily unfriendly, distant attitude to the media.

John Dickie deals briefly with pressures on the Foreign Office, both inside Parliament and by organized lobbies. The FO tries to control pressure issues somehow by encouraging Study Groups made up of experts, academics and others. There are now 350 pressure groups listed in London compared with 7,000 in Washington. Another centre of pressure groups is in Brussels, the seat of the EC Commission.

The author finally makes some sensible suggestions, based on his experience. Foreign Secretaries fly around too much and too often. He reveals that Douglas Hurd flew 20,404 miles in January 1990 alone! Such trips should be cut by half at least. A deputy Foreign Secretary should now be appointed to enable the Foreign Secretary to have the time to concentrate on 'global responsibilities', and also have time to discuss matters at length with his senior officials. Summits are becoming frequent, like the routine EC summits. Dickie believes that ambassadors should be given back their old, traditional functions. That would, among other advantages, strengthen the morale of the Foreign Service itself.

This craftily written book makes one wish that experienced authors would write such books on other Offices, like the Treasury, for instance.

LEO MURAY

AFRICA EXPLORED

Hearts of Darkness: The European Exploration of Africa. Frank McLynn. Hutchinson, 1992. £18.99.

After his studies in depth of Stanley and Burton, Mr. McLynn now takes us for a general canter through 19th century exploration of Africa. Not a great deal of fact is added for the author is more concerned with the medical and psychological aspects of a rather disagreeable set of characters. Whether they were already abnormal or whether the horrors of Africa (and especially psychologically affective illness like malaria) sent them over the edge is debatable. There was certainly a high proportion of early and violent death, jealousies and the total inability of these loners to relate to their fellow travellers, black or white. To us, African exploration is British dominated, yet something might be learnt from the characters and tribulations of our fellow Europeans such as Nachtigal, the doyen of German exploration, Karl Peters, Brazza and Rene Caillie.

McLynn devotes a chapter to the 'dark companions', the 'wangwana' without whom the Europeans could not have succeeded. Maybe more than one short sentence of acknowledgement is due to Donald Simpson's pioneer classic, *Dark Companions* (1975). More explorers might have survived if they had taken local advice, but they perished like those Australian explorers who so patently ignored aboriginal lore of survival. It must have seemed odd to Africans to see these unsuitably clad Europeans portering so much peculiar gear (including cats to act as a barometric gauge). Though it must be admitted that payment of 'hongo' (tribute for transport through tribal areas) came heavy. It might be profitable to enter into a study of African psychology but Mr. McLynn thinks we lack data even for famous companions like Bombay, Susi and Chuma. It is hard enough for us to understand the psychology of their master Livingstone who could make totally politically incorrect statements: 'We come as members of a superior race and servants of a God that desires to elevate the more degraded portions of the human family'.

Mr. McLynn is not out to politicise the Victorian explorer, but he stirs some muddy psychological waters when mulling over the oddness of the male psyche when let loose in Africa — a fascinating if not lucid read.

MOLLY MORTIMER

THE STAGE AND SOCIETY

Cold War Theatre. John Elsom. Routledge, London and New York. £30.00 hardback, £8.99 paperback.

John Elsom has once again given to anyone interested in the theatre and social history a scholarly and witty account of the significance (or insignificance) of the theatre during the Cold War. He stated his intention quite clearly: 'My aim is to consider the impact of the Cold War upon the cultures of various countries, taking the theatre as my point of departure, and to speculate whether the Cold War itself may not have been affected by the cultural climates in which it was conducted'.

'All the world's a stage . . .' Indeed, and the stage commands a good deal of public attention. The stage selects and shapes and interprets events to communicate to its audiences. Politicians, however, often confuse and bewilder and have no intention of presenting the true significance of events to the general public. John Elsom describes many of the political and theatrical developments from 1950 to 1990, and argues his case that there was a two-way relationship

between the ideologies and cultures of the time, each influencing the other. This is a history of western theatre in its international context from Brezhnev to Gorbachev, to Brecht, Becket, Thatcherism and the National Theatre. We are taken from McCarthyism and the trial of Arthur Miller to Binkie Beaumont's West End productions for middle class audiences; and the 'Broadway Babies' (chapter 13), not forgetting the contribution of popular musicals and the influence of western youth culture.

This is a stimulating and thought-provoking book about the challenging years of change and uncertainty. The introduction alone demands to be read with care if the subsequent chapters are to be fully appreciated. If you wish to know more about Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe, Peter Brook and the RSC, and the differences of opinion within the confines of the National Theatre, read this book. Peter Brook feared the parochialism of national theatres and moved to Paris to establish The International Centre for Theatre Research. Peter Hall continued to fight for his ideas from the National Theatre but was often attacked and accused of expecting too much support from the British tax payer.

Throughout this entire period the stage provided entertainment, escapism, political comment anarchic and pessimistic, reflecting every aspect of public taste. In the Swinging Sixties bold bawdry held sway: 'Sex was a way of deriding the pomposity of British society, its class structure which was now easier to mock because it had come to mean so little'. Almost anything could be said and enacted in these years but there was also a strain of deep depression and anxiety. Harold Pinter's pessimism was deepened as he moved further left. The Establishment was attacked at every level of entertainment.

The author's account of the years of Thatcherism is both wise and witty. Mrs. Thatcher supported Peter Hall and the Arts Council but her support was always pragmatic. 'Thatcherism was compounded of paradoxes . . .' 'The broad left treated her simply as a class enemy. *Ditch the Bitch* screams the title of one play from The Theatre Workshop, Stratford.'

No wonder John Elsom is an inspiring lecturer in 'The Department of Arts Policy and Management at the City University (London)' — a tedious title, reflecting the modern fashion. Fortunately, the author is never tedious. He writes with clarity and style. The reader should be prepared to give this intelligent survey the attention it merits. It will prove essential reading for all students of drama for many years to come.

NONIE BEERBOHM

THE SCIENTIFIC MODE

The Unnatural Nature of Science. Lewis Wolpert. Faber and Faber.

Paul Davies in *The Mind of God,* hopes to show how science is a manifestation of the mind of God. Gerald Edelman, *Bright Air, Brilliant Fire,* wants to put the mind back into matter. Both attempt to bridge the gap of dualism. Lewis Wolpert in *The Unnatural Nature of Science* does not, but more in the category of Bryan Appleyard's *Understanding the Present; Science and the Soul of Man* asserts that science is on its own. With the major difference that if Appleyard sees science as spiritually corrosive, Wolpert does not see spirituality as scientifically corrosive. Rather, in the face of science, non-existent.

Appleyard cites landmarks such as the Renaissance, the Reformation, Galileo's telescope and Copernicus's displacement of man from his centre as causing the original damage to an Aristotelian universe. Wolpert uses some of these same landmarks to point in a positive, scientific direction. Rather than

tracing the landmarks of destruction caused to the soul, he fosters a case for rationality, necessary to science, in the logical and reasoned discussions of Christianity. So the passion for rationality characterizing Christianity may account for science's flowering in the West. The self conscious questioning of Thales (600 BC) and the Greeks contradicted the previous lack of curiosity in natural phenomena (Wolpert notes a historian's view of the origin of science in the Christian refusal to accept ancient pagan dogma on the divinity of heavenly bodies, i.e. that the sky determined events on earth). Consequently with Thales and the Greeks came the conviction that there were laws controlling nature, and for the first time man and nature were no longer inextricably linked. (In the East, Taoism linked man with nature). With this distancing, together with Aristotle's requirement for logical consistency, the stage for science was set. Science, in other words (though Wolpert does not put it this way), first thrived on dualism.

Appleyard's position takes a negative view of science because of its inability to co-exist. Wolpert tries to make this positive by showing how science is distinct from what is natural — so we don't have false expectations. For Wolpert it is not a problem that science is incompatible with religion.

Thale and the contribution of Aristotle to the direction of science or philosophy is not however Wolpert's main argument, though perhaps one of his most interesting (in comparison with other big scientific Cs, i.e. Creativity, Competition, Co-operation and Commitment). The bee in his bonnet is that science does not make (common) sense. Rather it is against common sense, counter intuitive, often explaining the familiar in terms of the unfamiliar. Even Aristotle, Wolpert emphasizes, understood that science is an unnatural mode of thought. In the day to day world there is nothing to prepare us for the ideas of modern cell and molecular biology. To understand science we must remove ourselves from day to day life, from our own experience, our own personal constructs. Though science can enrich our lives we can live without knowledge of Newtonian mechanics, cell theory and DNA. Objectivity rather than subjectivity is required. Not only is science unnatural. In human evolution, Wolpert claims, it is also unnecessary. Technology, he sets out to show, was never dependent on science.

Dualism is retrograde to unity. But if dualism is Wolpert's approach, how sound is it? The nature of Wolpert's dualism is to make a distinction between types of knowledge. It should not deny its opposite, only regard itself as separate. But in considering science to be an open system in comparison to what he calls the closed system of the religion and magic of an African Zane, he is setting science above what is not scientific. Then if he claims the holistic approach to be anti-science (contrary to his assertion holism gives primary but not sole importance to the whole), his system would seem to be extremely closed. For he reduces an explanation of the world to molecular biology.

So in trying to persuade us that science is unnatural, distinct from what is natural, he is also trying to say (even inadvertently) that science is the best and only way of explaining reality. He has fallen into a trap. To accept that science is unnatural because separate, but desirable, we don't also have to accept that science has the only plausible explanation for our world. If we do we are accepting that reality is unnatural. Nor need we accept his implication that holism or magic are narrow minded because they don't adhere to his idea of the rational. By his definition, they are only separate.

The easy consistency of Wolpert's style disguises the presumptuousness of its content, until, for instance, we hit sweeping statements on holistic philosophy,

to be followed in not so subtle conclusion by an insistent but reasonable argument for genetic engineering. We must be careful, it sounds so reasonable. Cleverly his last sentence warns us against taking scientific ideas as dogma. Otherwise we might have accused him of such an offence.

MARYANNE TRAYLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Dali. (Sinclair-Stevenson. £20.00.) In this lengthy biography Meredith Etherington-Smith maps the bizarre life of an alienated painter whose artistic brilliance exceeded his rationality. Interpreting the painting of Salvador Dali is a formidable task but the author of this sympathetic and newly revealing study has undertaken it with verve and seriousness. It has entailed seeking out unpublished letters, witnesses to strange studio events and evidence of the 'secret life' of the artist's haunted childhood, much of it previously unrecorded and largely unknown. The author details well the extensive Surrealist influence of Dali and his early lover, Lorca, on other artists and writers of their time. Above all, she describes the isolated, horrifying private life of Dali and his wife, Gala, she constantly pandering to his narcissism and governing his other near-relationships. There is, however, a certain lack of judgement. Can Dali ever have shown up in his diary, for example, as 'a normal adolescent', whilst approving of Hitler's disregard of moral and religious taboos on the grounds that to have unleashed a world war and tried to destroy civilisation was 'truly surrealist'?

The Royal Collection: A Thematic Exploration of the Paintings in the Collection of Her Majesty the Queen. (Sinclair-Stevenson. £25.) The book accompanies the Channel 4 TV series. Christopher Lloyd, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, has written a remarkably comprehensive, critical account of the world's largest private collection. Amongst its paintings are examples of the styles of most of the important artists of the western world from Tudor times to the present day. Shaped by the taste of successive monarchs and their artistic advisers, the collection is analysed in terms of the aesthetic understanding of each of them. The most assiduous collectors were not necessarily the most discriminating. Charles I is rated highly for his international outlook and artistic understanding. Queen Victoria, with Prince Albert, showed anecdotal and domestic preferences. George IV was exceptionally enterprising in his selection. Prince Charles expresses in a Foreword, his life-long delight in living amongst the pictures. The next best thing is surely to possess this well written and beautifully produced book, with its copious colour plates.

Reviewers include Nonie Beerbohm, who trained at the Central School of Drama and was for many years Head of the Drama Department at Hockerill College of Higher Education, and Leo Muray, the former East European Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and later the Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*.

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BUILDING THE BOMB: HOW STATES GO NUCLEAR

by Elizabeth M. Clegg

IN addition to the five acknowledged nuclear weapons states in existence today, there are at least another five unacknowledged nuclear powers stationed at varying points along the route towards acquiring nuclear weapons. This article will look at the nuclear programmes, civilian and military, of a few of these de facto nuclear powers. I hope to show the ways in which they have been able to acquire the relevant technologies and materials which have sustained their nuclear weapons programmes.

India took her first steps into the world of nuclear technology in 1956 when she purchased the CIRUS research reactor from Canada. The early inception of the Indian project meant that it was relatively free from restrictions, pre-dating, as it did, the current non-proliferation regime with all its attendant rules and safeguards. The Canadian government of the time did insist, however, that the reactor they were supplying should be used for peaceful purposes only. Accordingly, the Indian nuclear explosion of 1974 which used plutonium extracted from the spent fuel of the CIRUS reactor was termed a 'peaceful nuclear explosion' in an attempt by the Indian government to legitimize this controversial step. Nevertheless the Canadian government would have none of it and immediately broke off all further co-operation with India in the nuclear field. Despite this setback, the Indian nuclear programme continued almost uninterrupted to the point where a nuclear capability, if not already in India's possession, could be procured with relative ease.

According to Leonard Spector, India has never advocated her right to use plutonium from the CIRUS reactor in the manufacture of nuclear explosives. If this is the case it would seem that after the initial nuclear test, and despite having the know-how for nuclear weapons construction, India would have experienced difficulty in acquiring the materials necessary for the job. Indeed, while India did, at the time of the 'peaceful nuclear explosion', operate two nuclear plants at Rajasthan, these were subject to IAEA safeguards, thus preventing the by-products from being channelled into weapons production. It was only when the unsafeguarded Madras-I power plant was started up in 1983 that India was on the way to having an ensured supply of plutonium, unshackled by international obligations, and it is estimated that in its first year of operation the Madras reactor yielded between one and four bombs' worth of fissile material. The production of unsafeguarded plutonium has continued apace in India with

some estimates claiming that she is producing sufficient plutonium to sustain a nuclear weapons programme on a scale comparable with that of China.

When sensitive nuclear technologies and materials are bought and sold on the world market, it has become the norm that such transactions will involve restrictions being placed by the supplier on the use of the material by the receiving nation. There are a number of sensitive materials with uses in nuclear weapons development which are routinely bought and sold on the world market, but it is India's procurement and use of heavy water (deuterium oxide: H_2O_2) which has drawn down some of the most severe criticism upon this nation.

The plutonium used in India's first and only nuclear explosion to date, as mentioned above, comes from the Canadian supplied CIRUS reactor; the heavy water used in the manufacture of this plutonium was obtained from the US also with the pledge that it would be used for peaceful purposes only. Since the explosion of 1974, India's reliance on heavy water for the running of its civilian nuclear industry has remained. In the same way, India's production of plutonium for military purposes is dependent upon regular supplies of heavy water. India's acknowledged heavy water imports have, however, fallen consistently short of the requirements of her entire nuclear industry. When it is considered that India's domestic production of heavy water has never been able to supply more than a fraction of her needs only two conclusions can be reached. One is that India has been covertly importing heavy water so as to escape imposition of restrictions and then using it in their unsafeguarded reactors for plutonium production. The second is that H_2O_2 has been secretly switched from one safeguarded reactor to another which is unsafeguarded. To supply the Madras-I reactor then, India must either have obtained H_2O_2 covertly from other unacknowledged sources or have transferred heavy water from other reactors.

Pakistan's nuclear industry was founded in the 1950s in response to two main stimuli: firstly, nuclear power seemed, then, to afford opportunities whereby economic growth and technological development could proceed hand in hand; secondly, keeping a watchful eye on India showed Pakistan that if she were to remain in the same league as her rival then she must make progress into the world of nuclear power. The US Atoms for Peace Programme enabled Pakistan to buy a 5 megawatt research reactor which became fully operational in 1965 and this was followed by the purchase of a 137 megawatt heavy water reactor from Canada as Pakistan began research into uranium enrichment. Since then Pakistan has received training and technological assistance for its civilian nuclear programme from several countries and the IAEA so that in the first 15 years of its nuclear programme Pakistan acquired over 500 nuclear scientists and technicians.

In the mid-1970s in an effort to obtain the means of extracting plutonium from the spent fuel of its heavy and light water reactors, Pakistan made arrangements with France for the purchase of a reprocessing plant.

Pakistan was criticised for her plans to undertake reprocessing of spent fuel as it was feared that this was a prelude to the ultimate goal of nuclear weapons development. This fear is given considerable weight when it is recalled that in 1966 Zulfikar Bhutto (then Pakistani Foreign Minister) declared that if India acquired a nuclear capability then Pakistan would catch up even if the people had to 'eat grass'; Pakistan's agreed purchase of a reprocessing facility came only two years after India's detonation of an atomic device. As fears grew regarding the course of Pakistan's nuclear programme France, under pressure from the US, was forced to backtrack on the agreement to sell Pakistan the reprocessing facility and instead proposed a joint project. This proved unacceptable to Pakistan who instead began to set up a number of companies worldwide as a front for the acquisition of enrichment plant materials and technology.

While there has been a dearth of hard information concerning Pakistan's present nuclear status it is thought she has the ability to manufacture atomic weapons. These suspicions would appear to be confirmed by an article appearing in *The Guardian* on 3 September, 1991 in which the former Prime Minister of Pakistan, Benazir Bhutto asserted that Pakistan possessed the wherewithal for nuclear weapons construction. Furthermore, it is generally thought that Pakistan's uranium enrichment plant at Kahuta has been manufacturing weapons grade uranium since 1986. By 1989 this facility was thought to be producing enough uranium for one to three bombs per annum thus giving Pakistan a stockpile of up to 16 bombs' worth of uranium by the end of 1991.

All things considered it would probably surprise few to learn that Pakistan's thrust into the world of nuclear weapons development has been a catalogue of smuggling and spying efforts including covert assistance from at least one other nuclear weapons state. In the mid-1980s, Pakistan tried to buy equipment and technological assistance from West German firms for the construction of an unsafeguarded reactor. Indeed Pakistan's efforts were greeted with some success when the West German company NTG agreed to the sale of technology and information which would permit the building of a small scale pool-type reactor. This venture into the covert production of fissile material by Pakistan cannot be dismissed lightly; a US visitor to Pakistan's Atomic Energy Commission told the magazine *Nuclear Fuel* that Pakistan could be in the throes of constructing a reactor capable of a 10kg output of unsafeguarded plutonium per annum (enough for at least two nuclear weapons) and that this material could be extracted from the reactor's spent fuel in an unsafeguarded reprocessing plant outside Islamabad.

The sophistication of Pakistan's nuclear weapons programme can be seen on considering the fact that she has succeeded in obtaining beryllium from Germany. On placing beryllium around the core of a nuclear device it acts as a shield, reflecting neutrons from the fissile mass back into the centre; this means that the mass of uranium or plutonium in the core can be reduced but still remain 'critical'. Furthermore a report carried in the January 29th, 1989 edition of the *New York Times* revealed that

Pakistan had purchased a tritium purifying plant from West Germany. Tritium is another means of getting 'more bang for the buck' in that when combined in small quantities with a similar amount of heavy water (deuterium oxide) in the core of a nuclear device the kilotonnage of the explosion is increased — i.e. the yield is 'boosted'.

Despite efforts to encourage vigilance on the part of supplier nations, instances of spying and smuggling will invariably go undetected until it is too late. Indeed the design of the centrifuges operating in Pakistan's enrichment facility at Kahuta was supposedly stolen by Abdul Quadeer Khan while in the employment of a Dutch engineering company between 1972 and 1975. Another attempt to 'acquire' centrifuge materials in 1987, however, did not meet with the same success. Arshad Z. Pervez, a Canadian of Pakistani origin, was apprehended in Philadelphia while endeavouring to smuggle 25t of maraging steel (used in the manufacture of uranium enrichment centrifuges) out of the US.

Finally it has been alleged that Pakistan has received assistance in the design of nuclear weapons from China. At the same time, revelations such as the one carried by *The Economist* January 1989 Foreign Report, stating that Pakistan had developed an aerial nuclear device would seem to increase daily the global perception of Pakistan's de facto nuclear status.

The Israeli nuclear programme is generally believed to have begun in 1967 in a co-operative venture with France; specifically. France has helped Israel in three key areas. Firstly in the construction of a small research reactor at Dimona in the Negev desert which had the capacity to produce 8kg (two bombs' worth) of plutonium per annum. Secondly, France assisted in the building of a plutonium extraction facility which would enable Israel to reprocess the spent fuel from the above reactor. Thirdly it is believed that Israel was in receipt of nuclear weapons design technology from France. In spite of French 'nuclear aid' Israel still lacked two vital components without which her nuclear industry could not have got off the ground. First of all, the fuel required for the Dimona reactor did not prove too elusive as Israel imported uranium from Argentina, South Africa and France; she also has deposits of her own. The other crucial component for Israel's nuclear programme was heavy water: this proved more difficult to acquire. Over a four year period in the early 1960s Israel imported well over 20 tons of H_2O_2 from the US and Norway with a pledge that it would be used for peaceful purposes only. If Israel has (as it is claimed) been developing her own nuclear weapons since the 1960s then she must have abrogated the assurances given to Norway (by far the largest Israeli supplier of H_2O_2) and possibly the US as well.

According to *Time* 12 April, 1976, Israel had 13 nuclear devices on stand-by during the 1973 Middle-East War. The estimated magnitude of Israel's nuclear stockpile has, however, been redefined in recent years. For over a decade it was considered likely by most experts that Israel was in possession of fewer than 30 nuclear devices of a yield around 20 kilotonnes, that is until the startling revelations in 1986 of Mordechai Vanunu, a former nuclear technician at the Israeli Dimona facility. Vanunu

claimed that Dimona's output was 40 kg of plutonium per annum as opposed to the 10kg of previous estimates. Even more startling than the knowledge that Israel has 100 to 200 sophisticated atomic devices is the further revelation by Vanunu that Israel has successfully developed thermo-nuclear devices and has a number of these in its current stockpile.

Like Pakistan, Israel has been forced to resort to covert means of acquiring components to sustain her nuclear weapons programme. It is known, for example, that in 1975 members of Israel's secret service posed as a team of German chemical industrialists and purchased a shipment of uranium oxide from Belgium. Ten years later an American businessman was arrested on the charge of smuggling 810 krytons (high speed electronic switches used in the detonation of nuclear weapons) to Israel. It is also suspected that France has further aided Israel in her pursuit of sensitive nuclear materials by transferring heavy water purchased from Norway to Israel's Dimona reactor in 1960. Finally, though never openly acknowledged, it is known that some form of collaboration in the nuclear field has occurred between Israel and South Africa. In 1976 a number of covert agreements were signed between the two countries. The substance of these accords is not known but the inexplicable 'flash' detected by a US satellite over the South Atlantic in September 1979 triggered speculation that this phenomenon was in fact a joint Israeli-South African detonation of a low-yield atomic bomb. Concrete evidence to confirm this theory has yet to be produced.

Despite the claims made by Vanunu, the Israeli government has continued to deny possession of a nuclear capability of any description, maintaining that Israel 'will not be the first country to introduce nuclear weapons into the Middle-East'. At the same time the Israeli government's assertions are not consistent with their reactions to Vanunu's revelations. As Norman Moss has asked in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientist* (May, 1989): 'If Israel does not have a stockpile how could Vanunu have given away the secret of one?'. The only way that the two claims may be reconciled is in the possibility that Israel possesses all the requisite components for a nuclear arsenal and that the actual bombs are not stockpiled but await assembly in time of crisis.

The Alfonsin and Sarney governments of Argentina and Brazil, respectively, achieved some success in the late 1980s in dissipating the tension which has for many years dominated relations between the two countries. In particular the nuclear rivalry was downgraded through reciprocal inspections of each other's most closely guarded nuclear projects. These visits took place, however, on an informal basis and, in spite of the moves towards a greater understanding Argentina and Brazil both continued to pursue programmes which were to take them further down the road to nuclear weapons development.

Brazil's lack of fossil fuel reserves coupled with the vast expansion of her population since 1940 and the general urbanization and industrialization of the country forced her to begin exploring the nuclear option in the 1960s. By 1967 Brazil was ordering her first nuclear installation, a 600

megawatt reactor, Angra-1, from the US company Westinghouse. By the mid-1970s the FRG had begun to raise the profile of her nuclear export industry and attracted the interest of, among others, the Brazilian government. By 1976 Brazil had secured the first ever all-in-one nuclear fuel cycle deal unleashing a wave of controversy, not over the sale of the reactor, but rather the inclusion of enrichment and reprocessing facilities both of which could be used to make weapons grade fissile material.

By 1982, Brazilian nuclear engineers at their Institute of Energy and Nuclear Research had succeeded in producing slightly enriched uranium in centrifuges designed and built in Brazil. This breakthrough led directly to the secret construction of the unsafeguarded Aramar gas centrifuge enrichment plant in the state of San Paulo. It is estimated that at full stretch Aramar will be able to produce two-three bombs' worth of weapons grade uranium per annum. The Aramar facility is one section of Brazil's 'parallel programme' set up in the latter part of the 1970s by the Brazilian military government in response to their failure to procure centrifuge technology from Europe. In October 1990 the full extent of the 'parallel programme' was revealed by the Brazilian Secretary of Science and Technology, Jose Goldenberg. He admitted that its aim had been to develop nuclear weapons by copying the civilian nuclear programme, which had obtained materials and technology freely from the West.

When Argentina revealed that she had been constructing an unsafeguarded uranium enrichment plant at Pilcaniyeu, it came as a surprise to many Western governments and experts who had felt this sort of activity to be beyond even a relatively advanced developing country such as Argentina. The function of the Pilcaniyeu plant appears to be the production of 20 per cent enriched uranium for sale abroad, or for use in Argentina's own research and power reactors. Operating at full power, Pilcaniyeu should be capable of an output of around 500 kg of slightly enriched uranium per year. However, if used for production of weapons grade uranium, it has been claimed that this facility could fuel up to four fission bombs per annum. Pilcaniyeu has not, however, reached full capacity as financial restrictions have plagued the Argentinian (and also Brazilian) nuclear programmes and have meant delays in the completion of the Pilcaniyeu gaseous enrichment plant. Until March 1990 Argentina was also in the throes of constructing a facility of perhaps even greater sensitivity than Pilcaniyeu. The Ezeiza Research Complex near Buenos Aires was intended to enable the extraction of around 15 kg plutonium per annum (enough for three nuclear weapons) from the fuel at the Atucha-I and Embalse power reactors.

It was feared, for some time, that Argentina and Brazil were on the brink of a nuclear arms race. These fears were grounded in the suspicion that as soon as the capability became available to these countries then technological momentum and political expediency would push them over the nuclear threshold. The situation in South America nevertheless took a dramatic turn for the better in November 1990, when Argentina and Brazil signed an agreement pledging not to manufacture nuclear weapons

and, moreover, to allow the verification of this agreement to be carried out via reciprocal inspections of sensitive nuclear facilities. However there still remains a number of serious disagreements which block the implementation of the agreement. One reason why the details of the agreement have proved so problematic lies in the attitude of the military establishments in both countries, which do not want to see any nuclear options foreclosed. Fears also exist as to the durability of the agreement, i.e. would it survive a change of government in either or both countries. Despite such reservations it is important to note that this accord is a result of the gradual relaxing of tensions between Argentina and Brazil, and serves as an example to countries in other regions where long-standing rivalries are complicated and exacerbated by nuclear rivalry.

In conclusion, then, it can be seen that the infrastructure required for the development of a nuclear weapons potential is best created under cover of a well established civilian nuclear industry; in all of the above cases the military option was made possible by the existence of a civilian programme. The basic principles of nuclear weapons construction are well known; it is the acquisition of the requisite materials and sensitive technologies involved in the development of a nuclear weapons capability which has proved most problematical. The current non-proliferation regime may indeed appear flawed but it must be said that the safeguards mechanism of the IAEA, which is subscribed to by all major exporters of nuclear technologies, has frustrated and delayed the acquisition of a nuclear weapons capability by many potential proliferators. As a result states seeking nuclear materials for military purposes have been forced to resort to covert measures in order to satisfy their needs. Countries seeking to manufacture crude and unreliable atomic devices will be able to do so with the minimum of trouble but the development of a relatively advanced capability requires components which cannot easily be manufactured and are almost impossible to obtain on the world market. Countries such as Israel and Pakistan have been able to procure the technologies for warhead miniaturization and hydrogen bomb construction through close ties with other nuclear powers and have thus circumvented the one time necessary step of conducting a nuclear explosion. Such 'nuclear aid' invariably occurs secretly and is only uncovered some time after the fact. Curbing such nuclear collaboration is probably one of the biggest problems facing the guardians of the non-proliferation regime today, particularly with the danger of nuclear technology from the former Soviet Union falling into the wrong hands.

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AFTER COAL — A FUTURE FOR BRITAIN'S MINING COMMUNITIES?

by Royce Turner

THE issue of the various problems caused by coal mine closures erupted onto the political agenda in Britain in October 1992. British Coal (BC), the state-owned coal producer, announced plans to close or mothball 31 of its 50 deep mines; it would mean the redundancy of 30,000 employees at a stroke. There was a public outcry. For the first time in years, it was clear that public sympathy was overwhelmingly with the mining communities. The government, which had supported BC's closure plans, was forced into a retreat. It announced it would review the decision. It also announced extra help for economic regeneration in the coalfield areas. But what are the obstacles such measures will have to overcome? Is there a chance of success? In sum, after coal, *is* there a future for Britain's beleaguered mining communities?

Coal communities have already undergone massive deindustrialisation. This renders more difficult the problems facing economic regeneration efforts, because they are taking place in localities where industrial and consumer confidence has been badly shaken, and where the morale of the workforce has taken a beating. At the end of the 1983 financial year, the company now called BC had 191 deep mines, and employed 207,600. By July 1992, there were only 50 deep mines being operated by BC, employing a few over 58,000. Following the closure announcement of October 1992 it looked as though perhaps as few as ten of these had long term futures. Already in many parts of the country, deep mining has ceased. South Wales, an area synonymous with coal, had 22 deep mines in 1982. Ten years later, only three survived, with two of those announced for closure in October 1992.

Deindustrialisation on this scale raises a series of both political and economic questions for governments. What *can* governments do that will have a chance of successfully reindustrialising, or regenerating in some other way, the former coalfield localities? More politically, what *should* governments do? This becomes a *political* choice because there are a variety of potential policy responses involving greater or lesser amounts of public spending and bringing forth different *political* outcomes. For example, a decision to encourage, or even attempt to coerce, some already existing large scale employer — say a car manufacturer — to a former coalfield locality, in a form of regional policy more common in the 1960s and 1970s, would involve the government in allocating huge amounts of tax payers' money in financial inducements to the firm and, more importantly, perhaps, would recreate in modified form the already existing industrial culture. In other words, 'ordinary' workers would be selling their labour, *en masse*, to a large scale, industrial employer. By contrast, an economic regeneration ethos which adopted as its central focus the encouragement of people to set up their own small businesses might, if

successful, have totally different public expenditure and political impacts. In public expenditure terms, encouraging small business creation and/or 'entrepreneurship' would be quite inexpensive: it might involve a few business-advice seminars; at the most it might mean organising the building of small-scale workshops from which people might do business. Both relatively cheap. Politically, were such a strategy successful the outcome could be a change in industrial culture. Out would be the nationalised industry: a large scale, unionised, monopoly, to whom one sells one's labour; in comes self-employment, or employment in small, privately-owned, non-unionised companies. Not all small business owners vote Conservative. But there is at least a chance that if people are transformed from workers selling their labour to a large company, into the 'owner' of a small business, they might be less likely to vote Labour. This in itself might be sufficient incentive to pursue one particular kind of regeneration policy as opposed to another.

A question that has to be raised is why should anybody be specifically interested in the prospects for the regeneration of former coalfields? After all, other industries have declined in recent times and the communities that relied upon them have had to face economic change. Steel, shipbuilding, car manufacturing and other engineering plants closed very rapidly during the 1980s, for example.

The answer is to argue that there are factors which distinguish deindustrialisation in coal communities from deindustrialisation elsewhere, and which make economic regeneration efforts that much more difficult to bring to a successful outcome in coalfields and former coalfields.

Firstly, although the British coal industry has been in continuous decline in terms of number of collieries and labour force levels since nationalisation in 1947, albeit with a period of stabilisation and occasional slight upturn in the 1970s, contraction in the 1980s and early 1990s was particularly rapid. This resulted in a rapid change in the relative economic position of localities associated, or formerly associated, with the coal industry. One study noted, for example, that of the most deprived districts in the United Kingdom in 1983, no mining district featured among them. By 1988, there were five districts associated with coal mining in the top 13.[1]

Secondly, it is evident and obvious that certain localities traditionally associated with the coal industry in Britain — often referred to as 'pit villages' — were one-industry economies. The 'pit village' developed solely because the coal industry had developed. Indeed, private sector coal mine owners would organise the building of company-owned housing near the pit head in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Company villages were created, for example, in the 1920s in Blidworth, Bilsthorpe, Clipstone, Welbeck, Edwinstowe, Ollerton and Harworth in Nottinghamshire.

In such circumstances, were the pit closed or partially closed, the local economy would have little else to offer the local population in the way of jobs and economic activity. This was not the case in all coalfield localities — there were exceptions, particularly in the Lancashire and Nottinghamshire coalfields — but the point holds true in sufficient localities

for it to be significant.

Essentially, then, it can be argued that many coalfields in former coalfield localities have had poorly developed economic structures. The Coalfield Communities Campaign, a local authority-based pressure group campaigning for greater regeneration efforts in coalfields and former coalfields, argued that:

> 'The National Coal Board (NCB) does not appear to generate economic activity amongst suppliers to the same extent as most manufacturing industries.'

Moreover, they argued that the small business sector indigenous to coalfields was often underdeveloped:

> 'In the West Yorkshire coalfield area, for example, in 1981 small firms accounted for only 1 in 20 persons employed compared with 1 in 11 for the country as a whole.'

The one industry nature of many localities associated with coal presented problems for any form of economic regeneration strategy. It meant that skills appropriate to other industries and businesses may not have developed or been encouraged. If appropriate skills in the labour market do not exist, inward investment from industries/businesses alternative to coal may not happen, as companies would be unsure that their labour requirements would be met. Similarly, spontaneous economic regeneration — where it takes place without government intervention — is less likely in these circumstances, as people were not learning skills in the established dominant industry which could then be transferred into, say, a new entrepreneurial small business which might contribute to a rejuvenation of the local economy. The skills associated with coal mining are, rather, usually specific to the coal mining industry.

To appreciate the above point fully, it has to be acknowledged just how *old* an industry coal actually is. In some communities it has provided the majority of employment for over a hundred years. To pick a by no means untypical example, take the 11,000 population 'free standing' pit town of South Kirkby in West Yorkshire, between Barnsley and Wakefield. The shaft of South Kirkby pit was sunk in 1880. In 1984, over 50 per cent of the jobs in the South Kirkby locality were in coal mining. South Kirkby pit was closed in March 1988 on the grounds that it was 'uneconomic'. Such a dominance of one industry over time and in terms of concentration of employment brought forth a particular form of social, political and community culture. Part of it was inter-generational employment and skills transference: the son followed the father down the pit. Hence the miners' leader Arthur Scargill's message during the 1984/85 coal industry dispute over pit closures: don't take redundancy and sell your job, it's not yours to sell. The often hazardous working conditions, the often terrible accidents and, even after nationalisation, the uncertainty surrounding job security, also contributed to the political and social culture. It was a culture which inspired some to political activity, and nearly all to hold a strong sense of community: based upon the miners' welfare club; loyalty to the union; the idea of the miner 'providing' for

his family. Not voting Labour, for example, was seen at best as eccentric; at worst as downright disloyalty. For obvious political reasons, this was not a culture which would find much favour with the Conservative governments of the 1980s and early 1990s where, at the risk of simplification, the ethos encouraged was much more strongly based on individualism. Nor was it a culture which might be best placed to produce economic revival in the political context of the 1980s and 1990s. In that period the government believed there was a need to reduce trade union power in order to provide conditions suitable for economic modernisation. Similarly, the government believed economic advancement would best be achieved by emphasising individualist progress over and above community progress.

With the economic base of this distinctive culture removed, the problem facing governmental authorities at more than one level — local, national, European — was how to bring about an economic recovery in the areas concerned. For ideological reasons, different levels of government might advocate and practice different responses: a Labour local authority was likely to be more inclined to be interventionist in relation to the local economy than was a free market central government. The Commission of the European Community exhibited a far more interventionist stance in relation to the economic regeneration of deindustrialised local economies than did the British central government in recent years. At least, that is, until October 1992.

There are a variety of options available to governmental authorities seeking to regenerate former coalfield localities. What has to be emphasised is that the decision on which option to pursue is fundamentally a *political* decision. It would depend upon the *priority* accorded to coalfield localities. In that sense, coalfield communities' claims for cash from the government were in direct competition with requests for money from government from other groups, individuals and sectors within society: from business tycoons involved in collapsing property investment, as was exemplified by Canary Wharf in London, through to annually recurring demands on the national budget from sectors such as the National Health Service.

The first option for a government authority, then, in response to deindustrialisation would be simply to do nothing. Adopting a free market position, advocates of this approach would argue that these deindustrialised local economies would be capable of sorting out their own problems. Government intervention in any way would simply exacerbate difficulties. In practice, the free marketeers would argue, given the excess of supply of workers over demand for them, wages would fall in these localities. Rational companies would see that they could get cheap labour and move into these former coalfield localities and employment would be generated. Alternatively, rational individuals in these localities would simply move out and look for jobs elsewhere. There are several problems with this theory, however. Firstly, companies might not locate in these coalfield areas even if labour is cheap, for the reasons noted above, or because of the relative isolation of coalfield communities. Road infrastructure, for example, was not good in some coalfield areas because so much coal had been tradi-

tionally moved by rail. Secondly, only the young, fit mobile and skilled individuals would be capable of moving. The unskilled, unfit, older (and this does not mean old: some companies are drawing a line at employing people over 35) would be left behind. In a similar way to the inner cities in Britain from the 1960s onwards, factors such as these would lead to a further economic, environmental and social decline in the former coalfields.

A second potential option would be a robust intervention by central government along the lines of regional policy pursued by governments — Conservative as well as Labour — in the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s. There were two strands to such a policy. Firstly, companies were stopped, through a form of planning controls, from expanding in areas that were relatively buoyant economically such as the South East of England or the West Midlands. Secondly, companies were offered financial inducements by government to establish themselves in areas of high unemployment. There is more than one problem with this kind of policy response, however. To start with, with its advocacy of industrial interventionism by central government, it would not have found ideological support amongst the Conservative governments of the 1980s or 1990s. Policy implementation would also have been a problem: it is a policy that might have a chance of success only when there is a buoyant, growing economy. Companies need to be in the process of expansion: this was clearly not the case in the early 1990s or for much of the 1980s. Indeed the economic times have changed so much in the last 30 years that when, in 1960, the British Motor Corporation announced on the same day not one, but *three* new factories in areas of high unemployment — in Scotland, South Wales and Merseyside — for *The Times*, not only did this not make front page news, it did not merit any better than just another news item on page 8![2].

A third option available to a government seeking to regenerate former coalfields would be investment in the modernisation of infrastructure. This could take two forms: capital projects, such as upgrading or building new roads, bridges, reclaiming derelict land and converting to business, leisure or housing use; or investment in human capital through training. The latter becomes especially important if there is a limited skills base in an area, as is the case in many mining and former mining communities.

In practice, the government, or agencies working on its behalf, have opted in the 1980s and early 1990s for some limited form of the infrastructure investment noted above coupled with a series of largely limited-life, territorially specific, regeneration schemes carried out by a variety of public sector, or quasi-public sector, agencies.

One example was an enterprise zone — an industrial estate where firms are granted indirect subsidies through not having to pay business rates to the local authority — established in South Kirkby between 1981 and 1991. The government announced in October 1992 that it would establish more of these enterprise zones in localities formerly associated with coal mining. Judging by the enterprise zone at South Kirkby, however, it has to be said that success has been very modest, even putting the best light on it.[3] Another example was a civil servant-staffed Task Force in Doncaster in the

South Yorkshire coalfield between 1987 and 1990. British Coal Enterprise, created in October 1984 as the job creation arm of British Coal itself, has also been active across the coalfields since the mid-1980s. Another example of a central government-inspired regeneration initiative was the Valley Regeneration Towns Project in South Wales. This was launched in 1988 as a central government-initiated and co-ordinated regeneration strategy, which also encompassed activity by local authorities, the Welsh Development Agency, voluntary associations, and the private sector. The Valley Regeneration Towns Project was itself a successor to The Valleys Initiative, launched by central government in February 1986.

In most of the regeneration schemes, the emphasis was on the promotion of the small business sector: through, firstly, the expansion of the existing sector and, secondly, through the encouragement of people to enter the small business sector for the first time, and become 'new entrepreneurs'. Most of the projects mentioned above had one or both of these objectives as their focus. So did other schemes. British Coal Enterprise has taken this as a major part of its regeneration ethos. In Bolsover in Derbyshire too, where in 1981 46 per cent of males were employed in the coal industry, the regeneration effort has been directed at the small business sector. A strong case can be made for arguing that the focus chosen had as much, if not more, to do with the ideological preferences of central government, rather than objective economics, as discussed above. Where the small business strategy was chosen at local government level, the motivation for that might be at least partly because there was little money available to do anything else.

In some cases, grandiose claims have been made as to the effectiveness of these regeneration efforts. British Coal Enterprise, for example, was claiming in July 1992 to have 'helped with the creation of more than 75,000 jobs — that's over one job, per hour, every hour'. In themselves, such publicity efforts also have a *political* element to them, in the sense that regeneration agencies have to justify their existence. If they are seen to be anything other than successful, then governments might cut off funds to them.

The reality is that the results of regeneration and job creation schemes so far have been fairly modest. In relation to British Coal Enterprise, for example, what has been questioned is how many of the 75,000 jobs 'created' were actually 'new jobs', rather than simply relocations from the nearby vicinity. How many of them are still in existence a few months or years after their creation.[4] Or take the Task Force in Doncaster. It had some successes, and one was that unemployment *did* fall within its designated territorial area over the period of its existence. But that was tempered by the fact that unemployment fell by a greater amount, proportionately, over the period in localities immediately outside the Task Force area in Doncaster.[5] Elsewhere, it has been argued that the cost-per-job to the British taxpayer through subsidising firms on an enterprise zone in the Yorkshire coalfield was higher than the cost-per-job of subsidising the local coal mine.[6]

It cannot be argued that training, which might provide for individuals at least, a route out of the problem, has been accorded a special priority in coalfield and former coalfield areas. Most of it is left up to local private sector-led training and enterprise councils, whose responsibilities are much broader than simply retraining former coal miners, or those who might have hoped to enter the industry had it still existed.

What emerges as being crucial to a full appreciation of the deindustrialisation-regeneration debate, the impact of pit closures and the political arguments against pit closures, is the evidence from the north Derbyshire coalfield on the long term consequences of colliery closure. Male unemployment in Whaley Thorns, within Bolsover district, for example, where the Langwith Colliery was situated, stood at 15.2 per cent in December 1990, more than twelve years after the closure of the pit.[7] This compared with 8.4 per cent for the male average nationwide in December 1990. At Holmewood, across the border in North East Derbyshire, where Holmewood colliery closed in 1968 and Williamthorpe colliery closed in 1968, male unemployment was 14.7 per cent in December 1990. This was despite economic development efforts — a 60 acre industrial estate started in 1973 on the site of the former Holmewood colliery, and another 53 acre industrial estate started in 1985 across the road on the site of the former Williamthorpe colliery.

What is certain is that economic regeneration of the former coalfields of Britain will be a long and difficult job. It will need both political and financial commitment from governments if it is to have a chance of success. Much, of course, will depend on levels of buoyancy within the national economy, though even if the economy recovers, this might not fully feed through to the coalfield areas. Quite clearly, coalfields have special problems in relation to economic regeneration which are a legacy of the period of their industrial development, their economic and social culture, and their overwhelming reliance upon one industry.

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MAASTRICHT

Perhaps at times impartial poets may
Convey considered comment on the way
A State's development quite often seems
Dependant on another's social Schemes,
And seen to-day when many in a Band
Debate in Denmark, there to understand
How common policies can so contrive
Right resolutions that then come alive
Conclusions bringing with considered care
Agreed associations everywhere.
Yet while an all-enduring Union need
The common currency still unagreed
And which, should all accept, approve, affirm,
An all-embracing Euro-Coin confirm,
At last prophetically propose, portend
An equalising economic trend.
Again, though Euro-Schemes been well begun
The British attitude not yet the one
Most members sure from which should rightly be
Enduring European empathy.
And while her Euro-critics clearly claim
In patriotic pride she stays the same
As she, herself, more often right relates
With sympathetic, long united, States,
And this though others say soon bound to bring
A re-appraisal of the European thing.
As well her government might then befall
And others rule because a few, not all,
Said Madam did not rightly realise
A need for patriotic compromise
As she, content to contemplate the scene
Where once prime minister so often been
And they with Maastricht more in mind begin
To play the Euro-game still hope to win,
Attempts to warn, deliberately decides
Against involving patriotic prides
With other Countries, those whose policies
Perhaps prefer long devious destinies.
And as she looks again towards The West
Her anxious attitudes suggest,
Remarks about the well-known working way
Of Germany recalling yesterday,
It might be wise to ponder previous power and pain
Lest some deluded youngsters mass and march again.

John T. Smith

HERE COME THE DEMOCRATS

by David N. Thomas

FOR the fifth time this century America's active party has come to power with an agenda for change. It is replacing at least for a while the Republicans, historically perceived as symbols of stability and the status quo. Since 1912 those Democratic intervals, generally characterized by flurries of legislative initiatives, have lasted on the average for ten years. Democratic leaders have included Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy, counted among this country's most world renowned political personalities whose administrations are remembered for activism and reform. Ironically, they came to office almost exclusively preoccupied with a domestic agenda only to become embroiled in diplomatic entanglements. After twelve years of Republican rule the nation is bracing itself for yet another outpouring of new domestic programmes and social experimentation. And once again at the outset of a Democratic era there is relatively little anticipation of concern over the problems of the world.

'Campaign '92' was the fifty-second presidential election. It was the twenty-seventh example of an incumbent seeking another term. Of those, seventeen were successful. George Bush became the tenth sitting president defeated in a re-election campaign. While his failure can be attributable in part to problems faced by most of his unfortunate predecessors, such as economic hard times and intra-party rivalries, Bush's defeat was extraordinary. Less than a year before the election the President seemed unbeatable largely because of Desert Storm. At one point he had an approval rating of nearly ninety per cent. All of the prominent opposition leaders considered his most likely challengers decided not to become candidates. There seemed to be no compelling reason for a change in presidential leadership. But soon after the start of the campaign year, President Bush experienced a precipitous drop in popularity unprecedented in American political history. At the end his defeat was all but inevitable.

Yet for awhile, even at the end of the campaign, there seemed to be a slight prospect that George Bush and the Republicans might replicate the feat of John Major and the Conservatives last Spring and stage an upset. It was the third time since 1945 that Britain and America were holding national elections to select a Prime Minister and a President in the same year. On the two earlier occasions, 1964 and 1976, the Anglo-American electorates voted in ideological concert, selecting Labour and Democrats at the same time. In the first post-Cold War elections in both countries, some American pundits assumed that after the surprising Conservative upset, American voters would again follow the British example and in the end choose the more conservative presidential contender. Instead they turned out of office an incumbent who seemed preoccupied with foreign affairs, insisting that the ending of the Cold War did not mean elimination of danger in the world. President Bush was

unable to make an adjustment in his image of a leader almost exclusively preoccupied with diplomacy.

By far the greatest issue of Campaign '92 was the economy which beginning in 1990 was marked by a slower rate of growth and a consequent elevation in unemployment. The ending of the Cold War caused a vast reduction in government expenditures on armaments that had a radiating impact, especially on the economies of California and New England. Particularly affected were professional groups and white collar workers who make up the heart of the Republican Party. Those economic troubles were portrayed by the media as a major recession in spite of statistical data to the contrary. Some commentators even compared the recession of the early 1990s to the Great Depression. The Bush campaign was unable to convey the idea that given the enormity of the impact of the ending of the Cold War, the economy was, perhaps, in relatively good condition. Too many people of the middle class were adversely affected by the tortuous transition occurring in American society. It was relatively easy, therefore, for the Democratic challenger to make the case that it was time for a change in the presidency.

Delayed political response to a year-old United States Senate hearing on the qualifications of a Supreme Court nominee became an extraordinary problem which the President's re-election campaign seemed helpless to solve. In the Autumn of 1991 President Bush nominated Clarence Thomas for the Supreme Court. He was a black conservative jurist perceived as an opponent of *Roe v. Wade*, a 1973 decision guaranteeing the constitutional right of abortion on demand. The Reagan-Bush presidencies were pledged to reserve that decision by placing anti-abortion advocates on the court. But securing the necessary approval of such advocates by Senate liberals had proven to be difficult. By nominating a minority advocate, President Bush was apparently trying to attract liberal senators loath to oppose a black nominee. The manoeuvre seemed to be working without undue difficulty when suddenly there appeared a black law professor, Anita Hill, who claimed that Thomas had sexually intimidated her while serving as her superior in a government agency. In some of the most explosive and unseemly testimony ever seen on television, Hill ignited a feminist crusade to nominate women for Congress in Campaign '92. Thomas was narrowly confirmed, but the outcome was an unprecedented number of females elected to public office. In the process the percentage of women in the national electorate rose to fifty-four and the proportion of them supporting Bush dropped from fifty to thirty-seven per cent between 1988 and 1992. Actually, male supporters of the President dropped by an even greater percentage. Nevertheless, many observers cite women in the electorate as one of the factors affecting the outcome in the presidential election.

In order to win re-election, President Bush needed once again to attract the Reagan followers whose support the Republicans had largely maintained in defeating Michael Dukakis in 1988. He was only partially successful in achieving that objective. By receiving a significant plurality of

southern white voters, for example, the President was indeed able to win most of the deep south in Campaign '92 by narrow margins, losing only Georgia and Louisiana. But another segment of the national Reagan coalition consisted of white protestants whose support for the President dropped from sixty-six per cent in 1988 to only forty-six in 1992. Finally, there is the so-called Religious Right which strongly supported Reagan in the 1980s by overwhelming margins. White 'born-again' Christians making up seventeen per cent of the electorate constitutes the heart of that group. Its support for Bush fell from eighty-one to sixty-one per cent between 1988 and 1992. The President was unable to convey to those voters a strong, heart-felt commitment in his stated opposition to abortion on demand and support for voluntary prayer in public schools, two positions important in forging the Reagan coalition of the 1980s. Billy Graham's unusually prominent role in the Bush Inaugural ceremony four years ago was apparently not enough to hold the solid support of America's evangelical Christians.

Yet another segment of the Reagan coalition was the traditional Right Wing, conservatives sometimes called 'Country Club Republicans'. Inability to keep the unified support of that element in his party may have been the greatest political failure of the Bush presidency. The decline in support by them was evident early in the campaign year when a Right Wing television journalist, Pat Buchanan, entered the Republican presidential primaries. Serious intra-party challengers have always been the signals for impending disaster for a sitting president seeking re-election. The principal cause of the Right Wing's abandonment of the Bush campaign was the President's breaking of his 1988 pledge not to raise taxes. A second conservative complaint against the President was his eventual support for a Civil Rights Act the perceived effect of which would be the maintenance of racial quotas in the work place. Initially, Bush had vetoed that legislation but later succumbed to mounting pressure and signed a bill similar to one previously rejected. That capitulation accentuated the President's image of a leader without deeply held convictions on issues of ideological importance to large elements of his own party. The base of his support, therefore, steadily eroded over the course of his presidency.

The most unusual feature of Campaign '92 was the Perot candidacy, the impact of which will be pondered for years to come. Ross Perot has been a Texas tycoon sputtering about on the periphery of American public life for about twenty-five years always in search of media attention. Given the uncertainties and frustrations of the American electorate in the early post-Cold War era, it was perhaps inevitable that this bizarre character would make an appearance on the stage of presidential politics which since 1832 has attracted a strange assortment of publicity seekers. The factor making the Perot candidacy different, however, was his immense wealth and his willingness to spend vast sums of his own money to gain attention. Unlike the British electoral system, there can be no limits on a person's expenditure of personal resources in a political campaign because of the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution's guarantee of

free speech. Having neither party affiliation nor ideological identification, Perot was able to appeal to an extraordinary variety of voters many of whom were attracted to the political process for the first time. The fact that he was without political experience and understanding of public affairs seems actually to have been appealing to many Americans who have become disenchanted with the political mainstream and its failure to solve such problems as crime, the drug culture and the public debt. In the end Perot was supported by nineteen per cent, the second largest level of support by a third candidate in American history. But in yet another display of America's electoral stability, the Perot candidacy was unable to win a single electoral vote. The electoral college of 538 members is almost inextricably tied to two party politics. There is no way of knowing what effect Perot had on the outcome. While it seems apparent that he cost the President the electoral votes in Ohio and Missouri, it could plausibly be argued that because of Perot, Bill Clinton lost Texas and Florida. In either event it is a fact that for the third time in a hundred years, a strong third candidacy was followed by the defeat of a sitting Republican president.

In the end the most powerful force contributing to Bush's defeat was the alternating rhythm of American presidential politics. Since 1832 when major party national conventions began making presidential nominations, there has been a steady rotation in party control of the White House. On the average neither party has held the presidency for more than nine years in spite of occasional longer intervals. After twelve years of the Reagan-Bush era, it was perhaps inevitable that in light of that record of alternation, President Bush was from the outset on the defensive in spite of his success in Desert Storm.

Another electoral theory long advanced by the eminent historian, Arthur Schlesinger, is that the American people in thirty year intervals choose presidents committed to change and reform. Beginning in 1900 there was an era of progressivism followed by war and a decade of conservatism and reaction in the 1920s. Then in the midst of the Great Depression of the 1930s there came the New Deal followed by a period of retrenchment and the status quo. After Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson ignited eruptions of legislative initiatives in the 1960s reminiscent of progressivism and the New Deal. Now in the 1990s, Schlesinger believes, the nation is again ripe for innovation ushered in by a Democratic Administration. Bill Clinton brings to the presidency a brand of leadership similar to Johnson's 'Great Society'. He also shares with Lyndon Johnson an absence of experience in foreign affairs. Among the foremost tragedies of American life in the twentieth century have been the failures of reform-minded Democratic presidents faced with overwhelming problems in diplomacy for which they were inexperienced and unprepared.

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A TRAVELLER IN PERU

by Sara Jackson

I hadn't even heard of the Sendero Luminoso until our flight to Peru was booked and paid for. From that moment on every acquaintance had a story to regale us with. Each story was a catalogue of atrocities committed by the Senderos on innocent tourists. Each day the stories grew more gory, more fabulous. We received the worst of them the morning before our departure. This one was bad because it came directly from the Foreign Office, straight from the mouth of a friend of a friend.

The Sendero situation was as bad as it had ever been and was worsening daily. It was affecting tourism badly. The train to Macchu Picchu, Peru's best preserved Inca city, had already been blown up three times that year. Don't travel overland. Take flights everywhere. Only last week a young British couple travelling through Peru had walked into a village for the night. The Senderos happened to be in town. The bloke got cudgeled to death. What happened to the girl the chap was too polite to say. At home, on the other end of the telephone, this story merely irritated me. Typical armchair over-reaction. I could guarantee that when we actually arrived there would be nothing to it. I was more likely to get blown up on the London Underground. Secretly, I despised those older, fatter, lesser tourists who hadn't the nerve to go. The Senderos meant no more to me than all the other unknowns I was about to embrace. After all, it was precisely for adventure that I was leaving London.

Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital rebuilt by the Spanish, was sleepier than even I had expected. We arrived on a Sunday morning to a small, empty colonial town. There was no traffic, only wide cobbled streets still lined by perfect Inca masonry. On the benches round the central square sat huddles of brightly dressed Quecha Indians. Women, rich in their woven blankets, flared skirts and pork-pie hats stood around in groups, each with a baby strapped squarely to her back. Inside a church we oggled gold altars and teenage-doll effigies of the Virgin draped in ribbons, satin dresses and flowers both real and fake. To the right of the altar there loomed another statue, its plastic face darker than an Indian's. The figure stood on a pedestal, against a background of coloured paper. It wore rough Indian leggings, its wings were of silver foil, and on its head there shone a Conquistador's helmet. Later that afternoon we saw these two figures paraded round the Plaza de Armas. Their escorts were a convoy of 'priests' and 'priestesses' moving demurely and dressed in white. Around these gliding men and women Indians danced, bright in their traditional dress. Cuzco's inhabitants followed on behind, clapping to the music provided by a motley band of musicians dressed in mackintoshes, anoraks and woolly jumpers.

It wasn't until the following day that we realised we had seen no other Westerners. The fact only struck us when we spotted a couple of backpackers on the opposite side of the square. The four of us stopped in our

tracks and stared suspiciously at each other across the throng of locals, too surprised to even smile a salutation. That night we drank Pisco Sours together in a bar full of friendly Peruvian faces. Yet Peru, these two strangers were telling us, was dangerous and getting worse. The Senderos killed tourists to gain publicity for their cause. That was why all Cuzco's hotels were empty.

I wanted to get into the Jungle. I wanted to spend a few days suffering the mosquitoes, the humidity, the bursting life of a primary rainforest. Pongo de Maiqinisa appealed. It is reached from the town of Quillabamba which lies six hours by train from Cuzco. It is three hours further on from Macchu Picchu, along the same line the Senderos like blowing up. From Quillabamba you take a lorry and then a boat out to the Pongo. We decided to go. Quillabamba is wide, dusty, hot and empty, A town full of closed banks and derelict cafés. I found it almost impossible to make even my Spanish understood. We bought enough food from the marketplace to feed ourselves for the next five days. 'Pongo!' says the rice and pasta lady. 'Wah. Muy aventurado!'. The people are helpful if we approach them, otherwise they leave us alone, perhaps following us with half an eye. Gringoes. Nowadays, there aren't too many of them around.

That evening we eat in the tin-shack café taking pot-luck at an undecipherable menu. Deep fried chicken and chips arrive. A little boy comes up to the table begging for food. I give him two chips and then irritated by his presence, I dismiss him. Instantly I am guilt stricken. I have treated him no better than a dog. Penitent, I wander onto the dark, dusty road. He has gone, but I pick up another small boy loitering in the doorway. He sits before my plate and wipes it clean. With slow, meticulous movements, his hands keep up a constant motion from plate to mouth. He eats with his fingers, first the chips, and then he picks the chicken bones clean. Occasionally I look at him. He never raises his head or acknowledges me but the roll of white in the tail of his eye shows he sees my glance. As we leave, the restauranteur loiters in the doorway. 'A dondé viaja?' he asks. 'Where are you travelling to?'. 'Pongo.' 'Pongo?'. He widens his eyes and shakes his head. 'Pongo es muy peligroso.' Pongo is very dangerous. 'Por que?' Why? He describes vividly how the boat capsizes especially after rains. It is always over-loaded and there are crocodiles in the river. This, curiously, I do not take too seriously. But I have another query. 'Senderos?' 'Si, tambien.' Yes, those too.

We arrive at Paradero de Ricardo by seven the next morning. The pick-ups to Pongo are already lined up, loaded high with humans and other cargo. But we never got to Pongo. We sat cooking in the back of our pick-up for five hours, crawling down the same streets, picking up odd crates from different shops, our departure always declared to be imminent. By 12.15 it was too much. Made cowardly by delay we would wait no longer. Discovering a 2 p.m. train back to Cuzco we opted for that. We thought of the close calls narrowly escaped, of thwarted Senderos waiting along the road to Pachiri, deprived of their first Western victims for months. Compared to this the possibility of the railway being blown

up a fourth time seemed an unreal prospect, something that didn't warrant a moment's concern. At four minutes past two the local train to Cuzco pulled out. Eight carriages of sweating humanity ground their way from the heat of the jungle to the coolness of the hills. Vast, perspiring women struggled on board with impossible quantities of produce. Sacks of papayas, pineapples, mandarins, oranges and chickens were shoved into every available space. From each straining woman's back, a wide-eyed baby peered, tightly wrapped to its mother by a handwoven blanket.

As the train pulled out, the sales began. The aisle rolled with the constant traffic and call of food for sale. 'Piña, Piña.' 'Manzana, manzana'. 'Naranja, naranja.' 'Maté, maté.' 'Café, café.' 'Postres.' Each passenger doubles as a vendor offering hot meals, fruits, drinks and ice-creams. Everyone feeds each other. At every stop yet more produce is pushed through the windows and above, onto or underneath seats. The heat swelled and from the latrine at the end of our carriage drifted a pungent stench. But the heat, the smell and even the lack of space could not inhibit the flow of business. Women unwrapped baskets wherein rice dishes were kept hot, boxes in which home-made ice-creams were kept cold. They untied and tied their babies onto their backs. It was a steam train and travelled at perhaps thirty miles an hour. For every twenty miles forward it moved five miles backwards, reversing into tiny townships off the main line. Three hours later we had not even reached Macchu Picchu.

Two armed policemen moved down the aisle, checking all bags for bombs. It was an impossible task. Systematically they worked their way through the train as it stopped, shunted, started and stopped again for no reason at all. By six in the evening it was dark. The tropical heat had thinned to a highland chill. Now the gangways too were full. In the aisle next to me there sat a large Indian woman who clutched two live chickens. Like the children, the chickens stared docile, wide-eyed and silent. Her son perched himself onto my seat, and, spine curved, he encroached further into my space. On the seat opposite me, swaddled in blankets, a baby slept. The stench from the toilet raked through the carriage again. The train stopped suddenly and the baby rolled off her seat and onto the floor. Like lightning her father was beside her, but she hardly whimpered and fell asleep again.

We shunted on. Then a stop was so abrupt that baggage as well as babies fell. The carriage lights went out. Through the sudden silence we heard the fierceness of the wind outside. It whipped the odd shadow of a tree and almost drowned the roar of a fast-flowing river that ran cold and bleak beside the train. Why were the lights off? Suddenly, to the right of the train, there were shadows moving fast. Men were running, crouched and low, down the hill towards the engine. Why were the lights off? The shadows still came, two or three men, thick, each one stooping, moving fast. I heard the whisper come first from behind me. 'Senderos'. The taste of fear. We were the only whites on the train. We sat hunched, faces down, our packs huge as beacons beside us. Round us the locals

talked in hushed voices. We were silent.

Washing over everything flooded an unbearable feeling of isolation, a burning need to know. Everybody understood but us. We were alienated by language. It may be the worst, but at least we must 'know'. Through the window we watched the dark outlines of men running. There seemed to be so many of them. Arms round each other we sat in silence, every sense strained to understand more. Through the growing ache in my throat I felt guilt, an expanding void in my gut. *He didn't want to come here. I made him come here.* And then my only need was that I shouldn't be separated from him. It's all right as long as they don't separate us.

High above the bedrock of fossilised certainty, my mind rang. I heard the echo fill my ears. Through the shrill I worked out the words and turning, directed them at the youth beside me. 'Quienes son esos hombres?' He doesn't turn. His reply is flat and monotone. 'No sé'. He doesn't know. The sickness grew. We sat immersed in silence, clutching hands. The dual truths slid irreconcilably against each other. The knowledge that it was impossible that this should happen to the two of us, and yet, not only was it completely possible, but it was happening. It was not even a surprise. Every tragedy that ever happened, happened to real people, just like us. Harsh voices came now from the carriage in front of us. I turned behind me. 'Que es el problema?' I asked anyone who would take the trouble to reply. I knew the answer, but even to hear it spoken would have brought a kind of relief. The answer was long and complicated. By torchlight I consulted our dictionary. I tested a sentence and then turned and delivered it. 'El locomotora no funciona?' The engine is broken? 'Si.' He smiled to reassure me, reading my face.

Si. The nausea subsided but there was no relief yet. The fear went too deep to be so easily removed. Was it true? Then what were those shadows? Why were the lights off? Why were the people about me so tense and unsmiling? Then a new fear. If the engine had broken and we were here all night, it was only a matter of time before the Senderos did arrive. When we did pull out the relief was almost hysterical. We laughed together. The whole carriage joined us. We chortled and mocked ourselves and clapped one another on the back. The train crawled on, but it could take all night now for all we cared, because for a moment we had believed it would never arrive at all. In our relief we could not believe that we had let such a little thing as a slow train bother us so. The next morning came as we always knew it would, and we had breakfast and a shower as we always knew we would and we went shopping in the afternoon. I knew then that I was simply the victim of a self-inflicted con, duped by the very hype of which I had been so scornful. In leaving Quillabamba we ran away from the prospect of adventure. Instead we sat amid a train of bustling locals and for all the terror we felt we did not even hear so much as the distant shot of a Sendero's gun. The threat after all was as unreal as I had first insisted. There was nothing but our own fear. Nothing happened to us at all. But then again I too had read some faces. And that whisper was real. *Senderos.*

NO COMPENSATION FOR THE COMFORT WOMEN

by Raymond Lamont-Brown

SHE sits alone now in her apartment off the unfashionable end of Roxas Boulevard in Metro Manila. Daily she is reminded of her degradation as a young woman. T'sai Han can see the buses containing Japanese tourists pass the end of her road. They are being ferried to and from Ninoy Aquino international airport and the cruise liners off South Harbour. Once she had been a part of a different Japanese transportation business, wherein thousands of Asian women were recruited by the Imperial Japanese Army as prostitutes aboard the 'comfort waggons'.

Brothel trains, given the euphemism of 'comfort waggons' were a long accepted part of social life in pre-Communist China, in particular. Once lusty Europeans could book a ticket to erotic pleasure on some of the specially chartered trains out of Shanghai. Mao put an end to all that when he rehabilitated the Shanghai whores with 'right thinking'; but, the pre-war concept had been taken up by the Japanese High Command along their infamous Burma Railway.

Not long after Lt.-General Shojiro Iida's Japanese 15th Army took Rangoon, pushed two Chinese armies back into China, and forced General Alexander's Burma Army to retreat into northeastern India, the Japanese Imperial Headquarters in Tokyo took a somewhat strange decision.

It was to be a consequence of these orders of June 1942 given to the HQ Japanese Southern Army — responsible for all South East Asia territory — that there was to be built a railway to Burma. This was to be a substitute for the sea route to Rangoon. The lines were also to be used as a feeder for the 'comfort waggons' for the Japanese troops.

On 25 October 1943 the Ban Pong-Thanbyuzayat railway, now given a direct link between Bangkok and Moulmein, was completed. The celebration of the opening of the railway for the garrison troops was a visit by a Japanese brothel train. Organisation of such a train was based on those which had been first used for 'military purposes' during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05 and the incursion of Japanese troops during the Manchurian Incident 1931-32.

Among the girls on board the first train was a Sino-Philippino girl T'sai Han. Born in Shanghai of a Philippino mother and a Chinese father, she had been sold to a harlot-master in the International City when she was eleven. She had been trained as a 'Heaven root flower girl' (erotic masseuse) and had made her way (illicitly) to Burma. At the time she was twenty-two.

She had been forcibly recruited by the Imperial Japanese Army for the brothel train by *taii* (Captain) Yoshio Katayama, who later worked for a Tokyo chemical manufacturing company. She was worked as a prostitute until the Japanese defeat.

T'sai Han was one of the group of prostitutes at the opening of the

Burma Railway graphically described by Major Clifford Kinvig in his *Death Railway* (1973). On this occasion, he commented, allied prisoners who had worked on the railway were spruced up and photographed by Japanese propaganda cameramen. He records that the women gave cigarettes and money to the prisoners. These events were written up for the propaganda sheets that were circulated in the Japanese occupied territories of their puppet Co-Prosperity Sphere.

The documentation of the use of enforced prostitutes has been given an airing recently in Japan, having been stored from WWII in the archives of the *Gaimusho* (Foreign Ministry) of war leader General Hideki Tojo's cabinet. The publicity surrounding the documents has caused the Japanese government some embarrassment. They have forced the government of Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa finally to admit — after some fifty years of dissembling — that thousands of Chinese, Philippine and Korean females were recruited as prostitutes during WWII. The forced recruitment, of course, has been a diplomatic running sore for decades between Japan and her Asiatic neighbours.

In spite of television's harrowing interviews with the women involved and with weeping former serving officers who forcibly recruited the women, the Japanese government denies that any of the women were press-ganged. This is a key factor in the government's refusal to pay compensation.

An official statement was made recently by the Japanese Chief Cabinet Secretary Koichi Kato: 'We have found documents to prove that the government was involved in the so-called comfort women. But so far we have found no document to show that those women were recruited by force'. Consequently the Japanese government has stated that they are doing no research amongst the comfort women who survive. They plead that it would be an invasion of privacy. Nevertheless officials have been given the brief to continue the search for what might be incriminating documents.

The governments of the Asian countries invaded and occupied by the Japanese during WWII have been dismayed at the Japanese statement. A spokesman for the South Korean Foreign Ministry noted that it was the official belief that the Japanese were obscuring the truth. And, that it was to be hoped that a full public investigation in Tokyo would assess the facts of the case. The South Korean government has more than enough evidence of forced recruitment. In December 1991 several of the former Korean comfort women came forward to give testimony that they had been 'sex slaves' to the Imperial Nipponese Army.

Going further than this Frederick Chen, Taiwan's Foreign Minister, requested an official apology to the comfort women now living as Taiwanese citizens. This, he averred, should be added to Japanese involvement in compensating for the suffering.

A public apology has been made on behalf of the Japanese government by Cabinet Secretary Kato. Yet in place of monetary compensation he spoke of unspecified 'measures' which were to be contemplated by the cabinet.

For many decades academics studying WWII in the Far East have been aware of the official use of comfort women. It was known too that they were organised by the Imperial Nipponese Army chiefs. The official line given to researchers though was that the comfort women service was supplied by 'private contractors'.

It is believed by some international correspondents that the official admission of army recruited comfort women was a part of the diplomatic preparations for Prime Minister Miyazawa's official visit to the South Korean capital of Seoul in January last. Indeed Miyazawa stated that a Japanese academic had come across 'documentary proof' of the army's involvement in brothels. The 'evidence' was confirmed by Professor Yoshiaki Yoshimi, of Chuo University. The document was a military command dated 1938 and signed by the Chief of Staff of the Japanese North China Army ordering the setting up of 'comfort stations'.

Pressure groups are forming to plead the case of the former comfort women's right to compensation from the Japanese government. Already testimony is being collated from ex-Imperial Army troops. Those too, who were not covered by the post-war compensation payouts, are reassessing their rights.

The March number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Algeria — Democracy on Hold* by Jonathan Farley and *Thackeray's Memorials of Defeat* by Donald Bruce.

SCANDINAVIA AT THE BARBICAN

by Louis Muinzer

A *fin de siecle* cynic might aptly suggest that culture as we know it is being replaced by festivals. Among the shapeless giants and tourist rip-offs, however, there are still some specimens of the kind that combine theme, coherence, respectable subject matter and genuine excitement — festivals in which the individual events interact, strike sparks and create a larger experience than the sum total of their parts.

Fortunately, *Tender Is the North*, the London Barbican Centre's Festival of Scandinavian Arts, was a festival of that experience-enhancing kind. Despite its rather limiting name (a quotation from Tennyson), it had both point and focus, and if its programme was generous, it was within the grasp of those prepared to explore it in detail during the month of its existence (10 November-13 December, 1992). Most of its events took place in or near the Barbican, but there were also concerts at Wigmore Hall and The Place Theatre and an appropriate exhibition at the Design Museum.

Despite the festival's extensive programme, Artistic Director Humphrey Burton and his associates wisely made no attempt to cover every major feature and figure of the Nordic world. The treatment of film, the most modern of the arts, was remarkably deep and detailed, with more than a score of Ingmar Bergman films alone on the programme, but otherwise the offerings were thoughtfully selective. Thus, the Barbican's central art exhibition, 'Border Crossings: Fourteen Scandinavian Artists', presented a select group of modern artists, all born between 1849 and 1956, whose challenging and varied work has crossed geographical, creative and spiritual frontiers. In music, Sibelius and Nielsen were highlighted, while Nordic theatre was most prominently represented by rehearsed readings of two contemporary Swedish plays, arranged by the Royal Shakespeare Company, and an Ibsen production by the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

Within the boundaries of this selective programme, there were riches in abundance. Besides works by Edvard Munch and the multi-talented August Strindberg, 'Border Crossings' presented a considerable array of drawings and paintings by that gifted, unbalanced, precursor of Surrealism, Carl Fredrik Hill. The Guildhall's 'Ibsen' was also of special interest, for it was the dramatist's middle-period comedy *The League of Youth* — a work so seldom performed today that Ibsen's own admirable Stage Festival in Oslo has yet to feature it. Sibelius and Nielsen, on the other hand, were presented in depth, with the complete symphonies of each being featured in an independent concert series. And for those who wanted to broaden the programme, there were a certain number of 'associated events', which included an independent Munch exhibition at the National Gallery and a contemporary Icelandic play.

Nor did *Tender Is the North* fail in its festival duty to spice its coverage with adventure and surprise. For me, at least, the Barbican's most exciting

living contributor, aside from Ingmar Bergman, was Norway's Frans Widerberg, the only painter who received the accolade of a personal exhibition. The festival, of course, by no means discovered Widerberg, for he has been exhibited internationally now for some years. Nevertheless, his striking presence in *Tender Is the North* suggested his importance: with his awkward horses and featureless riders, his bright, indefinite terrains and vast, galaxy-filled skies, he is at once a visual poet of extraordinary power and one of the most creative of contemporary Scandinavians.

With its effective blend of range, surprises and selectivity, the Barbican programme could be experienced on a variety of levels. Those with a limited acquaintance with Scandinavian life and art were able to sample it at its best. They could listen to some Nielsen, attend an Ibsen play, see a few Bergman films and feast their eyes on two long walls laden with Widerberg's visual magic. Between times, they could browse among Nordic handcraft exhibits or build up their literary background by pondering library displays devoted to Knut Hamsun and Hans Christian Andersen. Those long familiar with the Scandinavian achievement, on the other hand, could take advantage of the same programme both to enrich their experience and to put it in perspective. For them, the Barbican was at once a pausing place and a cluster of road signs.

As a festival visitor of the latter variety, one who made his Northern Border Crossing long ago, I found it both a challenging and a seductive experience to wander among so many Scandinavian artifacts and to search for their relationships. In what way or ways, I asked myself, was all this 'Scandinavian'? In five days of almost non-stop looking and listening, I did my best to find out. My vision was undoubtedly influenced by several decades of Northern study and travel, but beyond my bias and preconception lay something real: 'Scandinavia' was there and, the more I wandered in the Barbican, the more certain its presence seemed.

One great feature of that Scandinavian presence is its dynamic relationship with the landscapes of its five component nations. Fjord and shore, mountain and moor, plateau and forest are both stage settings and actors, the substance of a thousand different dramas. That topographical intimacy characterizes the wordscapes of the Icelandic sagas (featured in two festival programmes), and has been passed in verbal and visual tradition down into our own century. At the Barbican, that sense of a resonant, living terrain was especially evident in the pictorial arts — in some of the photographs, for instance, of the Icelanders Páll Stefánsson and Gudmundur Ingólfsson and in the moving pictures of Ingmar Bergman. And if the powerful 19th century landscape painters were not represented at the festival, there were later works in 'Border Crossings' that illustrate the point with a special eloquence, for they lie closer to the contemporary Nordic sensibility than the work of the older artists: the Dane Edvard Weie's shore scene 'Sunlight on the Sea, Christiansø', for instance, or Edvard Munch's 'Train Smoke'. The latter is especially striking, for its subject suggests a confrontation of technology and the natural world; yet Munch's smoke merely pours from a scarcely visible locomotive and

patterns itself into a peaceful evening beside the Oslo Fjord. Industrial power has become an accent of its setting, an emanation of the landscape.

In Scandinavian music, too, the natural landscape was a festival presence, especially when married to appropriate poetry. Sibelius' 'Autumn Evening' (sung by the extraordinary Finnish soprano Karita Mattila at a London Symphony concert) invited the listener, with the aid of Viktor Rydberg's lyrics, into a twilit landscape of 'foaming lake', 'sighing forests' and 'moss and heather', while Grieg's 'Haugtussa' song-cycle, to words by Arne Garborg, virtually transformed a lonely, living Norway into sound. At her Wigmore Hall concert, Solveig Kringelborn stepped into that Norway with a vocal and dramatic conviction that I do not expect to find soon equaled. Like Munch's train smoke, she became part of her landscape.

But the Nordic love affair with landscape is a matter of detail as well as compositional patterning: there is a Scandinavian relish for the minutia — for the simple building materials — of nature that revealed itself everywhere at the festival and tied its programme to the past. The joy in stones that animated the display of modern Danish jewellery by Agnete Dinesen once helped design the small medieval churches of that craftswoman's native country, while the wood used by Icelander Hulda Hákon in a mixed media composition was once curved by Viking boatwrights and painted over with religious images by early Nordic Christians. That Ms. Hákon was featured in 'Border Crossings' among the artists, while Ms. Dinesen displayed her work among the craftsmen in a Barbican foyer is immaterial: Scandinavian art admits no pigeon-holing, and that is one secret of its vitality. Those who were moved by *The Seventh Seal* in the Barbican cinema would do well to reflect that it was inspired by painted panelling in an old Swedish church, a source acknowledged by Bergman in the name of the play from which he developed his script: *Wood Painting*.

The Scandinavian tradition, however, cannot be explained simply as the artist's responsiveness to nature and the workman's feeling for its properties: Northern art involves something more profound, more special, than landscape and craftsmanship. To realise that, one needed only to hear Karita Mattila sing 'Luonnotar', Sibelius's powerful creation music based on a passage from the *Kalevala*, or view Strindberg's mood-swept paintings in the 'Border Crossings' exhibition. The great Scandinavian artists, whether Nordic or Finnish, seem to move in a landscape whose sources and landmarks are spiritual and psychological and whose power transcends geography.

In many cases, that landscape is a place of light and dark, of sun and night. Whether this contrast is more a matter of latitude — or long winter nights and glorious summer days — than a mysterious feature of the Northern psyche is difficult to say. In all probability, the lighting of the landscape and the lighting of the personality are reciprocal and reinforce one another. What matters, in any case, is that light and dark are not cyclical like the seasons in Scandinavian art, but coexistent — the source of a powerful tension that lies at the heart of the Barbican's festival.

'Border Crossings', to cite one festival source, contained a number of

works in which the interaction of light and darkness was crucial. Weie's 'Sunlight on the Sea, Christiansø', which I have already mentioned, illustrates it clearly. In this apparently simple picture, a large, dark boulder stands facing a day-bright sea; behind it, in the foreground, are lighter boulders and several secondary darkened areas of the shore, one opening up at the bottom edge, as if flowing outwards. Few of us, surely, would find Weie's treatment consciously symbolic or contrived — and therein lies its power: its subliminal import seems as natural as its brushstrokes. It is a Scandinavian image of that persistent darkness that blots even the sunlit, life-giving sea, that indeed may flow outward into the viewer.

Among the other scenic works, Edvard Munch's 'Mystery on the Shore/ The Stump' yields an especially dramatic example of light-dark tension. Here, the Nordic feeling for nature and a craftsman's fondness for natural materials are combined, for it is a woodcut that pictures wood: a night-grey tree stump on a black strand. With roots like tentacles, the stump dominates the shore, but across the fjord a white moon stands low in the sky, reflecting brightly on the water. The deepest meaning of this pattern of light, dark and half-light would be difficult to verbalize, but it is a powerful Scandinavian icon.

Striking examples of light/dark patterning can also be found in both the sane and the (brilliantly) 'insane' art of C. F. Hill and in the turbulent paintings of August Strindberg. It is more illuminating, however, to observe how readily the Scandinavians abstract the lighting motif and carry it beyond the landmarks of external nature, as for example in Kirsti Rantanen's 'Abandoned Stage: A Textile Installation' — a theatrical world of yarn and cloth to which the Barbican visitor could attach many meanings. Major features of this Finnish installation were two dark units which were more or less joined visually by large coils of colourful, twisted yarn. Above the coils, a yellow cloth with a large 'Circle of light' hung suspended. The artist herself has said that 'I create gyrating circles and twisting spirals — reminiscent of passing time and thoughts'. Have the coils of her installation taken their colour from the sun above as they move, thought-like, from darkness to darkness?

Clearly, whatever light and dark may embody in individual Northern works of art, an elemental network of mortality has caught them up — a network that reveals itself in other motifs as well. Thus, in many alcoves of the Barbican programme, Life and Death are in effortless interaction. Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*, for instance, is the essentially delightful story of a son and his father both finding fulfillment in love; before they achieve that, however, the son tries to hang himself, and the father seemingly blows his brains out playing Russian Roulette. In Grieg's *Haugtussa*, however, the pattern is less up-beat, for the great song-cycle's sometimes rollicking, sometimes tender lyricism gives way at last to music sung from the far shores of sadness: to me, at least, a potential prelude to suicide.

So intimate can the tension between the opposing forces of existence become in Scandinavian art that they are inseparably juxtaposed. The

Barbican festival provided an admirable example of this in *Bellman's Opera*, the entertainment fashioned by Martin Best and Clifford Williams from the songs and characters of Sweden's 18th century genius, Carl Michael Bellman. As they sing, Bellman's people sometimes move gracefully through a city set in a refined pastoral landscape that has been prettily planted with classical allusions — a world of glittering life. Yet, in objective 'sociological' terms, they are derilicts and drunkards, the pitiful pub-dregs of Gustavian Stockholm, denizens of a dark world at the side of the grave. The result of Bellman's art, however, is neither contradiction nor confusion, but a tension of opposites — the wedding of elegant song and dishevilled tragedy into a unique experience.

A curious revelation of this Nordic tension was to be found — unexpectedly — in a Barbican display of contemporary glass by Ulla Forsell, a Swede whose art is almost as irresistible as Bellman's. Of herself and her demanding, exasperating art, Ms. Forsell has said: 'It is paradoxical that the artist, ever eager to create a monument to self-expression, should choose a material as brittle and fragile, as doomed to destruction as glass. But having once looked deep into the furnace of the untouchable molten metal, pipe in hand, I knew that I should devote my life to its mastery'. And so she has created colourful and witty glassware of all sorts: a plate of glass fried eggs, for instance, and marvellous wine glasses that Bellman's characters would have loved. Life and sparkle are everywhere in her work... but metaphorical darkness is in the inevitable shattering of objects 'doomed to destruction'. Like much else in creative Scandinavia, her art is light waiting for its fall into the dark.

One of Ms. Forsell's most resonant creations is a blue-painted wooden ladder with elegant, curved glass plaques mounted between its rungs, thus reminding us that the Northern creative spirit climbs as well as falls — even soars, at times, like Widerberg's people when they free themselves from their elemental soil. And in their landscapes of light, dark and twilight, the Scandinavians cross and search, as well as climb and fall: they are Edvard Munch's steaming locomotive and Vikings sailing towards the west. They are far-travelling Peer Gynt, too, who visited the Barbican in a concert performance of Grieg's score, and farther-travelling Thor Heyerdahl, who turned up there in person to talk about faraway Peru. Stop them all and ask them where and why they are going, and they will give you answers before they hurry on, casting shadows as they depart. But will their answers only be questions, after all?

The ultimate power of the Scandinavian tradition lies in its mysterious uncertainty: Do its living landscapes spread themselves within or without? Or both at once? And can we even be sure where that light comes from or what the darkness is? Even a Heyerdahl can only journey into vision, can only test his dreams.

In a sense, the larger import of *Tender Is the North* is summed up in a pair of contrasting images that were on view at the Barbican: one Danish and hanging on a wall, the other Swedish and projected on a screen.

The painting was 'Ainsi on s'Ensor' ('Out of this World — After Ensor')

by the Danish modern Asger Jorn. It was one of 'Border Crossings' most powerful experiences: in a dark room, the body of a man hangs suspended by a rope, his face covered by a brightly colourful, garish mask, like one of those in James Ensor's paintings. But none of the Belgian's mask-scenes, surely, has the mocking directness of this image — an image void of all relief or hope.

The cinema image was also a matter of light and dark. Indeed, it is one of the great images of the modern Scandinavian screen: in the final moments of a young girl's life, her illuminated face confronts the black shape of Death. Seen there at the climatic moment of *The Seventh Seal*, that face, too, is perhaps a mask, but the mask is slipping away from the living flesh. Beneath, we see hope, a sense of anticipation, incipient joy. No Ensor here, but a smile trying to escape.

Existence? It is more likely to be a smile than a painted leer, but then again... For a month at the Barbican, the true and tender North shed both light and shadow upon that problem.

[Dr. Louis Muinzer has translated several Scandinavian works as well as writing on Scandinavian subjects.]

POETIC REFLECTIONS OF A PSYCHIATRIST

by Michael Raymond

AFTER nearly forty years' work as a Consultant Psychiatrist predominantly in the National Health Service, I have acknowledged that there is wide scope and perhaps deep need for reflection. Eclectic in psychological orientation, I always found that no consideration of biochemical mechanisms, of unravelled genetic principles, of environmental moulding, nor the study of statistical cohorts did anything to tarnish or blur a clinical picture. That is what one remembers.

A particular concatenation of symptoms may occur frequently enough to merit the term 'syndrome' but the inevitable, albeit minor, variation ensures the unique individuality of each. So often did its presentation seem in some degree poetic that to record a syndrome in poetic form seemed entirely right, and to make the attempt was compelling. Across the whole spectrum of run-of-the-mill psychiatry each poem had to portray its syndrome with clinical accuracy and nowhere could this priority be sacrificed to poetic licence. The most tidily complete syndrome may have been uniquely different simply because it was seasoned with the patient's peculiar sense of humour, or disdain, criticism, or frank ridicule. Such were often enough broadly based on unfortunate experience and were in no way blunted by the continuing need and request for help. Often enough too they were salutary in prompting a fresh look at oneself, at colleagues elect and less elect, and at the system in which we wrestled to find peace of mind. To the retrospective gaze there are inevitably some presentations which stand out with enduring clarity, and the material or texture of each poem comprises the exact symptoms of a patient or in some poems several patients who, over the years, presented classical or textbook examples of a particular syndrome. It seemed appropriate, and indeed important, to include here and there a state of mind which was not unhealthy where this could indicate the mental mechanism towards or away from a pathological state.

The poem about rehabilitation is based on letters to me from Malcolm Lowry who was my patient. He described with evident delight the Rip van Winkle like re-discovery of independence and of simple mundane aspects of life. To write this poem and to re-read the letters on which it is based has had a special import for it has been to recollect what, perhaps because of the circumstances of his untimely death, may have been overlooked or underestimated hitherto by his biographers. He had recovered his balance, was enjoying life, and was writing again. This achievement re-states his inner resources, and makes nonsense of any suggestion that alcohol had produced the permanent disability of dementia.

Malcolm Lowry, author of one of the great novels of the century, was born in New Brighton in 1909 and died unexpectedly and mysteriously in 1957 at Ripe in Sussex. After leaving Cambridge he lived abroad until 1954 when he returned to England for medical treatment. The first draft

of his masterpiece *Under the Volcano* was written in Mexico in 1938, the year when his first marriage broke down. The following year he married Marjorie (Bonner) on whom he eventually became so dependent. Alcohol seems to have been one of his problems since his student days. Settled for a while in British Columbia after his second marriage, he re-wrote *Under the Volcano* and it was first published in 1947.

'The Return' is based on a letter to the author from Malcolm Lowry. When Lowry was admitted to hospital, he had become completely dependent on his wife, Marjorie. 'I am the child Marjorie never had', he once remarked. 'A cross between a brothel and a monastery' was how he once, somewhat enigmatically, described the hospital atmosphere. He recalled seeing the initials R.I.P. on the briefcase of a man he met on a tramcar.

THE RETURN

When to your brothel-monastery I came
I could not dress myself or open my own mail
And might as well have chased the holy grail
As independence; efforts to defy
My mother keeper were of no avail.

When you suggested I should live at Ripe
I thought it very funny, it appealed to me
Recalling the initials R.I.P.
Requiescat in pace if you choose
Or rise if possible you challenged me.

Well I have risen, I am high and dry.
High on achievement, and as we rehearsed
Dry cider's little sibling slakes my thirst.
Its family resemblance keeps it near
Yet free from all the menaces accursed.

As with the see-saw in the childhood rhyme
Now I am riding high poor Marjorie is low
And to a hospital has had to go.
My very self my master new am I
And unlike John I am no longer slow.

Now I have been alone to Lewes town
And changed my borrowed books and paid the fiendish fine
For keeping them too long; triumph was mine
When after five and twenty years unseen
A postal order then I bought to sign.

I had my hair cut and bestowed a tip,
Paid five bob for a Penguin 'Crime and Punishment',
Bought some large envelopes, and sentiment
Did not forbid a new tobacco pouch.
My tally shows you where the money went.

I rise quite early and as you advised
I work to schedule and to my relief I find
Phrases will still come tumbling through my mind
Though man's predicaments engage my thoughts
Which are with current politics entwined.

Fearful for Hungary I must regret
Her history and literature are so unknown.
I worry too about the Suez Zone
But rehabilitation must imply
That once again I hear the human groan.

It is a commonplace and normal desire to escape occasionally from the pressures and anxieties of everyday life. Such relaxation and recreation, when achieved, are of general benefit. Some people find it much more difficult to switch off than do others. Much depends on the perceived value and strength of the distracting stimulus of the chosen environment or activity since it must provoke temporary forgetting of the stressful pressures. The escape is entirely controlled and for a limited period, the duration of which indeed is usually fixed at the outset. The degree of choice or free will in the matter of returning to the same stresses and strains is at best restricted, while for the Determinist its discussion is futile.

RAFINA

The sun with blushing mien had slipped
Below horizon's silken line,
And fir tree branches lately tipped
With golden fringes soon would shine
In softer radiance and would seem
unreal beneath the pale moon gleam.

A faint wind stirred the gorse and trees,
And far below was heard the sea
Whose sound was lifted on the breeze
As an intoned, insistent plea.
Cicadas and the sea bird's cry
Conjoined to lend a harmony.

Soft the seduction to forget
The bloody fingers pointing still,
The terrorist, the nuclear threat,

Man's atavistic need to kill,
'Til like the spectre in a dream
Which springs aloft with soundless scream

Memory, that treacherous friend returned
Mined from the belly of the sea
Blasting awareness which discerned
Again the stark futility.
Yet guardians at the crossroads know
We do not choose which way to go.

Also, quite normally, escape may be made from the stress of an uncongenial environment by the recollection of a former pleasant one. The normality of such mental mechanism depends on its brief duration, since to 'live in the past' is unhealthy. However, the duration of such a nostalgic daydream is less controlled than the former.

ROWFANT LAKE

The timeless drift of clouds over intimate hills
Is a memory worn thin like the elbows of my coat.
There at a corner of the lake remote
The bluebell carpet lavishly is spread beneath the trees
And in the shadow of the broken wall
Something rustles softly then is still,
Leaving again the deep, seeping silence.

This fragment of a dream reflected from within
Sheds now a patch of brilliance on a dull mosaic
Granting my soul the benefice to break
The taut associative ties with this reality,
Yet in the very moment of escape
Falters, flickers faintly, then is gone
Leaving again the harsh, clashing conflict.

Escape from intolerable stress may be achieved by the abnormal process of an hysterical fugue by which is understood the apparent loss of memory while the individual wanders away, frequently, though not always, to an environment which in his past was friendly and comfortable, or to a similar environment. Such an individual who seems to have lost his bearings and personal identity might be expected to be distressed about it but, the hysterical mechanism having solved a problem, the hysteric is not so disturbed. He presents instead 'La belle indifference' which is of diagnostic importance because, of course, loss of memory and wandering away may occur in other circumstances, as for example after an epileptic fit. (Post ictal automatism tends to be consistent for the individual, but there has to be a first time and, in any case, there may be no available

history.) When the hysterical process comes to an end and the individual comes 'to himself', there is usually some reluctance to accept it and his resistance to accepting reality is unfortunately often referred to as 'hysterical prolongation'. In fact, as it becomes a conscious resistance, it becomes malingering. To regard it as anything else is to deny that the true hysterical process is never fully conscious. The dividing line is very fine, but it is important to distinguish one process from the other.

During the fugue depicted here, the patient reflects on a series of psychiatrists of different orientations who appear to have overlooked his psychopathology.

FUGUE AND REFLECTION

My guardian is expert in theories biochemical
And will dismiss the mind in any seminar polemical,
For many years he studied deep electrophysiology
Contributing convulsions to the sum of anthropology.

Under the ataractic hood
Beyond the reach of abreactive drug
Untouched by regulators of the mood
Lies the solution pending resolution.

My guardian is expert in conditioned reflexology
And 'conflict' is a word you will not find in his nosology,
For many years he sought then found a therapeutic saviour
A technical assistant who could modify behaviour.

Lashed to the bucket and the spade,
Sucked through the apex of the cornet cream,
Bubbling within the fizzy lemonade,
Lies the connection waiting for dissection.

My guardian is wary of the cult of personality
And anyone who seems to flaunt his individuality,
For many years he stigmatised as quackery analysis
And strove to prove the phallus just another of Freud's fallacies.

Under the pressure of the load,
Torn between forces equal and opposed,
I dream that back along the summer road
Lies the protection courting resurrection.

My guardian has now become a keen administrator
And when not in committee is a rehabilitator,
For many years he spoke about Large Groups and the community
But individuals it seems neglected with impunity.

I do not know from whence or how
To this sublime indifference I came,
I must resist accepting here and now
Lest my neglector claim me for his sector.

The typical symptoms of apprehension, tachycardia, dry mouth, moist palms, etc. are wonderfully relieved by the new tranquillizer. However, underlying conflicts have not been investigated and the symptoms seem to return as soon as the tranquillizer is stopped. Perhaps the withdrawal symptoms resemble those for which the patient sought treatment, but perhaps the anxiety neurosis has remained unchanged under cover.

TRANQUILLIZER

She wakes, and bursting into day
Tears through the membrane of her sleep
To hear her racing pulses say
Something is wrong.

The swallowed lump, the twisted knot
Of apprehension in the gut
Were never there when she forgot
Something was wrong.

The clammy brow, the slipping palm
Parch all the moisture from her mouth,
And all objective reasoned calm
Somehow has gone.

The floating fear still undefined
Adheres to all that she might touch,
And confidence is undermined,
She struggles on.

She found such comfort in the pill
Prescribed by one who understands,
But now iatrogenic ill
Goes on and on.

And she is stranded in the flood
Perched on that so precarious log,
Both of them flounder in the mud.
Something is wrong.

Korsakoff's psychosis is a syndrome most frequently associated with chronic alcoholism and results from deficiency of the vitamin B complex, particularly thiamine and niacin. Other causes of impaired gastrointestinal

absorption of the vitamin may be at fault, as indeed may other agents than alcohol.

Superficially, mental disorder is not apparent, and the personality is well preserved. It comes as a surprise to discover the extent of memory impairment and disorientation. The patient often cannot recall what has just been said, but he confabulates readily, and for a while convincingly, whilst his lack of memory and his consequent uncertainty make him ready to accept propositions about his past about which he is suggestible. He will evade enquiry and examination by jocular pleasantries and plausible excuses.

The rather grand lady visited in 'The Ward Round' by the Consultant and his Registrar demonstrates these points.

WARD ROUND

How very kind of you to come
Seeing you here is always such a joy,
Will you take some refreshment, if not tea
Something a little stronger, not that we
Keep any in the house of course. Your name?
I did not catch your name, how very strange
That you should think you ever mentioned it.
Most certainly I well recall, indeed
So well do I remember it that you
Scarce needed to remind me of that day
We met in Wimbledon and, as you say,
Ate strawberries and cream and drank champagne.
Have I, you ask, been ever there again,
Well yes of course this very afternoon
I bought a splendid little villa there
Just at the riverside among the trees.
I do agree a most auspicious day.
The date? Of that I cannot be too sure
I seldom bother since my sight is poor
To read the papers. Now you will I hope
Visit me there and bring that handsome boy,
Seeing you there was always such a joy.
Go on with you of course I know your name
You always did enjoy a teasing game.

JOHN BUCHAN, THE PRESBYTERIAN CAVALIER

by R. D. Kernohan

IT isn't unusual for successful thriller-writers to take their most popular books less seriously than readers do. The writers may have been intensely committed to causes their best-known books hardly hint at, and proudest of other books that were not to outlive them.

Rider Haggard was knighted for services to agriculture, not for *King Solomon's Mines*. His extra-curricular enthusiasms included support for the authenticity of the Jerusalem site known as 'Gordon's Calvary'. Conan Doyle, though foiled in his bid to kill off Sherlock Holmes, became an historian of the Boer War and devotee of spiritualism and psychic research. John Buchan spent more time on serious biographies and histories than on the thrillers that remain in print, more than 50 years after his death while serving as Governor-General of Canada. He had also been a Tory member of parliament before becoming Lord Tweedsmuir and was a notable lay theologian.

Like Conan Doyle, and much more than Rider Haggard, Buchan created works of art from what might otherwise have been a mixture of pleasant relaxation and useful remuneration. *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *Greenmantle* achieve a classic perfection of their kind. Moreover, Buchan brought to thrillers set anywhere from Scottish deer-forests to the Transvaal high-veld by way of the Danube something of Sir Walter Scott's capacity to extract the most from atmosphere and environment.

There is more to Buchan than this, and in one important respect he differs from Conan Doyle and Rider Haggard. In Buchan's case his beliefs, dilemmas, and interpretations of history are reflected in his thrillers as well as in his 'serious' writing and the speeches and lectures of his public life. And in his case it is not always possible to keep a rigid distinction between what was written for fun and profit and what conveys an earnestly high moral and artistic intent.

Perhaps that is as it should be in a son of the Scots manse who, even when he lived in a manor-house near Oxford, retained his attachment to the Kirk. He also wrote a notable analysis of the Scots religious tradition to mark the Presbyterian reunion in 1929 which shaped the present Church of Scotland and shortly afterwards was Lord High Commissioner — the royal representative — to the reunited Church's General Assembly.

But Buchan was not just a Presbyterian elder. He was also a Presbyterian Romantic and, in a phrase he coined for his historical heroes, the Presbyterian Cavalier.

Buchan's original 'Presbyterian Cavalier' was James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. In 1638 Montrose was one of the leaders of the Scots National Covenant of resistance to Charles I but he later took the King's side in the Civil War. Though beaten at last, he waged a brilliant campaign against the Clan Campbell and the second-string army left at home in the Lowlands when the Scots sent their first team to play on the Parliamentary

side in England. He was eventually executed, amid the execration of the dominant party in the Kirk, after the failure of a later foray. Buchan portrayed him (in the biography which is probably the most enduring of his 'serious' books) not just as a master of small-scale mobile war but as a political philosopher and a religious moderate whose ability to combine conviction with tolerance was far ahead of his time.

There were other heroes whom Buchan classed as 'Presbyterian cavaliers', notably the Virginian soldier 'Stonewall' Jackson and the First World War British commander Douglas Haig, who had also been a Brasenose man at Oxford and whom he served in what would now be called public relations.

Yet the really devoted Presbyterian cavalier was Buchan himself, son of a Free Kirk minister who had combined enthusiasm for two Scottish traditions usually thought hopelessly at odds with each other: those of the Covenanters and the Jacobites. In fact the two influences can be traced in many Scots: for example in Burns; in Sir Walter Scott, whom Buchan so much admired and took as another of his serious biographical subjects; and as any reader of *Kidnapped* must remember, in Robert Louis Stevenson.

What is unusual about Buchan is that this streak of what might seem a harmless historical romanticism was a strong conscious influence on his role in Church, State, and literature and also a powerful if less conscious influence on much that is best and most enduring in his popular fiction, written for relaxation and royalties.

Occasionally Buchan admitted to writing fiction in earnest. His rather stoic Christianity shaped and inspired his last novel, *Sick Heart River*. In this (as I suggested recently in a BBC Radio 4 programme on Buchan as the Presbyterian Cavalier) the Canadian setting was vivid but not vital.

The book is really a mixture of testimony and allegory. Its forlorn tribe of Hare Indians, despairing, diseased, and in need of redemption, stand for all humanity. Francis Galliard, its farm-boy turned tycoon who goes off to the wilderness and recovers his roots and his purpose, is conveniently but only incidentally French-Canadian and Roman Catholic. He has a strong resemblance to some laddie from Tweedside that had done well, but got out of the way of going to the Kirk.

And as I listened to Tom Fleming's superb readings from Buchan in that broadcast, I realised afresh how much of the man himself had gone into the novels and sometimes their characters. When Buchan's widow selected passages after his death for an anthology, however, only one of the fictional narrators in the novels was allowed a place in the section headed 'autobiography': not the Scots-Rhodesian Richard Hannay, nor the Fife-born highveld trader in *Prester John*, nor the various other heroic lads o' pairts, but Sir Edward Leithen — Buchan as he might have been had he stayed at the English Bar. In *Sick Heart River* Leithen responds to approaching death with a mixture of Christian Stoicism and good works, serenity and activity. He makes a good but lonely end in a way that to me at least seems to show the influence, whether conscious or not, of

Buchan's devotion to Montrose (who remained serene in face of vengeance and excommunication from his Kirk) and of a certain inner detachment from the good life and worldly success he enjoyed in England.

Buchan also set apart from his other thrillers *Witch Wood*, which has a seventeenth-century setting on Tweedside. It is a curious book, not only in the way it mingles Buchan's historical and political theology and that veneration of Montrose with undertones of the class-war politics of the 1920s, but in the way it explores an underworld of witchcraft, sexual licence, and religious fanaticism. Put a lurid cover on *Witch Wood* — certain publishers have come close — and it could bid for a place in an Orgy of the Month Book Club, disappointing some readers and exciting others by leaving to the imagination what modern popular novelists would describe in anatomical detail. Buchan, however, was anxious to bring in politics, even inserting Montrose in the plot to lecture the minister-hero on the rule of law under a constitutional Crown. In fact the lecture sounds like a benevolent Tory exhortation to the allegedly wild men of the Red Clyde, whom Buchan faced across the House of Commons and with whom he got on well enough.

But perhaps Buchan himself did not realise the extent to which his thrillers reflected his serious politics and his religion, a Reformed Christianity expressing a liberal theology and conservative philosophy. Even when Buchan wrote propagandist thrillers — first in *Greenmantle* and then in its less brilliant but much deeper successor, *Mr Standfast* — there are passages where his narrator Richard Hannay seems to speak and think like the author, who by 1918 was mourning the loss in the war of a brother and many friends, including the Nelson who had made him a publishing partner. And there are times when the conventional presentation of the war with the Kaiser's Germany as a battle of good and evil seems no more than a cover for a profounder anxiety about conflicts among and within humanity.

Buchan professed himself liberated from any oppressive sense of what he called 'the Calvinist Devil', though he admitted his first poetic effort had been a canto on Hell. This may also have been in his mind when in the most succinct statement of his beliefs, an address in 1937 to a World Conference of Reformed Churches in Montreal, he argued: 'Theology is not a static thing and antiquarian accretions are no part of its essence. It is an attempt to systematise the divine revelation and to bring it into accord with every aspect of life. But life is always changing and enlarging its content, and the divine effluence which illuminates it must pass through new lenses'.

The powers of evil and darkness keep intruding in his books, sometimes threatening a political takeover in the guise of Germans or Bolsheviks, sometimes a deadlier and more personal possession. Occasionally (and not only in *Witch Wood*) they have sexual undertones, for Buchan was not only a Presbyterian Cavalier but a Puritan one. In *Greenmantle*, for example, Colonel von Stumm is revealed as a villain with 'a perverted taste for soft delicate things. It was the complement to his bluff brutality.

I began to see the queer side to my host, that evil side which gossip had spoken of as not unknown in the German army'. And in *Mr Standfast* the German super-spy, the Graf von Schwabing — also Hannay's rival for the heroine, Mary Lamington — had gone into exile 'hating humanity and with a heart all poison and snakes' after a German court scandal, 'a pretty beastly story'.

But when I sought a Buchan extract for that Radio 4 broadcast to illustrate the point about evil incarnate I found the best one in the post-war Hannay novel, *The Three Hostages*, free from distractions of war-time propaganda and sex. 'All the diabolic lore of the ages had been absorbed by this one mortal', said a now middle-aged and civilian Hannay of the new arch-villain (and Irish-born M.P.) Dominick Medina, who was 'utterly and consumedly wicked', creating an atmosphere like a cold bright air in which nothing can live. 'That is why, I suppose, mankind has had to invent the notion of devils. He seemed to be always lifting the corner of a curtain and giving me peeps into a hoary mystery of iniquity older than the stars.'

One could trace hundreds of other passages in the novels which reveal the personality and beliefs of this earnest Presbyterian Cavalier son of the manse. For all Buchan's liberal theology, he remained convinced that 'conversion in its plain evangelical sense is the greatest fact in any life'. He was probably more devoted to the sometime Roundhead soldier John Bunyan — as is so evident in *Mr Standfast* — than to any other author and was also enough of a Puritan to write a sympathetic biography of Cromwell, a hammer both of the Scots and the Cavaliers. And while it would be wrong to judge a serious man mainly by his less serious writings, what the novels reveal of Buchan is entirely consistent with what he professed in public life and wrote as historian or biographer, much concerned both with style and scholarship.

It was not only in the thrillers that he revealed himself as a writer of genius, character, and style as well as what would now be called an 'establishment figure' with many of the assumptions of his time and an ear (evident in much of his dialogue and the Hannay narratives) for many of its prejudices. Yet it is the thrillers which remain in print and for which he is most widely remembered and admired, even though the admiration has sometimes produced distortion, as in the film travesties (by Hitchcock and others) of *The Thirty-nine Steps*. There is distortion too if Buchan is assessed not just on the thrillers but on what a later generation thinks it finds in their assumptions or sometimes their dialogue. The slightly snobby tinge to some books needs to be seen in the wider perspective of his life and writing, including much that revealed his love of Scots ways and speech. The charge of anti-semitism, still sometimes heard, collapses (as his biographer Janet Adam Smith has shown) in face of what Buchan actually thought and did. He was, like many Christians of his time, a sympathiser with Zionism.

But although the thrillers will last a long time yet. Buchan's influence and reputation will not wholly depend on them. His biographies of

Montrose and Cromwell give an insight into the seventeenth century that much modern and 'professional' history lacks. His writing on Scots religion and literature, relatively sparse though it is in relation to his total literary output, has an enduring authority.

His name will survive. His fame would revive most vividly, however, if either of two very different things came to pass. The first is for a TV or cinema film-maker of genius to put the best of Buchan thrillers on to the screen, using the opportunities of setting and characterisation he provided and respecting both his story-lines and his ethos. There was talk of a film version of *Greenmantle* but I can't trace its appearance, while even radio producers are shy of *Mr Standfast*. And *Prester John* suffers from the notion that anything of its time about Africa is bound to be 'racist', though in fact Buchan makes a hero of his renegade black clergyman, John Laputa.

The other development would be a revival of interest in Buchan's hero Sir Walter Scott, the most influential of all Scots writers and now the most neglected. For Buchan wrote a good modern life of the great novelist which would encourage and quicken any signs of revival. He also broadcast a remarkable radio talk in 1932 to mark the centenary of Scott's death. It was all that a helpful BBC could trace in their archives for me when I wanted to illustrate my radio talk with Buchan's voice, but it turned out to be a gem. It demonstrated both the style of the time when radio was young and the phonetic results of moving from Scotland to Oxford and high Edwardian society. Yet it was not the old-fashioned formality of broadcasting style that left an impression, nor the evidence of the efforts needed then to adjust from a platform style to a microphone one. It was the air of authority, the power of construction and compression within the bounds of a broadcast talk, the sense of high purpose, and the assumption that this gravity of approach would be matched in the unseen audience's response. Radio has moved a long way since then, not always upwards.

Perhaps to be a Presbyterian Cavalier is a demanding vocation. The remarkable thing is that Buchan contrived so well not just to preach and teach with influence and authority in his own time but to deploy in his lighter books the reserves of zest, humour and adventurous imagination which keep him readable today.

This article has been adapted and developed from a BBC Radio Four programme on John Buchan as 'The Presbyterian Cavalier'.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

In May 1991, you published a review by Stephen Chan of *Tibet: The Facts* by Paul Ingram. In September 1992, you published a riposte by Paul Ingram under the title: *The Tragedy of Tibet.*

As you published an article by me (November 1987) reporting on my first visit to the Tibetan autonomous region of the People's Republic of China, your readers may like to know what I found on a return visit of two weeks last June.

I arranged to be based in the General Hospital of the PLA and also to visit Shan Nan Prefecture accompanied by a Tibetan who had learnt English in Beijing and to be joined there by another Tibetan whom I had met several times while he was studying English in Beijing.

I visited three middle schools (two in Lhasa and one in Ze Dang) and one primary school. Each of these visits was made without advance notice. Many new classroom buildings had been built since 1986. A majority of the pupils were Tibetan and they receive an allowance of 24 yuan per month. The Han Chinese children receive no allowance. In the higher classes, one can only say that the pupils study like little eager beavers to obtain enough marks to be selected to be sent to one of the lowland universities, the most desired being Tsinghua University in Beijing to study a technical subject. The brighter Tibetan children learn English as well as Chinese.

The hospital services in Lhasa have been greatly expanded. The People's Hospital of Tibet has increased the number of beds from 500 to 800. Consideration was even being given to buying a CT scanner. Even at the military hospital, many of the patients are Tibetan. For example, one morning the Chinese PLA doctor who had helped organise my visit (I had known him when he was a postgraduate student in Chongqing and he now works in the Institute of High Altitude Medicine) had to go to out-patients. Asking him what patients he had seen that morning, sixteen of twenty patients were Tibetan. There is a new Workers' Hospital, which is turning into a mothers' and children's hospital. In addition, there is a 500 bed People's Hospital of Lhasa and a hospital for Tibetan Traditional Medicine. The hyperbaric oxygen chamber which was being built in 1986 is completed and can take 40 patients.

In Ze Dang, there were two hospitals. A People's Hospital of 100 beds. They had an efficient apparatus for making sterile pyrogen free intravenous fluids. The nearby Tibetan Medicine Hospital purchased their intravenous fluid from the People's Hospital. In both hospitals there were Tibetan and Han Chinese doctors.

The public health services have been considerably expanded. Now in the towns, 85 per cent of children have been immunised. The head of the health services of the region freely admitted that he could give no figure for the extent of coverage in the remoter areas.

At a meeting with the heads of the departments of health, education, animal husbandry and forestry, and water conservation, I was told that there are now 1,197 medical units at various levels, 5,397 hospital beds,

and 9,740 medical personnel (doctors and nurses) of whom 7,727 are Tibetan. The attempt at a medical school in Bayi having been abandoned, there is now a health school in Lhasa with a three year course. In 1991, about fifty of the health school graduates were sent to medical colleges in the lowlands.

In 1991, three hundred middle school graduates were sent to universities in the lowlands to study. Subjects mentioned were agriculture, medicine, telecommunications, water conservation, physics, chemistry, mathematics, Chinese and journalism.

The head of water conservation, a Tibetan, spoke at length of the developments, of the increase in the irrigation of cultivated land, the building of canals and reservoirs, and of hydroelectric power stations. Both in Lhasa and in Shan Nan Prefecture, I made enquiries about forestry. The logging of trees is very strictly controlled and can only be done with a permit. Re-planting is insisted on. Improved varieties of barley and wheat are supplied, but not universally used. In fact, it seems that it is sometimes quite an educative process to get a traditional farmer to realise the potential increase in production from the new varieties.

In Ching-gye County a small medical school for teaching Tibetan medicine had been opened on 1 June. This had been supported by some money given through the Swiss ambassador. There were pupils from small villages and the course is to be six years.

A small number of children are still sent to monasteries. At one, some children aged ten to sixteen were being taught by an elderly monk with a leather whip, which he laid lightly across their backs if they stopped reciting. One Tibetan doctor, whom I had met in 1986, and who spoke excellent English, remarked to me that 'in England you go to church, but you do not go to church all the time'. During my visit, there was a two-day religious festival and thousands of Tibetans, some with prayer wheels, some prostrating themselves, were walking round and round the Yoksan Temple.

My visit ended with a long, private interview with the Tibetan Chairman of the Council of the Autonomous Region. He said that every Tibetan would like the Dalai Lama to return, but only if he will not talk about independence from China, because this is not realistic or sensible. So long as he proclaims that Tibet should become independent, he cannot come back. If he will abandon this attitude, he would be most welcome — not only as a religious leader, but to participate in government of the region. He said that in the protests for independence in 1989, shops were set on fire, people were arrested and are in prison, and that he anticipates that there will be some more small groups who will cause problems. That, he said, cannot be allowed to happen.

I find it difficult to believe other than that the vast majority of Tibetans, and especially the young people, are in favour of the developments. Two young ladies whom I photographed would not look out of place in Paris, Rome or Bond Street. They do not want to go back to the old days.

Thomas Stapleton

Literary Supplement

THE AMERICAN DILEMMA

Race; Blacks and Whites Talk About the Most Crucial Issue of Today. Studs Terkel. Sinclair-Stevenson. £15.95.

> 'When you're talking about race, TV blows that out of proportion. And the press, too. If something happens between two people, it should be between those two people only. They try to turn anything that happens to involve a black person and a white into a totally racial issue... TV and radio would be constantly trying to send me on a guilt trip, because I had a decent life... I'm essentially a Democrat but I've been voting Republican more and more lately.'

Mary Fran Sheehan was born and raised on Chicago's Southwest Side; she is a mother of thirteen, her husband a firefighter. And she is only one of some seventy people, more black than white, whom Studs Terkel interviews at length. He prints a collection of revealing self-portrayals of what, fifty years ago, Gunnar Myrdal called the American Dilemma. That dilemma is infinitely more complex, and for individuals infinitely more agonising, than it was when the Swedish sociologist described it in the segregated days of 1940.

Some of Terkel's contributors offer overviews and analyses, including Professor Douglas Massey, the sociologist of the University of Chicago, and the black historian and editor of *Ebony*, Lerone Bennett, Jr. And concluions? They are not startling. Education is fundamental to black and white advance. Race relations deteriorated when the steel mills and empty factories became rust-bowls. Unemployment is the root of many evils. Housing projects are scarred by graffiti, and by drug — and gang — wars. It is not safe to walk or drive in some areas. Schools and universities have armed guards in the hallways. This is Chicago, Terkel's home patch. It could equally be Los Angeles, bits of New York or Philadelphia... or if you are unlucky, anywhere in London or, at least until recently, in Glasgow. Or maybe it is America's special problem that will need centuries to solve?

Blacks date the end of segregation by the bus boycotts and by the murder of Martin Luther King as much as by the Supreme Court decision in Brown vs. Board of Education of 1954, which outlawed school segregation. But if these historical markers, like LBJ's Civil Rights legislation, were signs of liberation, for many they heralded false dawns. The economic slump has shattered illusions.

He interviewed a married couple, Hank and Pamela de Zutter; he is white, his wife is black. She is explicit:

> 'Right now is probably the most negative time in history for blacks. There is a far larger degree of hopelessness among black youths'.

He adds:

> 'I have to tell my students that without an education, they don't stand a ghost of a chance. I can't guarantee they'll get a job, but there's more to education than just getting a job. Unfortunately, for most of my students that's what they're there for. It's economics'.

This is vivid, autobiographical reporting. But as a diagnosis of the US it is not hopeful.

ESMOND WRIGHT

FALKLAND RECKONING

My Falkland Days. Rex Hunt. David and Charles. 488p. £18.99. *Falkland People.* Angela Wigglesworth. Peter Owen. 138p. £14.95.

Sir Rex Hunt, ex-RAF pilot and member of that almost extinct species, the dedicated Colonial Governor, gives an account of his stewardship of the islands, before, during and after the 1982 war with Argentina. It makes riveting reading, though the Foreign Office, as hesitant as usual, delayed publication by many months for detailed scrutiny and final excisions. Judging by facts they could not exclude, these cannot have been very creditable.

Perceived wisdom at the Foreign Office was that the islands were expendable and indefensible militarily (and, some lib-lefters thought, morally, although few reached the absurdities of the UN Committee of 24's complaint of colonialism against a non-existent Spanish speaking native population). This being so, FO policy was to shunt the Falklands as quickly and unobtrusively on to Argentina as possible. The present writer in private conversation with Nicholas Ridley heard him say flatly, 'nobody will lift a finger to save the Islands'. And but for Margaret Thatcher, maybe nobody would have done so.

The Islanders, determinedly British by blood, culture and choice, despite discouragement and outrageously dirty tricks, were not to be so easily shrugged off. They were dismayed at the Communications Agreement of 1971 which was presented as fait accompli. It gave Argentina air control of their only link to the outside world, replacing the Falkland Island ship contact to Montevideo; they found it unreasonable that a few extra yards could not be added to the air strip at Stanley so that British planes could land, and at so little cost. They were dismayed when the Ministry of Defence decided to withdraw *HMS Endurance,* the local survey ship and the only protection for the Islands and Antarctic dependencies. They were upset at the final insult of the British Nationality Act which removed their automatic citizenship and right of entry to the UK. Even the Governor began to notice the evasions and blatant lack of information he received from the FO. In the same way that the Islands were declared indefensible and not defended, they were also declared unviable and not given aid. But while the FO declared that it was the dispute with Argentina which led to economic stagnation, the dead hand was that of the FO trying to blackmail the Islanders into accepting Argentinian rule. Unfortunately, most of the Islanders knew Argentina much better than the FO, which continued to appease Argentina by turning a blind eye to her illegal invasions of Southern Thule and South Georgia and they appeared to be much more aware of approaching war than Whitehall.

Sir Rex gives a telling blow by blow description of those fraught weeks of war, including the story of the Belgrano which should settle doubts.

Since June 1982 much has been done to develop the Falklands, but too much of a grudging attitude still remains, when it comes to aid for civilians, such as delay in setting up a 150 mile economic zone for fishery. By this time the local government revenue has soared: it is able to do so much needlessly refused before. Yet, once again, the FO without any information or consultation has announced a new constitution for the Islands, hiving off the Antarctic possessions and raising the inevitable suspicion that the FO can more easily pass the Islands to Argentina (according to an unpublished FO Report, the mandarins still think their pre-war attitudes were right). It is just possible that the value of Antarctic possessions will be realised in time. Britain still has a unique role in relation to strategy, communications, research and minerals in

the only unspoilt part of the world.

Sir Rex's very personal account of the Islands and the islanders makes one want to know more about this tough and loyal people. Angela Wigglesworth exactly meets this need. Her book contains pictures and vivid thumbnail sketches of many 'cheys', islanders whether of fourth generation or newly come with the war; some town bred, one even from the similar Isles of Scilly. One only has to step out of the plane at Stanley to enter an already known community. Reading about this brave and independent people who only want to stay British, brings a feeling of humble gratitude; but not alas, at the Foreign Office.

MOLLY MORTIMER

TO KNOW CHINA

The New Emperors, Mao & Deng, A Dual Biography. Harrison E. Salisbury. Little. Brown & Company. 544p. £17.99.

This is the story of one dead Chinese 'Emperor', Mao, and one who is still managing the country, Deng, as he demonstrated at the October Communist Party Conference. Deng, 88, an old comrade and rival of Mao, who launched his own Revolution, that of introducing a 'Socialist Market Economy' by explaining that 'Communism is not Poverty' some years ago, may be gone any moment — a nearly blind and paralyzed Mao took months to 'pass on to Marx', and only then will one see what survives of that second Revolution. An assessment of what may happen is vital for the West, especially for Britain, now on a collision course with Peking over Hong Kong. Again, post-Maoist China is now beginning to seek to rival Japan as the major power of the Far East.

Harrison Salisbury's book has therefore come at the right time. He is a veteran newsman with 30 years of dealing with China and he travelled 7,200 miles in that country whilst researching. His book is attractively organized in lively local reports and interviews with people, high and low. We can learn a lot because he never misses the human factor. The 1,200 million Chinese have only 100 surnames, always the first mentioned, and there are millions of Maos. In the village where Mao, the 'Emperor' was born, everyone is called Mao. He never carried money and, of course, moved into an Imperial Palace at Peking where he kept a pornographic library of over a thousand.

While Mao came from a poor peasant family, the first to be educated, Deng's family were village notables. He went to Paris as a youngster and had a straight, simple family life while Mao had many relations and his last notorious wife, Jiang, was all the time engaged in political struggle and had to face the courts after Mao's death. We learn a lot about the savage and cruel infighting in the leadership around Mao. Once the comradeship of the famous 'Long March' was broken, Mao never hesitated in arranging the killing or jailing of Old Comrades and their families. This is given in arresting detail, like a mix between a thriller and a Shakespeare drama. Harrison Salisbury proves dramatically that Mao and Stalin were enemies. Stalin, for instance, promised Mao, whose only foreign visits were two short trips to Moscow — by train — to come to his aid in the Korean war, and didn't. They suspected each other of planning an attack. Hence the great success of the Nixon-Kissinger visit to the dying Mao.

Mao emerges as a charismatic leader who produced his own mixture of Marxism and Imperial tradition. He unleashed the 'Cultural Revolution' of 1958 to purge the Communist Party and the country from anyone who was

suspected of thinking, from possible rivals. Millions were killed or humiliated by the 'Revolutionary Guards' in pogrom-like actions. 'Old Thoughts', 'Culture' 'Customs' were to be eliminated. It did not work, of course, and the vicious struggle for Mao's succession started going on until his death in 1976. In this complex and vicious struggle, Deng, who had been a competent commander in the long civil war that brought the Communists to power, progressed step by tricky step with the support of the generals, Mao sending him to work as a village labourer and later accepting him back in key posts. This is given in detail and is so important because it shows what is likely to happen when Deng is gone.

As a consequence of that Cultural Revolution the two main political groups within the Party emerged gradually, the 'Reformers' led by Deng and the 'Traditionalists' led by several veterans. But the book suggests that the Reformers are also committed to the permanent rule of the Communist Establishment. It also emerges that Deng, over the years, promoted radical but discreet changes in the Central Command System of Stalinist economies. Gradually land was returned to the peasants, still 70 per cent of the population, and provinces and town were encouraged to work on their own. Salisbury, for instance, mentions a self-governing giant oil corporation that controls a vast area, thousands of square miles. One has to remember, of course, that the Maoist regime was the first to make a real effort to control the whole vast country from Peking, as the cruel suppression of the Tibetans has shown.

To regard Deng as some kind of 'Liberal' is wrong. Salisbury's account of the Tiananmen Square Massacre in 1989 shows it. He gave the order. Salisbury suggests convincingly that Deng feared that the Tiananmen meetings would lead to another Cultural Revolution which would, however, this time, sweep away the Comunist Party regime. TV, radio, telephones, studies abroad by Chinese students, that is technical development, had changed the social situation. Millions of Dengs and Maos had sent their children to school for the first time. Due to him, in 1991 only 53 per cent of industrial output is listed for state-owned enterprises, 36 per cent go to self-governing collectives and 11 per cent to private business.

In the new seven-member Standing Committee of the Politburo, the leading role is that of Zhu Rong-ji, former Mayor of Shanghai, promoted by Deng. He, as forecast by Salisbury, is to promote those Socialist Market reforms Deng first mentioned some years ago. He will be the new man in charge.

A new factor emerges from Salisbury's book. The Chinese leadership is determined to ensure Communist Establishment control by adopting a manipulated capitalist system, dropping central planning, but retaining with ruthless vigour that Central Command Political control. The Russians are not that far yet. It means too that China is now on the road to super-power status. Hong Kong will be treated like any other Chinese province, never mind the treaty with Britain. For those interested in the Far East this book is a must.

LEO MURAY

BEAVERBROOK

Beaverbrook, A Life. Anne Chisholm and Michael Davie. Hutchinson. Illustrated. 598pp. £20.00.

That gentleman with high standards, Prime Minister Attlee, said that Beaverbrook was 'the only really evil man' that he had ever met. This was uncharacteristically excessive, for Beaverbrook was a mixture of good and

bad. Which predominated? This first-class biography does not pronounce, though it gives us all the evidence to go upon. It tells us all, and rather more than all, that we need to know to make up our minds about him.

Beaverbrook liked to insist on his being a Scots son of the manse. His father was a pious, quiet, highly respectable Presbyterian minister in New Brunswick. Max inherited none of his father's characteristics, we are told; he turned after his mother's family, which was Irish. A naughty boy, he was mischievous from the first, independent and always out for himself, a maverick. He had a gift for the gab, was a flatterer and a charmer; temperamental, ups and downs of depression, bouts of self-pity, a terrific egoist. A mischief-maker and intriguer, he loved rows and setting people by the ears. Extremely generous to his family and people he liked, he had bad manners, always vulgar with bad taste, he could be ruthless and cruel. With a chip on his shoulder, he never forgave slights and pursued vendettas. What does this add up to? The authors do not draw the obvious conclusion.

Of course he had other qualities. He had dynamic energy and a prodigious memory. With him in Fredericton I was astonished that he really knew everybody and remembered their families. He said to me, 'I make my money in Britain, I spend it here'. One saw him best on his home ground, where he was enormously philanthropic and given to good works. Actually he had made his early millions in Canada with his mergers and watering stock on the grand scale. This shady past always hung around him, and was never forgotten either in Canada or Britain.

What then was good about him? He was a good Canadian patriot. His record as a patriot in Britain was very mixed. During the first German war he played some part in ousting Asquith for Lloyd George as Prime Minister. That was to the good, for Lloyd George was a dynamic war leader, which Asquith was not. In the second German war Beaverbrook's dynamism did a fine short-term job in speeding up aircraft production. Churchill found his company inspiriting, though mistrusting his judgement. As Lloyd George said, no-one in any party trusted Beaverbrook.

He had a shocking record as an Appeaser. Year in year out his newspapers advocated coming to terms with Hitler, and assured his readers that there would be no war, right up to the end, when he should have been warning them of the growing danger from Germany. He even advocated a compromise peace, which would have given Hitler the game. This was in collusion with the infamous Irish-American, Joe Kennedy, who had to be withdrawn as Ambassador here. Beaverbrook subsidised an arch-Appeaser, Sam Hoare, to keep him in politics. This was at Hoare's request and would have settled his hash if it had become known. These authors tell us a lot we did not know, both public and private.

Beaverbrook's irresponsibility was a bad liability, though it did his journalism no harm — for which he had a great gift, and also as a talent-spotter. He picked up talent from the extreme Left to feed his newspapers — also they amused him and he loved making trouble. Even at the worst moment of the war — his and their campaign for a Second Front, when it was impossible, was wicked: the one way to lose the war.

Beaverbrook used his money to buy everybody he could — and much resented those he could not buy: the monarchy, the Cecils (Lord Hugh wrote publicly that he should go back to Montreal, where people knew his record). He tried flattering Ernest Bevin; when he found that it did not work he tried hard to

push him out of the Cabinet, so Bevin told me. Harold Macmillan wrote: 'he tried to trap me. He couldn't resist seducing men in the way he seduced women. I've seen two or three people ruined by it'. A.J.P. Taylor admitted: 'of course Max bribed me as he bribed everyone else'. He bribed Taylor to write him up, praise Beaverbrook's books to the skies, calling him 'a great historian'. In his laudatory biography of his master, he shows that he knew Beaverbrook lied. Then, 'what do I care?' This finishes Taylor as a serious historian. However, he made a second career out of it, besides constant entertainment at Cherkley, subsidies, presents of cheese and his favourite claret. When Michael Foot and his friends exposed the Appeasers in their *Guilty Men* they disingenuously let off Beaverbrook, one of the most guilty.

These Leftists had journalistic talents and no sense of responsibility, just what appealed to Max. Also it amused his mischievous side to help them make trouble for responsible Labour leaders like Attlee and Ernest Bevin, whom he could not buy. This book shows them up.

It also shows up Beaverbrook's affairs with women, in too much detail. They clearly responded to his undoubted ability to charm, still more to his virility, his animality — for he looked like an Irish bull-frog.

A. L. ROWSE

THE SEARCH FOR JESUS

Jesus. A. N. Wilson. Sinclair-Stevenson. £15.00.

This 'exciting biography of one of the most important figures in world history' has probably even less in common with conventional biographies than the Gospels have.

Like many a worse biography, it reveals more about author than subject. Mr. Wilson has moved from a High Church side-chapel to a single cabin in an argumentative ark, where the neighbouring passengers are old-fashioned Unitarians on one side and scholarly Jews on the other. He acknowledges the influence of Professor Geza Vermes, who presents Jesus as an attractive, eloquent, rather eccentric Galilean *hasid* or holy man and charismatic healer. Yet the author's greatest debt is still to the figure who emerges from the Gospel narratives and Pauline speculations — the Jesus who, according to taste or conviction, may seem obscured, transfigured, or revealed there. For all the objections to Trinitarian Christianity — the word 'doubts' hardly fits Mr. Wilson's approach — he has a lot to say to the question: 'Whom say ye that I am?': and he says it with great style, skill, and passion.

This may be the best-written book provoked by Jesus for a long time. But (as Mr. Wilson might say of Paul's preaching) it is argument rather than revelation. The Gospels 'are not history so much as they are tracts'. But they are also 'works of a high imaginative order', still too often approached — and Mr. Wilson enjoys borrowing Paul's word — with a carnal vision. Perhaps there is more enjoyment than pursuit of truth ought to permit. Mr. Wilson clearly likes suggesting that Jesus may have been married or that Joseph was only a carpenter in a metaphorical sense and was never turned away at the Bethlehem Inn; and he explores Gospel inconsistencies, and a few blind alleys of his own, with great gusto and sometimes wit. For example, in arguing the qualities of oral tradition he cites the mother of James Hogg who complained that Sir Walter Scott spoiled her Border ballads, 'made for singing and no' for reading', by printing them.

It would be unfair to find sadism in the Wilsonian scourging of the Church, and there is force in the argument that it proclaims Jesus 'the same, yesterday,

today, and forever', yet sees him differently in every country and every age. But along with the reader's digest of modern scholarship (for example archaeological evidence about the kind of fishing boat that encountered Galilean storms) there is a tendency to caricature both Fundamentalism and modernist Bultmannism. There are also some well argued and plausible points about Paul — including suggestions that he may have known Jesus long before the encounter with the Christ of the Damascus Road — which are spoiled by confusion between what Paul actually said about the Lord's Supper and what the later Church wrought from his words.

In the end the search for the Jesus of history eludes Mr. Wilson, as it has eluded others of inferior skill and scholarship, and for the usual reason. Apart from the Gospels and supporting evidence in other New Testament books and letters, there is almost no evidence about Jesus. When Mr. Wilson cites uncanonical books and legends he inevitably reveals how little value they have compared to the Gospels. The only historical Jesus — however sceptical one is about bits of the history — is also the New Testament Jesus who made so great an impact before or after the crucifixion on disciples, relatives, biographers, and assorted followers from tax-gatherers to such theologians as Paul and the author of Hebrews. The modern biographer is forced to spend his time explaining away what his Apostolic predecessors said or arguing with them, never quite sure whether to treat them as credulous country bumpkins (in a circle including a Nazarene who said his brother had risen from the dead) or propagandists with a mastery of parable inferior only to that of Jesus himself, supplemented by 'the supreme literary and theological genius of the Fourth Gospel'.

The trouble threatening sceptics who take Jesus and Christianity seriously can be that they end up asking their followers to believe things almost as extraordinary as orthodox Christian claims — 'almost too wonderful to be' as one hymn shrewdly says — but not nearly so important. Mr. Wilson has written himself brilliantly into that kind of trouble. R. D. KERNOHAN

MOZART'S VISION OF SOCIETY

Mozart and the Enlightenment. Nicholas Till. Faber. xi + 371pp. £30.00.

Nicholas Till has directed operas for some distinguished companies and written libretti for several composers. As a producer he saw the necessity to imagine the original contexts of works and decided to start on a study of the Mozart operas.

Vienna during the last two decades of the eighteenth century was naturally the focal point. Mozart escaped from the still feudal Salzburg to a Vienna which was beginning to become a centre of intellectual and artistic activity, like London and Paris, with a public large and prosperous enough to enable him to live an independent professional life, as Handel had done in London. He had visited London as a child prodigy with his father Leopold, an intelligent and independent man, who appreciated the respect shown to his professional standing, a contrast to the menial status of musicians in his native country. In Paris Leopold had entrée to gatherings of the most influential apostles of Enlightenment, the movement to follow the British example where the powers of state and church no longer inhibited free expression and there was 'a society learning to gauge the fine balance between individual freedom and the requirements of social cohesion, between the pursuit of pleasure and happiness and the demands of social duty.' (p.5). Neither Mozart liked the moral climate

of Paris. Wolfgang preferred Mannheim, not only for its famous orchestra but also because it had a National Theatre run by the German Enlightenment and performing not only their works but English and French plays such as he was to enjoy later in Vienna. His early experience made him aware of the currents of thought and feeling flowing across Europe, and he was developing firm convictions of his own.

Music cannot present ideas, but a composer can reveal his values by the texts he chooses, his amendments to them and the way he sets them. Mr. Till argues that in all these respects Mozart's operas put a personal imprint on themes recurring in eighteenth century literature, and he draws on a wide range of works in English, French and German to support this thesis in his analysis of all the very differing operas.

The first mature one is *La finta giardiniera.* Mr. Till classifies it as 'a Pamela opera' with a dash of popular Rousseauism. *Idomeneo* is a neo-classical *opera seria* based on a French *tragédie lyrique.* Both were composed before he moved to Vienna. When he did settle there the Enlightenment had taken hold of the city with the accession of Joseph II. Mozart was accepted by its leading protagonists. The most powerful of them, van Swieten, politically by the confidence in him of the Emperor and culturally as Director of the Education and Censorship Commissions, became Mozart's loyalest patron. The first task was to catch the Emperor's attention. *Die Entfuhrung aus der Serail* sets out his wares. It is 'almost wilfully eclectic in style' (p.102) with something for every taste and with Turkish music to acknowledge the Emperor's preparations for a contest with Turkey. It was based on the native *Singspiel.* Joseph wanted a German opera, and Mozart had always hoped to produce one, though he succeeded in doing so only at the end of his life. This first attempt, though his most popular work during his lifetime, is revived now only for its separate numbers, and its incoherence killed German opera for the time being. Italian opera came back again. Mozart saw that the only source of theatrically effective texts was the Italian *opera buffa.* He had the good fortune to find a skilled collaborator in Lorenzo da Porte, with whom he could work closely. The result was *Le nozze di Figaro.* It was a bold venture. The play from which it was derived was still banned in Vienna. It expressed all the revolutionary impulses of the French Enlightenment. The significance of features of it is clarified by citations from contemporary literature. As Mr. Till says, 'it represents Mozart's most completely balanced vision of society' (p.140).

Mr. Till's exegesis of *Don Giovanni* is less convincing. The power of the music has always led commentators to take too seriously a legend that was the subject of popular puppet plays. But the chapter on *Cosi fan tutte* is very welcome. The apparently cynical plot has always embarrassed admirers of the music. Comparison with Marivaux establishes the opera as a serious artificial comedy.

By this time Joseph had retreated from liberalism and the French Revolution was beginning to shake the Enlightenment's optimists. Mozart turned to his free masonry, which embodied for him all the principles he most valued. He found a collaborator in Emmanuel Schikanede, a fellow mason who worked in the popular theatre, and the work is a *singspiel,* a medley of songs, comedy and spectacle, but running through it is an allegory, full of masonic ritual, of an individual's progress to self-realisation as a worthy member of a just society. Mr. Till's explanation of the symbolism will give spectators a clearer understanding of what is happening as they sit entranced by the music.

The book as a whole is a contribution to appreciation of Mozart's personality as well as of his operas. It should enlighten future producers of them.

BRUCE PATTISON

THREE POCKET BOOKS

The Sayings of Anthony Trollope, edited by Richard Mullen. *The Sayings of Mark Twain*, edited by James Munson. *The Sayings of Disraeli*, edited by Robert Blake. Duckworth. £4.95 each.

The three new volumes in this series are examples of true 'pocket books' compact enough to be carried about for refreshment and occasional distraction. To learn many aspects of the mind of a writer whose work has endeared him to his contemporaries is in itself a pleasure. All editors of these books are experts in their field: for instance, Richard Mullen's deep, sympathetic knowledge of Trollope's voluminous writings ensures the true ring of his selections. James Munson's native American understanding of the meaning of Mark Twain's stories to both children and adults makes his editing and choice paramount. Robert Blake knows the basic seriousness of Disraeli's philosophy as well as his intentionally unorthodox political career.

There are many 'sayings' which do not appear in dictionaries of quotations but are equally useful to recall. Good reasons for such memory aids have to do with the popular influence attained by a writer in his lifetime. Mark Twain is, for example, an American writer to whom most English speakers can easily warm; Trollope is a perennial favourite for the secure world he created; and Disraeli a formidable Victorian Prime Minister who enters racial memory trailing several question marks. The answers may frequently be found in his novels which reveal a different aspect of the writer, notably a romantic one. All three editors have fully justified their choice.

BETTY ABEL

THE CORRELATE WILDERNESS

The Wilderness Condition: Essays on Environment and Civilization. Editor Max Oelschlaeger. 1992. Sierra Club Books. $30.00, C£21.

This major American collection of environmental essays confronts the modernist threat to technofix the earth's surface; implicit is the paradox that in the wake of its success would come certain collapse. Civilization, without its correlate Wilderness, cannot survive. These incisive essays expose the roots of the environmental crisis. The tone is confident and the effect cheering. It is a tour de force. The philosophical and historical authors are: Michael P. Cohen, Pete A. Y. Gunter, Erazim Kohák, Dolores LaChapelle, Curt Meine, Max Oelschlaeger, George Sessions, Paul Shepard, Gary Snyder and Michael Zimmerman.

Each one has written a book or books which are recognised to be of environmental postmodern importance. Each teaches at an American university, but for one who directs the 'Way of the Mountain' experiential learning centre in Colorado. Each goes to the root of the matter to establish a sound foundation from which to reverse ecological breakdown, in contradistinction to the necessarily shallow accounts in the press and mainstream magazines. And, incidentally, the book as a whole confronts the charge that is ignorantly but frequently levelled against Deep Ecology that it promotes 'green fascism'. Quite the reverse is shown to be true, with civilisation quite able to co-exist with the biosphere in a 'harmonious and stable' relationship.

Recent defections from the Green Party by Sara Parkin and Jonathon Porritt, as well as the unexplained deaths of Petra Kelly and (disaffected

General) Gert Bastian in Germany, have been creating a mood of distress and uncertainty among members of the Green Party. Oelschlaeger suggests, 'The message for the conservation movement is that power alone can do little in helping resolve a global eco-crisis: the crucial question is one of underlying ideology, and particularly the grounds of a truly deep ecology'. Oelschlaeger also stresses that 'the three wilderness philosophers — Henry David Thoreau, John Muir, and Aldo Leopold — are not merely items of historical interest or antiquarian curiosity, but can or should be seen as contributing to our presently changing conception of the relation between wilderness and civilisation'.

Running through the book are two 'discernible drum-beats' (Thoreau). One suggests the importance of relating the present to the past for its implications for the future. Postmodern thinking is in accord that, as Oelschlaeger puts it, 'the only way forward is the step back: the rediscovery of our roots, our grounding in a wild and free source from which Homo Sapiens has come and to which any true human beingness remains attached'. And he quotes the ancient Chinese saying, 'Reversion is the action of the Tao'. Just think, even to turn round in a car it is necessary to reverse before going forward again!

The other drum-beat sounds the knell of literate language which is fast dissolving into 'information systems'. Ivan Illich is not mentioned, but his underlying theory, with Barry Sanders' *Alphabetization of the Popular Mind*, is 'No one would have thought in the nineteenth century that we would be hanging fast to literacy, as we see it vanishing: people are now becoming enslaved to the power of a machine in their pursuit of computer literacy'. Gary Snyder reminds us that 'All attempts at scientific description of natural languages have fallen short of completeness... Without ever having been taught formal grammar we utter syntactically correct sentences'.

It is suggested 'how new possibilities for life in harmony with nature can be opened up by examining more closely how we speak of the world'. The world is not a machine, nor are human beings. Finally, Oelschlaeger suggests, 'the possibility that a revolutionary change in human consciousness is in the offing, a development that would ultimately change the ways in which humankind lives and relates to the wild world from which it came'.

RODNEY AITCHTEY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Looking Back. A Panoramic View of a Literary Age by the Grandes Dames of European Letters. (Simon & Schuster/British American Publishing. £14.99.) Ten interviews, drawn from *The Paris Review's* series conducted by Shusha Guppy with famous British women writers in their later years, are fine examples of the best kind of interview. Guppy prompts without intruding, eliciting for instance new insights from Frances Partington, into the relationships between members of the Bloomsbury group. It is a collection well worth reading.

The State Apartments at St. James's Palace (Aspen Communications. £5). This guide to St. James's is by Mr. Deric Evans, a member of the Board of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme which met in the palace. After almost twenty-five years' work with the Scheme the author had built up a sizeable knowledge of and interest in St. James's. He has used this to prepare a history of the building followed by a very attractive guide. The book is beautifully illustrated and may be ordered through Preprint Sales Ltd., Circulation Department, Stroud Business Centre, Stonehouse, Glos, GL10 3RQ.

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HOME TO POLAND

by Iwo Zaluski

DRIVING past the sign proclaiming IWONICZ-ZDROJ, the spa in the Carpathian Mountains in south eastern Poland, I was visited by a mixture of curiosity and dread. Iwonicz — the seat of the House of Zaluski since 1799, when my great-great-great grandfather Teofil bought it and began to exploit the rich, natural springs emanating from the forest-clad hills. Our family, now spread throughout Poland, England and Denmark, have been making legal noises to reclaim our properties, stolen by the Communists after the war.

I was named after Iwonicz — or to be precise, I was named after an ancestor of questionable reputation who was named after Iwonicz. My brief was thus given to me at my baptism in the timber village church: to cover up the old rascal's bad name. The chance never materialised — at least, not in Poland; when I was six months old the Germans and the Russians carved up my country. My parents gathered me up in the early hours of September 4th, 1939, and we fled.

I was brought up and educated in England, became anglicised, and married an English wife. I visited Poland as a tourist in August 1968, and watched the tanks rumbling south to smash Dubcek's Prague Spring. I did Iwonicz on a day trip out of Krakow, out of curiosity.

Iwonicz was a dump, in the same way as all of Communist Poland was a dump. Very pretty centre, working spa, good sanatoriums, lovely countryside, but a dump nevertheless. I went to see my father's house, Belweder — a sixteen-roomed, timber manor with verandas and outside staircases, set on a thickly wooded hillside overlooking the village. I took a photograph only because it seemed like the right thing to do. As I say, I was anglicised and young.

Middle age, however, does bring on a tendency to look over one's shoulder at the past; to reflect and re-assess life's values. Have I fulfilled my baptismal brief, and made the name of Iwo synonymous with redemption? I turned right round and stared into the dim and distant past — at my roots. Could my heritage, for so long just a vague dream in someone else's consciousness, now become a reality once more?

I started buying calendars featuring Polish painters, and acquired CDs of Karlowicz and Szymanowski. I found secondhand editions of Sienkiewicz in the original from the Oxfam shops of Ealing and brushed up my rusty

and accented Polish. I made my wife use dill in just about everything she cooked. I bought an antique map of 18th century Poland — when it stretched from the Baltic to the Ukraine, framed it and hung it in the sitting room, beside a freshly resurrected and framed greeting signed by Paderewski, which had been given to me by an admirer after I had played Chopin's Revolutionary Etude at a school concert.

I re-edited the family tree that my father had spent years compiling when he re-emigrated to Poland. It goes back to 1435. It set me dreaming about epic family sagas like in all those blockbusters. Romance, adventure, revolution, heroes, villains: it was all there, and it was real. General Jozef, sentenced to death — mercifully in his absence — by the Russians for his revolutionary activities; Andrzej, Bishop of Krakow and avid bibliophile, who has a chapel and a statue in Wawel Cathedral; his brother Jozef, who pooled his books with Andrzej's and helped institute the largest and finest library in 18th century Warsaw; the imposing Karol, who married the enigmatic Princess Amelia Oginska, with whom he turned Iwonicz into one of eastern Europe's most fashionable watering holes. There were Maltese knights, papal prelates, warriors, and the usual sprinkling of villains — among them old Iwo, of whom nothing is known beyond a bad press handed down by word of mouth.

Thereby doubtless hangs a tale. Maybe I'll write it one day.

I decided to take my wife Pamela to show her the Land of my Forebears, and to follow the Chopin trail with research on a further book on the composer's travels in mind. The weeks before our departure, I started to worry. Would it be a romantic idyll of rediscovery and rebirth? Would I, on arrival on Polish soil, leap forth from the Volvo and kiss the soil, like Pope John Paul II? Would I be able to control a lifetime of suppressed tears imprisoned in my Slav bosom, overcoming my public school-instilled stiff upper lip? Or would it be coping with the usual carousel of maddening frustrations still typical of Eastern Europe?

Our itinerary took in Gorzow, Torun, Krakow, and Chopin's own precisely documented journey from Warsaw to the spa town of Duszniki, on the Czech border. As well as Iwonicz. We crossed into Poland at Frankfurt-an der-Oder. At the risk of being approved of by young Prussians with shaved heads, baying for the return of territories ceded to Poland after the war, I did not feel I was really in the Land of my Forebears until Gorzyn, half way between Frankfurt and Poznan. Only then did the mixed feelings start in deadly earnest.

Initially I found Poland to be the same dump as before. A desolate landscape of the same boring townships of grey tower blocks, unkempt grass with bald patches, and polluted air. Yet there were differences. Gone were the endless slogans glorifying the Working Classes. There were patches of colour and advertising, welcome signs of private enterprise and imagination, to relieve the monochrome bleakness. The chugging Fiats were still there, as were lorries and buses spewing foul, acrid black fumes. But so were Mercedes, BMWs and Audis, driven at breakneck speed with scant regard for life and limb. I put it down to an ebullient *Nouvelle Richesse*. I

wished them well and hoped they would calm down after the euphoria of new-found wealth had worn off. Later, I learned that many of these were stolen in Germany and Denmark, resold in Poland on the cheap, and driven by the same people who belted the hell out of their chugging Fiats to achieve 60 kph.

Then there were the eating places. Very cheap and often excellent, restaurants and roadside snack stalls were mushrooming everywhere. You can tuck into a borscht with pasties, followed by roast pork with noodles and beetroot purreed in sour cream, all imbued with heavenly dill, a side helping of crudites, rye bread, a decent Polish Zywiec lager and a coffee for about £2 or £3 per head.

However, you will be forced, screaming within, to eat to the accompaniment of the mandatory rap, turned up full, even if the only customers are a middle-aged couple following in the footsteps of Chopin. The noise pollution is unbelievable. Trannies with flat batteries turned up full; two televisions in the same room playing two simultaneous programmes or videos; street musicians (Chilean, would you believe it?) competing with techno-rock blaring from shops. Personally I cannot stand rap or techno-rock, but I will defend (but not to the death!) anyone's right to enjoy these disciplines in the privacy of their homes or headphones, and 30 clean watts per channel is intrinsically a Good Thing; but what awesome agency has brutalised a nation's ears so that it cannot discern distortion?

Varsovians have a saying that the best view of Warsaw is from the top of the Palace of Culture — as it's the only place in Warsaw from which you cannot see the Palace of Culture. From our twenty-third floor Forum Hotel room we had a splendid view of the Palace of Culture, emerging from a browny-grey pall of pollution, like Debussy's 'Cathedrale Engloutie' emerging from the sea mist. This remarkable edifice, a 'present' from Stalin, is arguably the most perfect example of Stalinist-Brutalist architecture in Eastern Europe.

Actually, I quite like it; but I concede that it does upstage Warsaw. This may not be such a bad thing, as Warsaw is a concrete jungle with all the charm of a motorway intersection. The beauty and some history are there, at ground level, if you know where to look and can stand the fumes.

I had to be constantly reminded that four fifths of Warsaw had been razed to the ground by the Nazis. Perhaps my mind keeps blotting out the fact, which always makes me seethe inside with sadness rather than rage, like a safety valve. Why do our enemies hate us so?

Having bribed the hotel doorman with a £10 note to park the Volvo right outside in a 'reserved' space for three days (cheaper than the official guarded car park), we set off among the fumes in search of Chopin's ghost. He was easy to find. Belweder Palace, the re-created Chopin salon, the Ostrogski Palace, the Holy Cross Church, *et al.*

My Forebears were there too. We discovered that the Church of the Visitation, where Chopin played the organ, had been consecrated in 1761 by Bishop Andrzej Zaluski. I tried to photograph the Paca Palace, albeit rebuilt, where Chopin played his last Warsaw concert in 1829. Now a

government building, formerly the Merchant's Hall, and before that, the Zaluski Palace. An unshaven official waved his hand at my camera with cries of 'verboten'. His rendering of the word was ineffective: it needed a Prussian intonation. So I ignored him and took several photos. He shrugged and left.

The Chopin trail uncovered Poland's alternative culture; secretive, unsure of itself, dreaming of greater things, and broke. Men and women of learning and culture, lost in a brave new world, mouthing words like market, promotion and advertising, not really knowing what they mean. As authors of a new book on Chopin in Scotland, we were treated as honoured guests, and nothing was too much trouble. The Chopin salon was specially opened up for us. We had pride of place at a piano recital at Zelazowa Wola, Chopin's birthplace and national shrine near Warsaw. The Chopin Society at Ostrogski Palace went to a great deal of trouble to research the Chopin-Zaluski connections in Warsaw. We have an open invitation at Sanniki Manor, where Chopin stayed as a teenager, and which the local council is trying to get off the ground as a Chopin museum, recital hall and hotel. We were personally taken by the manager round the magnificent Antonin Palace, the Radziwill family's splendid octagonal timber hunting lodge, where Chopin stayed and taught the two Radziwill princesses the piano. It is now an hotel, restaurant and venue of concerts and an annual Chopin festival.

Chopin is big in Poland, and growing bigger. So is there hope for the future beyond Mickey Mouse and Burger King? Perhaps, but it will come at a price. The Chopin trail is only paved with stones.

So where does the Land of my Forebears go from here? What Land will I be a Forebear of? I do not share the prevalent optimism of bar-room politicians, ex-patriot Poles, and media post-communist hype. Give it five or six or ten years, they say, and free market Poland will be like Western Europe.

God forbid! Western Europe is quintessentially western, made up of post-war ingredients. Eastern Europe will be made up of post-communist ingredients, but what the nature of the beast will be I decline to speculate.

At present Poland has virtually no culture. All the guardians of the traditional values have either been exterminated, suppressed or have fled to the West. Those that still hold the torch are playing blind man's bluff. Poland is a young nation on the game that needs ideals, vision, and a more elevated sense of purpose. It needs leaders who can lead the nation out of lawlessness and banditry, teachers who can instil more than a youth culture revolving round rap, baseball caps worn the wrong way round and graffiti of mis-spelt English obscenities.

And so, on to Iwonicz. The least I could do was to have a closer look than I did in 1968. Would I wish to be involved in the reclamation process? Would I want to live there? Or just milk the State for what I could get out of it. It's what everyone else is doing, so why not jump on the band-wagon and grab with the best of them?

So what is my attitude supposed to be, I asked myself as I drove past

the road sign? Beloved aristocrat returning to the bosom of his people to reclaim his inheritance, or damned Westerner come to privatise the waters and throw everyone out of a job? An old babushka toiling in the fields, with whom I got chatting, kissed my hand when she discovered who I was, and addressed me by my defunct title. The drunken proprietor of the appalling hotel fell to his knees and, repeatedly kissing my wife's hand and complimenting her on her goodness and understanding (where on earth he got that idea from we shall never know), apologised tearfully for the noisy commercial travellers in the next room, the carpets of dead flies under the window, the torn curtains, the drunken revels of the previous night, and the fact that brackish, black water was only occasionally available. He tearfully added his shame that the Count had to put up with such terrible behaviour on the part of our contemporary compatriots.

Iwonicz is a dump, where communist brutalism and a miniature paradise co-exist in an horrendous clash that left me angry, culture-shocked and depressed.

In the village were neglected buildings, uneven pavements covered in weeds, verdant hillsides covered in boring new little boxes, wooden shacks thrown up to serve beer, coffee and greasy sausages and chips and shops with just enough colour to pay lip service to free enterprise. A grubby souvenir shop, with its rack of postcards out of reach, was attended by two surly, disinterested girls that would put Sharon and Tracey to shame.

The only restaurant in Iwonicz was a concrete block with an interior that had all the 'Gemütlichkeit' of the buffet at King's Cross station, c.1950. It's policy ('beans is off, dear') was reminiscent of Peter Sellers' 'Balham, Gateway to the South' sketch from his 1950s 'Songs for Swinging Sellers' album. The only things available were a bowl of greasy tepid 'Zurek' soup with globules floating on it, and an inedible hamburger. Breakfast was all right — you can't ruin rye bread, butter, a glass of hot water and a tea bag. We reckoned the assorted scruffy malcontents knocking back beer until the whole table was covered in empty bottles were bad enough, until one chose to sit at the next table to us, browsing through a hard-porn magazine as he breakfasted on 'Zurek' soup, scrambled eggs, beer and bread.

In the midst of this proletarian paradise lies the centre, traffic-free and mercifully free of the pall of foul fumes that lies permanently on the approach road. Well maintained for the benefit of stressed, card-carrying party workers, this gem of a place has not altered since my father's day. Beautiful walkways, dominated by the strikingly original wooden clock tower, weave among the lovingly tended flower beds set among green lawns and clusters of shrubbery. Picture postcard timber buildings with high gables and decorative balustrades reminiscent of the very finest New England architecture abound. The magnificent hotel 'Pod Jodla', surrounded by trees, overlooked this perfect romantic setting from its hillside perch. The local cinema is housed in the most exquisite miniature concert hall you will ever see. Wide, paved paths lead to the sanatoriums, baths

and healing houses scattered among the richly wooded hills behind the village. The spa is certainly well run and a credit to Polish health care.

Now, with card-carrying party members a bit thin on the ground, Iwonicz is beginning to go to seed. Few Poles can afford its benefits.

An evening stroll in this idyll would be a joy, if it were not for the gorgeous 'Krakowiak' cafe dispensing rock music for the benefit of the whole valley and the hills above. Free of distortion, and middle-of-the-road fare, admittedly; but most of the clientele taking the balmy evening air were either sick, elderly or wheelchair 'bound. Is there no escape?

We visited Belweder. My father's house, once a shrine of fine furniture, elegance and good taste, largely thanks to my mother, was now an empty shell. A group of deadpan teenaged girls, supervised by a hearty, bustling woman in her thirties, were sweeping the place out and clearing out rubbish. The house had been used as a school of cookery; but now its lease had run out, and it was being returned to the State, who, I was assured, had no further use for it. The cleaners were the director of the school and her students. The director gladly showed us round, and even suggested I should take it over, now that no one wants it any more.

We spent a good hour going over Belweder. I looked for ghosts, but found none. I stood in a corner of the veranda, the site of my first photograph as a baby in my mother's arms. She was seated, smiling, radiant and proud, on a settee covered in an enormous, floral pattern, cradling her new-born son with a mission written into his name. I stood in the same place, being photographed again, trying to recapture something. But the ghosts were silent. As souvenirs I took two faded Polish flags and a White Eagle emblem. Someone had stuck his crown — abolished by the communists — back on its head in gold card.

Maybe too much sewage and spring water have passed under the bridge.

Maybe I'll just leave things as they are.

[*The Scottish Autumn of Frederick Chopin* by Iwo and Pamela Zaluski will be published by John Donald, Edinburgh, later this year.]

BLACK AND WHITE IN AMERICAN POLITICS

by Godwin Okebaram Uwah

DESPITE gains made since the passage of the Civil Rights Act, America still remains racially polarized. Successful manipulation of the race division has for the most part accounted for the recent Republican control of the White House. The Democrats are perceived as representing the 'special interests'—a code word for blacks—and championing 'big government' and costly special programmes (for blacks) seen as constituting a drag on the national debt. In the 1992 presidential campaign, voters were more preoccupied with the economy and jobs. As a result, a Democrat was elected president for only the second time in 24 years. Yet, the pivotal role played by race in this election cannot be minimized. This article will focus on the black-white relation.

In the months leading to the presidential campaign, both parties plotted racial maps, reinforced racial stereotypes, reviewed past race-baiting advertisements and modified racial positions. Subtle but sophisticated racial manoeuvring helped to determine the conduct and eventual outcome of the election.

Race is nothing new in presidential politics. In 1968, George Wallace exploited it to gain votes among disgruntled Southern whites put off by the Civil Rights Act of 1964. In the 1988 presidential election, George Bush successfully exploited white fears of black crimes. Two years later, Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina handed the President another recially loaded issue when he defeated his black opponent by portraying him as a supporter of 'quotas' which hurt white qualified job seekers. The success of Senator Helms led President Bush to denounce a Civil Rights legislation as a 'quota' bill even though it was similar to the one he had proposed.

The debate on 'quotas' was designed to drive a wedge between supporters of the Bill (mainly Democrats) and white voters who by and large resent measures that give blacks preferential treatment in education and hiring. Judge Thomas's nomination to the Supreme Court was another cynical albeit skilful move to weaken and divide the opposition which ordinarily enjoys strong support in the black community. For their part, the Democrats also manoeuvred for winning race issues as they documented race-based grievances against the Republican administration. But they knew they were on weaker ground because in presidential races, votes are lost not gained by seeming to work with, or for, the 'special interests'—blacks.

These factors produced a racial climate that culminated in the David Duke phenomenon. Although disavowed by the Republican party establishment, the ex-KKK Grand Wizard did enjoy silent support of many white voters who were drawn to his politics of race if not his past. It is remarkable that about 50 per cent of whites, including those making $75,000 and more, voted for him in the Louisiana state race. Had he

played the classic race card—pitching whites against blacks— instead of attacking the Jews and their history, the outcome of his crusade might have been different.

Duke did highlight the simmering resentment whites feel towards blacks whom they perceive as receiving undue preferential treatment often at their expense, and the pathological fear associated with the ghetto and threat of violence. His rhetoric however obscured the deep hurt and alienation felt by many blacks who feel that the white establishment is insensitive and cares very little about their helplessness and worsening social and economic situation.

In the year preceding the presidential election, mutual anger and distrust were getting to a boiling point as instances of racial conflicts became pervasive in big cities and college campuses. The tension played itself out eventually in the Los Angeles riot of April, 1992; a crisis that embarrassingly exposed the American dilemma hitherto swept under the rug or exploited for political gains. Despite the LA riot and polls indicating that both blacks and whites expected race to be an important election issue, the campaign, otherwise intensely issue-driven, came and went without any serious debate on race and its corollaries.

Black frustration springs from the now all but too familiar stunning and devastating 'black statistics': 63 per cent of black children are born to single mothers; of that 40 per cent of black males drop out of high schools and cannot find jobs. These 'statistics' clearly indicate that chances are better for children born in Bangladesh—one of the world's poorest nations — to live up to 55 years than American blacks in inner cities. A growing poverty, a sense of hopelessness, and the perceived injustice of the criminal justice system are an extension of these 'statistics.'

The logical question is why a problem so severe was not a major part of the presidential election discourse. On the surface, it was not part of the discourse because the economy preoccupied most voters. But in fact, it was strategically kept out of the picture because poll takers saw no political advantage in making it an issue. It was considered too 'explosive,' and thus capable of derailing a campaign! When veiled allusions to the problems were made, the aim was not to generate a dialogue or debate, but to drive a wedge between the races in order to garner the resultant votes.

When Govenor Wilder entered the race, he was expected to force race issues into the campaign. But his race (black) and image (self-styled moderate) created insurmountable roadblocks : some (whites) considered him too black and others (blacks) thought he was not black enough. Consequently, he could not step into the shoes of Jesse Jackson and articulate black concerns. But Jesse Jackson, already dubbed a 'spoiler,' was at odds with party regulars because his 'black agenda' politics is said to 'put off' white voters. Bill Clinton, who fully understands all the ramifications and nuances of the race problem, skilfully steered away from black issues apparently because he could not afford to alienate the white middle class without whom no Democrat can win an open presidential race, let alone

unseat a Republican incumbent.

If a distinction can thus be made between *discussing* and *exploiting*, I would say that Bill Clinton was expected to discuss the race issues in the campaign (not just those like welfare reform that appeal to the middle class). Like Robert Kennedy in the 1960s, Bill Clinton has unquestioned credibility in the black community because of his politics of inclusion as governor. But paradoxically (unlike Kennedy), his good standing in the black community was precisely the reason he chose to distance himself from both their leaders and their causes. That was his strategy.

Bill Clinton's low key response to the Los Angeles riot was a part of that strategy. He did not want to appear as a candidate of 'special interests' and big city mayors, a majority of whom are black. On more than one occasion, he in fact publicly disagreed with Jesse Jackson. When he spoke to Jackson's Rainbow Coalition, he attacked the singer Sister Souljah who appeared to endorse black violence on whites. While Jackson was reeling from this embarrassment, Clinton managed to inform him that he (Jackson) would not be his running mate and, after sensing a possible Jackson reluctance to support the ticket, publicly advised him to make up his mind whom he wanted to vote for. This publicized disagreement with Jesse Jackson—the consummate symbol of 'black agenda'—was designed to convince suburban white voters (who are no fans of Jackson) that Clinton is independent and cannot be pushed around by 'special interests' and their causes.

In the election, this tactic of keeping veteran black leaders at an arm's length and keeping quiet on race issues was successful because it inoculated Clinton against charges of pandering to the 'special interests.' He thus was not linked with blacks and their social programmes, nor with the dreaded 'quota' issue or even the Affirmative Action. At the same time, Clinton was fully aware that he could not win without a sizeable black vote.

For his part, Bush had all but conceded black votes to Clinton. But adhering to a key canon in racial politics — playing the race cards without appearing to endorse racism—Bush tried to reinforce and at the same time exploit racial division by constantly invoking code words like 'law and order,' 'family values' (allusion to teenage pregnancy and single motherhood pervasive among blacks), 'welfare reform' (reference to welfare dependency), big government (allusion to black/minority-based programmes), school choice (a reference to the low-performing predominantly black inner city schools) in order to get white middle class votes.

Ross Perot, the independent candidate, was not part of the race gambit. But because of or despite this innocence, he exhibited a racial insensitivity that strategically hurt his campaign. In a speech to the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People (NAACP) awkward paternalistic anecdotes of favours his father did for blacks and repeated references to blacks as 'you—people' angered many blacks.

Although Bill Clinton did not vigorously pursue black issues, his

approach however appears very understandable given the difficult task of defeating an incumbent, and his party's unfavourable image in the eyes of voters. The Democratic leadership had concluded that in order to break the Republican control of the White House, the focus of the campaign would *not* include black concerns or racial issues.

The logic is simple. The American people—a euphemism for non-black Americans—want blacks to 'make it' on their own. The compassion-loaded platitudes like 'safety nets' and 'programmes for the disadvantaged' now irritate them. For a Democratic candidate to be considered electable, he should not be perceived as championing the cause of the underclass (blacks). It is no coincidence that the word 'poverty' was hardly uttered in the campaign. After all, as George Will, the Conservative commentator, often says, America is 'un-poor' and 'un-black'. Indeed, record black votes did not help Carter in 1980, Mondale in 1984, or Dukakis in 1988.

But 1992 was a different year. Clinton received 82 per cent of black votes cast. However, the win would have had a more instant positive racial impact if Clinton's theme of personal responsibility had been extended to the issue of teenage pregnancy and related problems, whatever its political fall-out. Probably because he did not embrace and 'champion' specific black concerns, he chose to avoid certain controversial issues.

The Democrat's strategy of distance and reticence played into the hands of Bush's Right Wing challenger Pat Buchanan who seized the initiative to legitimize some of David Duke's views on race. While Buchanan may not be a racist, his 'America First' theme struck a fearful note in the minds of the disadvantaged blacks who, at certain levels of discourse, see themselves not belonging in the definition of 'American people.' His gleeful analogy about Zulus and Anglo-Saxons and their relative rate and degree of assimilation, was not only racist in tone, but perhaps an inadvertent reinforcement of George Will's theory that America is 'un-black' and 'un-poor.' The Bush administration's decision to repatriate Haitian refugees fleeing from persecution may have been in response to Buchanan's 'America First' campaign. But it also appeared to be an endorsement of Buchanan's 'Zulu' rhetoric and acquiescence in George Will's proposition that America is 'un-black.' Clinton has now 'temporarily' continued Bush's policy on Haitian refugees.

The Duke camp and to a larger extent, Buchanan's constituency, may have forced President Bush to embrace the idea of welfare reform early in the campaign. In fact, the issue was the cornerstone of David Duke's racialist appeal. Like law and order, a reformed welfare system is undoubtedly good for the country. But the debate was cast on a veiled racist platform that subtly suggests that welfare dependency was draining the nation's economy and was probably responsible for the nation's economic troubles. The rhetoric obscured the fact that the majority of welfare recipients are *not* blacks, but whites about five million of whom are unwed white mothers who stay in the programme for about two years; and the fact that poor whites now account for 46 per cent of food stamp

recipients, and 47 per cent of medicaid recipients. On the other hand, blacks account for 32 per cent who receive welfare, 33 per cent who receive food stamps, and 31 per cent who receive medicaid. Although Clinton also stressed the need for welfare reform, the matter was neither debated nor put in perspective. Thus, its potency as a race-based election issue was kept intact.

'Crime' is another winning issue, but only if it has a racial overtone. It helped Nixon in the 60s and 70s, and Bush in the 80s. However, in 1992, the issue did not help George Bush because the challenger also appeared to be tough on crime. Unfortunately, discussions on law and order are usually blurred by the myth that because many black males are arrested for violent crimes, blacks in general are more prone to crime than whites. The fact that crime is as much a concern to blacks as it is to whites or that a majority of violent crimes (including rapes) are not committed by blacks, is hardly alluded to, nor is the fact that most cases of homicide are committed by blacks on blacks or by children on children and that the vast majority of black crime victims are themselves blacks. Surveys have shown that black Americans are nearly as likely as whites to ask for more, *not* less, police protection. These facts remain irrelevent so long as politicians are willing to exploit race for votes.

The sad thing about the politics of race is that it distorts, camouflages, and sometimes clouds the full dimensions of a problem. But the racial issues facing the United States in the nineties defy the political 'we' versus 'them' approach. In a country where minority groups will comprise 30 per cent of the population by the turn of the century, race relations should be regarded as an urgent national priority. Creative responses to the old problem must be explored instead of deepening the racial divides for political ends.

The tenor of the dialogue could be improved if political leaders articulate goals and chart new courses which do not have to be politically risky. Beyond skin colour, new albeit hardly perceptible phenomena seem to be emerging. In the last presidential election, about 18 per cent of black voters did not vote for Bill Clinton. During last year's Louisiana election, about 4 per cent of blacks voted for David Duke. Support for or opposition to Judge Thomas during his confirmation hearing did not follow racial lines. Other common grounds are also discernable. For example, surveys have shown that both races virtually agree on the need for good schools for their children, law and order, personal responsibility, discipline and self-help, and the value of hard work. Even in the thorny issue of 'Affimative Action', opinions are almost evenly split among the races on whether past discrimination should entitle blacks to preferential treatment, and a plurality of whites are not entirely opposed to some form of Affirmative Action. Regarding public assistance, a vast number of blacks say they would rather *not* be on welfare. More significantly, blacks and whites virtually agree on what is responsible for the rising black poverty.

These signs could elevate the race debate to a new level of discourse.

Instead of the usual racial politics, the new if nascent phenomena could be exploited (in a new holistic approach) to involve the country in a soul searching debate on the racial challenges of our time. Any talk of education reform, improving industrial competitiveness, welfare reform, or improving race relations, smacks of equivocation if it ignores the very critical problem of teenage pregnancy which seems to exacerbate other related problems—school drop-outs, drug culture, crime, welfare dependency, poverty, and the growing underclass syndrome.

An integrated approach that de-emphasizes race dichotomy and focuses instead on the national security need of rescuing some 30 per cent of the population from a potential web of helplessness and permanent underclass will make political sense and should be oriented towards the goal of arresting the drift to poverty, expanding the work force, broadening the tax base, and eventually shrinking the burgeoning welfare budget. Such an approach will perhaps create a healthy political environment for a sound public policy debate. We missed the opportunity during the Los Angeles riot and subsequent presidential campaign. We should not miss it again.

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The April number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Making Sense of the Drug Testing Debate* by Mark Neal and *The Warm Heart of Japan's Snow Country* by Paul St John Mackintosh. *Thackeray the Sentimental Sceptic*, by Donald Bruce, will follow shortly.

A FAILURE OF LEADERSHIP

by Paul B. Rose

I do not remember a time when there appeared to be such a failure of political leadership not only in Government but also in Opposition. Mr. Major had barely started his post-election honeymoon when a whole host of skeletons fell out of cupboards, ghosts of the Thatcher era returned to haunt him and his best friends seemed to be doing their utmost to embarrass him. The catalogue is quite remarkable. If there was one issue which raised my own personal anger to a level not reached since I was active myself in the House of Commons it was the cavalier treatment of the mining communities by, of all people, Michael Heseltine whom I have long regarded as one of the most civilised and interventionist of conservative leaders. One almost wondered whether his civil servants were out to undermine him but it is more likely that he had not realised the extent of feeling that was evoked among all sections of the population. If Arthur Scargill had been Lady Thatcher's whipping boy he was now rehabilitated as Tory toffs applauded the men with miners' helmets in the West End of London.

David Mellor was one of Major's best appointments and was accepted widely among persons of all political views in the Arts and sport as a capable Minister concerned with our heritage and national pastimes. A penchant for Spanish actresses is no bar to high office although it may lead to ribald jokes. However, the acceptance of free gifts even in the form of holidays from persons lobbying on behalf of an overseas organisation is something to which no Minister should be a party and ultimately David Mellor fell from grace. I have little doubt that he will return in due course as did Cecil Parkinson in the previous era.

The fact that Chris Patten had not even jumped the hurdle into Westminster left John Major with only one staunch ally in a leading position namely Norman Lamont. His total confusion and near panic in first trying to defend and then devaluing the pound last September made Harold Wilson's gaffes about 'The pound in your pocket' seem almost innocuous. However, notwithstanding the record levels of unemployment, bankruptcies and house repossessions John Major blinked a little, occasionally sounded a little tetchy, repeated the words 'Oh yes' and fell steadily in the ratings.

The revelations over arms to Iraq should have rocked the Government to its foundations and yet even Robin Cook, one of Labour's most effective front benchers, was only able to sound off a few rounds of light artillery in a situation where the shrapnel should have been causing gaping wounds on the Government benches.

And yet what is totally remarkable among all this chaos is that the leader of Her Majesty's major Opposition party has totally failed to take advantage of this situation and is himself coming increasingly under fire—mainly from the ranks of those behind him. To be fair to the

Government, as Leon Blum stated many years ago, 'No government can remain stable in an unstable society and an unstable world' but this Government certainly deserved a more aggressive Opposition.

Leadership demands qualities that cannot be easily analysed and as many have acknowledged one does not have to be intellectually bright to be a competent leader. John Smith is bright, reassuring and had a reputation for integrity as when he voted with the famous sixty-nine Labour MPs to take Britain into Europe. In a sense he forfeited that record of integrity by taking the easy way out in voting against John Major over Maastricht and at the same time the Labour herd showed their total lack of insensitivity by accusing the Liberals of propping up the Government because the Liberals happened to vote for what they—or nineteen out of twenty of them believed. The same arguments were beginning to dominate Parliament that dominated it just over twenty years ago.

Even in this regard John Major's leadership at the Conservative Party Conference, while effective in diffusing some of the worst aspects of Euro-scepticism, played to the gallery and totally lacked vision. Whereas Mr. Heath had displayed vision with regard to Britain's active participation in a Europe that is increasingly inter-dependent but needs democratising, John Major turned the treaty on its head by painting a picture of the Union Jack triumphing over all other flags.

It is time for our leadership to tell the truth about Europe, namely that the idea is one of convergence but to attack the Brussels bureaucracy head on by democratising the European Parliament and giving it greater power. That was the vision of Roy Jenkins and is the vision of today's Europeans whether they be Liberal Democrats, Labour or Conservatives. Until they carry the courage of their convictions neither the Labour nor Conservative leadership is going to carry the mass of people with it by paying lip service to Europe in one sentence while denigrating it in the next. It is this that is playing into the hands of those who are stabbing John Major in the back even though they were elected on a platform that included the Maastricht Treaty.

I happen to be one of those who believe that 'You don't lead by pointing and telling people some place to go. You lead by going to that place and making the case.' A failure of nerve by both major political parties in this area is a pointer to the sense of insecurity that both display.

John Major is not helped by Baroness Thatcher's life after death act conducted from the benches of the House of Lords and in various speeches to overseas audiences.

The irony of all this is that in most of the troubles that have fallen upon John Major's head he has reaped the whirlwind of the Thatcher years. Cabinet and Government have been replaced by Prime Ministerial Government. In the government of sycophants all went along with Poll Tax in spite of its manifest faults, flaws and unfairness to say nothing of the fact that it could not be enforced. They did so because they feared the all powerful leader until to his credit the worm turned and Lord

Howe precipitated the crisis that led ultimately to her downfall.

The years of Thatcherism had seen a leaner Britain but almost a corpse when it came to manufacturing industry and it is that decline of our manufacturing base combined with the untrammelled law of the market that has come to haunt the formerly loyal John Major.

I happen to think that John Major is not a Thatcherite although he emerged from the Thatcherite womb. He may be a grey man but he genuinely appears to be a likeable man who is concerned about ordinary people and whose background is very different from the public school and Oxbridge or rather Cambridge majority in his Cabinet. He is not charismatic. Indeed his very greyness is refreshing after a decade of Thatcherism. Clement Attlee was not charismatic and yet his government probably achieved more than any government during this century other than the reforming Liberal administration half a century earlier.

Leadership does not necessarily require charisma. It does not necessarily require great oratory. Gone are the days of Nye Bevan or Ian MacLeod or even Michael Foot and Enoch Powell.

Churchill certainly had the charisma which was required to inspire the people at war and Baroness Thatcher aspired to emulate that act. The fact is that Churchill was discarded once the war was over and Thatcherism, when history comes to analyse it, will be seen as the decade in which dogmatism and radical ideology of the Right triumphed over the civilising influences within the Conservative Party that gained inspiration from Disraeli's idea of one nation Toryism.

If the Government has ridden the storm so far I see no reason why they should not ride it further. Firstly the Labour Party itself is in disarray. It has not recovered from its fourth successive Election defeat. While John Prescott praises the cloth cap image he and those like him present to the world values which were valid in their time but which have to be translated into the context of reality. Another frequently heard Left Winger, Clare Short, appears to defend the indefensible with regard to the Trade Union block vote and accuses the reformers of selling out the poor. What neither they nor the 'Beast of Bolsover' himself will ever understand is the positive and praiseworthy wish of most working people to better themselves and to have higher aspirations not only for themselves but for their children and grandchildren. That was the fatal flaw which led to Labour's inability to make inroads into the Southern vote and it is not without significance that John Smith himself was the author of the tax plans that made so many sigh with relief when Labour failed to gain an overall majority.

If the Government is floating about on a log it seems that John Smith is being pushed in various directions although there are some signs of his wishing to cut down Union power if not to sever the umbilical cord. There are also some signs of his coming to terms with possible policy changes with regard to the electoral system and the Constitution.

The real engine for fundamental constitutional change has not in the last decade come from Her Majesty's loyal Opposition but from that 20

per cent of the population represented by only that number of MPs in spite of the fact that they obtained half the vote of the Labour Party and would undoubtedly have obtained many more in a more equitable electoral system. If one leader did show charisma and personal leadership during the General Election campaign it was Paddy Ashdown. Even he had his moments of embarrassment but his popularity surged as did that of his Party during the election campaign and no-one questions both his physical courage and his ability to inspire confidence and admiration among a significant spectrum of voters from the moderate to the radical. If he had behind him the hundred or so MPs which his party's vote merited then I believe that together with the former Social Democrats—the 'Gang of Four' are now all in the House of Lords—there would be a significant solid radical party able to make tough decisions that would lead rather than be led by economic events. It would involve a more positive role in Europe and perhaps a more assertive policy in the international scene with regard to human rights. I do not believe that Paddy Ashdown would be a gung ho militarist. His knowledge of what war really means makes the hard cutting edge complimentary to the compassion that he undoubtedly feels. Certainly John Major took such initiative over the Kurds and there are many within all parties who do not believe one should turn one's back upon far away countries though recognising the limitations imposed upon Post-Imperial Britain.

Indeed it is curious in Joe Grimond, David Steel and Paddy Ashdown the Liberals have been singularly fortunate in their leaders but each Liberal MP has to cover so many government departments that they are spread far too thinly.

It is a sign of the times that there are some Labour MPs who are beginning to think in terms of coalitions or agreements but that will not come about so long as the Liberals are given the same treatment by the majority of Labour MPs that was once reserved for those Labour MPs who had the courage to follow Roy Jenkins through the lobby in support of Edward Heath over Europe.

As I indicated in my last article a win for Clinton would destroy the hypothesis that it was impossible for a centre left party to be successful while the majority of the population felt well off and less than fully concerned about their less fortunate brethren. This hypothesis put forward by Professor Galbraith in a pessimistic frame of mind was overturned by a combination of a rather uninspiring President and a desire for change and positive leadership. Nevertheless the appeal was not to the far Left but to a combination of interest groups broad enough to cover a section of the white middle class which had been all but lost for ever to the Republicans. But the Labour Party is now locked in battle over the new in word of Clintonisation not very different from the past battles between the Social Democratic and the hardline Wing.

Firstly I see no dichotomy between concern for the less well off in society and the need to attract the upwardly mobile but such a coalition needs fine tuning, vigorous leadership and above all a desire for

change on the part of the electorate.

Moreover leadership alone can be overstated, as 1945 showed, when policies are central and there is a national sentiment for a change of direction.

My own gut feeling is that the Conservatives, if they can weather the storm, will begin to see their 'green shoots' sprouting. The demographic factor should assist with regard to unemployment as fewer people come on to the labour market and more retire. Redistrubution of seats will favour the Conservatives. The very depth of despondency in 1992 may turn a more optimistic 1994 to the Government's advantage. Major will no doubt re-shuffle his Government and adopt policies for growth which are not very different from those proposed by the Opposition and closer to Keynes than he would like to admit.

One of the strengths of John Major's type of leadership is that it does not stake all on the personality of the leader. He does listen and while 'the lady was not for turning' the very fact that he listens to public opinion and has restored Cabinet rather than personal government may ultimately act in his favour.

While Margaret Thatcher was able to produce both adoration and detestation and Neil Kinnock could evoke both positive and negative responses, the very ordinariness of John Major may yet prove to be his strongest asset. There are no apparent pretenders to the throne after the debacle over the miners and the most dangerous minefield for a Prime Minister will be from the irreconcilable back benchers known as Eurosceptics but who in fact have nowhere else to go. Combined with their counterparts in the Opposition they will make the next few months an extremely unpleasant and uncomfortable time for the Government in committee. If that minefield is safely negotiated then John Major may well again ascend to the high ground in domestic politics.

Certainly one sees nothing in the conduct of John Smith either at the despatch box or in the country at large which can attract as broad a segment as that appealed to by Harold Wilson with his promise of the white heat of the technological revolution while producing a fairly tepid mixture of reform, pragmatism and opportunism.

Perhaps in Tony Blair we may be seeing the Clinton of tomorrow but if John Smith is to be successful it will only be because of catastrophic errors in government and the appeal of those around him.

Milton Friedman once said that governments never learn. Only people learn. Perhaps it would have been more appropriate in an Anglo Saxon context to state that oppositions never learn—only people learn. And people will not learn until they cease being divided in opposition and produce that broader coalition of interest of which I have frequently written but which Clinton to my surprise and pleasure produced. While it will not produce a Socialist utopia it may produce both a more productive and a fairer society and not regard those two objects as irreconcilable but rather as complementary. In any event all these leaders have a long way to go before the next championship bout.

ALGERIA: DEMOCRACY 'ON HOLD'

by Jonathan G. Farley

1992 was, politically, a turbulent year for Algeria. In January, the transition to democracy instituted by President Chadli Benjedid in 1988 was abruptly halted by the military and Chadli himself deposed: in June, Mohammed Boudiaf, Chadli's successor was assassinated in circumstances which have yet to be fully explained. This article attempts to examine the tensions within Algeria's body politic and to assess the likelihood of Algerians being able to enjoy, within the not too distant future, some element of political choice.

Political choice is a concept rather remote from the experience of most Algerians. Older people recall how France's colonial authority was never questioned, except in dark corners, until the outbreak of the War of Liberation in 1954. Equally, today, young Algerians of voting age have yet to experience the elation of choosing a government via the ballot box, for, ever since independence in July 1962, political power has been the preserve of the National Liberation Front (the FLN) whose leaders, Ben Bella, Boumedienne and most recently, Chadli, brooked no opposition.

During the latter part of the 1980s however, this pattern of power came under challenge: for this, there were three distinct, albeit interrelated, reasons. Firstly, the early 1980s witnessed the end of the boom in energy prices, from which Algeria with its substantial oil and natural gas deposits had derived much benefit. Thereafter, a steady slide began and the terms of trade moved inexorably against Algeria. Between 1985 and 1986, the price of hydrocarbon products declined by 50 per cent and at the same time, the EC raised sharply the tariffs in North African produce entering the Community, lowering the quotas on processed and semi-processed goods that it was prepared to accept on favourable terms. With some 75 per cent of its export trade going to west European markets, Algeria came under economic pressure on both these fronts — and in addition, had to bear the yoke of European inflation rates whenever it imported goods from the EC. The result was an increase in the country's indebtedness, to combat which, the government had to raise taxes and cut subsidies, a measure which gravely affected the standard of living of ordinary Algerians.

The second reason was the marked increase in the economic gulf between the masses and the elite. If the man in the street was still in employment, his weekly wage packet was being eroded by rapid inflation. If he possessed adequate housing for himself and his family, he was part of a fortunate minority. His sense of rapport with the Algerian state was in no way enhanced by the spectacle of FLN politicians, bureaucrats and military men clearly leading lives of unabashed affluence with residences in the more pleasant suburbs of Algiers and chauffeured limousines to whisk them around the capital. If the country laboured under a burden, it was at least one that should have been more equitably shared.

The third factor was the Islamic revival movement, more commonly known in Western Europe as Islamic fundamentalism. The revolution against the Shah of Iran in 1978/79 was basically international in character making the same kind of appeal to Moslems throughout the Middle East and North Africa as did Trotsky's to the European proletariats some 60 years before. The strength of its appeal lay in its call for a return to 'true' Koranic values, a call particularly addressed to the various Shi'ite communities in the region who felt that the oil prosperity of the previous two decades had passed them by. But Khomeini's Islamic crusade also made a notable impact on the poorer and less educated Sunnis along the whole North African littoral and caused these communities to question the relations which their governments maintained with non-Islamic, particularly Western countries. After all, was not the USA the great ally of Israel and was not Israel in possession of Arab Palestine and the holy places of Jerusalem? These three elements, therefore, the worsening economic situation, the gulf between rulers and ruled and the Islamic revival movement, conspired together by 1988 to make political life infinitely more parlous for Chadli than it had been for Boumedienne a decade previously.

Chadli's problems had their root in the deficit in the balance of payments which occurred in the 1985/86 period. The aforementioned decline in hydrocarbon prices struck a body blow at the Algerian economy. This might conceivably have been withstood, had the country been self-sufficient in food as it was in the last days of the colonial period. But both Chadli—and indeed Boumedienne before him—had run down the agricultural sector in the interest of the energy industries, leaving the country dependent on imported food-stuffs to the annual tune of 2 billion dollars. This caused Chadli's government after a couple of years of indecision, to raise taxes and to cut subsidies on staple commodities in an attempt to bring Algeria's export earnings and import expenditures into equilibrium. This resulted in October 1988 in massive riots in Algiers; it was the cut in the bread subsidy, increasing its price fourfold overnight, which served to trigger these off. Chadli's administration had to bring in the army to restore law and order, which it did—but only with difficulty and not without the death on the streets of several hundred people, nor indeed without the co-operation of the main Islamic groups. The riots took on a highly populist character, eventually encompassing much more than the orginial issue of the reduced state subsidies, indeed calling into question the very legitimacy of the regime. There were calls for more open government, more dialogue between government and governed, less corruption and less economic inequality. Despite his success in holding on to power, Chadli felt obliged to bow to this pressure and announced early in November that the country would be given a new constitution, which would permit a multi-party system and the holding of free elections. Regional elections would be held in June 1990 as a prelude to national elections the following year.

Under this new dispensation, political parties proliferated. By the

summer of 1990, some forty political parties had emerged to contest the regional elections. Of these, many were small in membership, narrowly based geographically or dominated by one or two strong personalities. Only three stood out, the FLN which had ruled the country since independence and the FIS (Islamic Salvation Front) and the FFS (Front of Socialists Forces) which under Ait Ahmed constituted a secular opposition, though much less strong than the FIS, led by Abbas Madani. Campaigning was vigorous by both the FIS and the FFS: the FLN tended rather complacently to rely on its 28-year record as Algeria's ruling party and to emphasise the dangers of 'mullah' rule. The FFS picked up a sprinkling of votes all over the country from the discontented and religiously disinclined, but the palm of victory went to the FIS which made striking gains in the main towns, where the effects of impoverishment, bad housing and unemployment were most harshly felt. In all, it garnered 54 per cent of the vote: the FLN 28 per cent principally from the country's rural areas—and the FFS 15 per cent—from all over the country, but particularly from Kabylie east of Algiers. The other parties between them gained but 3 per cent of the vote.

A word at this stage must be said about the FIS. It was formed early in 1981 not as a political party, but as a religious organisation and permitted by the government to function as such. By that time, the Islamic revival movement was well into its stride and making an impact along the whole North African littoral. Chadli felt that the existence of such an organisation would serve as an outlet for the expression of general religious sentiments which were in tune with the spirit of the times: indeed to a certain extent, he viewed the FIS as a prop to his own regime in maintaining civil order and stability in accordance with well established Islamic principles. On one or two occasions, most notably in October 1988, the FIS had acted as a calming influence when tempers were running high, persuading demonstrators to desist and afford the government fresh breathing space. After the ban on political parties was lifted, however, the FIS formally registered as a party and entered the political fray. It criticized the FLN regime for its lack of religiosity and moral fibre, for its incompetence and corruption. It asserted its intention of cleansing the Augean stables to which the corridors of power in so many Algerian state ministries now led. This could only be achieved by strict adherence in public affairs to the precepts of the Koran.

The FIS had been expected to make a moderately respectable showing in the same 1990 regional elections, but no more. For it to have picked up more than half the votes cast boded ill for Chadli and the FLN, come the first round of national elections. To avert, therefore, the possibility of a FIS victory, the FLN government of Moulud Hamrouche engineered in the latter part of 1990 and early 1991 certain amendments to the electoral law designed to disadvantage the FIS. These related to the use of proxy voting (husbands being no longer allowed to cast votes on behalf of their wives) and to the use of mosques at election times (sermons of a 'political' nature being formally banned). These measures were bounced

hurriedly through a parliament which possessed an FLN majority. At the same time, it was determined that national elections would be held early in June 1991—by which time these new laws would be in force.

These measures of President Chadli and his prime minister Hamrouche led to a serious rift in FLN/FIS relations. It was probably true that some irregularities had occurred as a result of proxy voting and indubitably true that the FIS had exploited to the full their access to the mosques for political purposes, but the new electoral provisions were seen, quite understandably, as a blatant attempt by the FLN to shore up its own political position at the expense of the FIS. The latter feared that if they fought the election under the new rules, they would suffer defeat. It therefore declared, on May 25th 1991, that it would boycott the elections due on June 27th: instead it called its supporters out onto the streets to demonstrate and participate in a general strike. The strike call was neither well received nor generally obeyed, but the call for anti-government demonstrations turned Algiers into a city under siege during the first week of June and led to the cancellation of the proposed elections. Order eventually was restored, but later in that month a state of emergency was declared, the FIS proscribed and its leaders, Abbas Madani and Ali Belhadj interned.

The whole affair precipitated the resignation of the Hamrouche government and its replacement by one under Sidi Ghozali, who was by background an internationalist and diplomat rather than one of the FLN 'old guard'. Ghozali agreed to rescind the new electoral laws and, at a conference of all the political parties convened in October, the FIS agreed to participate in the parliamentary elections arranged for December 1991/January 1992 despite the internment of its leaders. This fact gave the FIS a heightened charisma and the mosques were again put, especially at the Friday gatherings of the faithful, to particularly fruitful political effect. The FLN was on the defensive, having to defend both its own unimpressive political record and the incarceration of the FIS leadership. In the first round of the elections held on December 26th 1991, the FIS gained 47 per cent of votes cast, the FLN 23 per cent and the FFS 7 per cent. So, as 1991 drew to a close, it became clear that no government could be formed after the second round of elections due in mid-January without the participation or active consent of the FIS.

What happened next remains speculative. Chadli made it clear to his FLN entourage and to the army that he was prepared to let events take their course. Notwithstanding his own reservations regarding the FIS, he was prepared, as head of state, to work with them as partners in government if need be. Perhaps he had undergone a full conversion to democracy or, more likely, felt that he could 'handle' the FIS. Whatever the truth, he had failed to take sufficient account of the fears and sensitivities of those in the upper echelons of the FLN and the Armed Services who saw a FIS victory as something beyond the pale. On January 12th, therefore, just four days before the second elections were due, the Armed Services intervened to abort them and suspended the whole con-

stitutional process. Chadli was deposed and placed under house arrest.

Why was a FIS victory viewed with such alarm by so many in both the Algerian political establishment and the Algerian community generally? Firstly, there was a genuine fear that the FIS, once victorious, would establish an Islamic republic like Iran and put the country socially and politically back into the Dark Ages. This would involve halting the democratic process founded on free parliamentary elections and instituting new social norms based on the Sharia law. Women would be prevented from working and compelled to wear the chador, men from drinking and dancing in public and this in a country where such things had long been the norm. The elections of December had shown that the average Algerian was discontented with his lot and wanted change, but change in the sense of economic and social betterment, not metamorphosis into an Islamic state. Such sentiments were common, but the fears of the political establishment were yet more acute. A FIS victory would mean the institution of a new political and economic system from which the present FLN politicians, technocrats and army officers would be excluded. It would mean, almost certainly, an investigation into the widespread corruption, which Algeria's command economy had made so great a temptation for those in positions of public authority. Not only would future opportunities for enrichment be removed, but the question of retribution for past misdeeds would loom large. The stakes were too high for President Chadli Benjedid to be allowed to tango with the FIS. He had, therefore, to be removed. In his place, the army brought in one Mohammed Boudiaf, an Algerian politician active in the days of Ben Bella and in the anti-colonial struggle against France, to head the High Council of State. Boudiaf had fallen out with Ben Bella in 1964 and taken refuge in Morocco, where he had remained ever since. The army leaders needed someone with an ostensibly uncontaminated record to serve, as they thought, as figurehead and guarantor of their new regime's respectability.

For some months, Boudiaf fulfilled this role as planned and all proceeded smoothly. Boudiaf, conscious of the low turnout at the December 1991 elections, endeavoured to rally the 'silent majority' of the Algerian electorate by his creation of the RNP (the Reassemblement National de Patriotism) which aimed to unite the 15 smallest political parties into a more cohesive organisation. He wanted to produce a viable alternative to both the FLN and the FIS with which he refused in any way to compromise or parley. Whether this move would eventually have succeeded is not clear: what is clear is that Boudiaf gradually became more and more aware of the nature of the system over which he was presiding. Evidence exists that he was planning to move against those members of the regime most steeped in maladministration and corruption and to replace them with his own appointees. This, if correct, may serve to explain his assassination which occurred on June 29th 1992. Initially, an official statement was issued that this was the doing of a Muslim fanatic, though this was retracted some months later following a fuller investigation. Far more

likely is that the assassin or assassins came from within the upper echelons of the army or the FLN, though on this the jury is still out. Since the events of 29th June, Algeria has been governed by a new administration under Ali Kafi as President and Belaid Abdeslam as Prime Minister, both of whom are founder members of the FLN, but in essence this new regime, as dependent as its predecessor on the support of the military, has yet done little to unblock the political impasse created by the moratorium imposed on multi-party electoral activity on January 12th 1992. This impasse has exacerbated the general lack of international economic confidence in Algeria's medium term future and the country at present finds it exceedingly difficult to borrow money in the world's financial markets.

As 1993 opens, the prospects for its transition to democracy look bleak. The continuing threat to civil order by political extremists is reflected in the recent imposition of a curfew throughout the country between the hours of 10.30 p.m. and 5.00 a.m. Despite the high degree of support for it evinced in the December 1991 round of elections, the FIS remains proscribed and its leaders incarcerated. There is however no guarantee that, if this situation were reversed, Algeria would enjoy democratic, majority rule on the pattern of that on the Mediterranean's northern shore. For the FIS, its political philosophy is unambiguous and non-negotiable: it is the establishment of an Islamic, not a democratic state. Therefore to preserve democracy and Algeria's orientation towards the modern world, the FIS must be suppressed. But can a movement which enjoys so much support in the country be suppressed either morally or practicably? How long can the general popular will be denied by the imposition of *force majeure* even if that will is muddled and speaks with several voices? Many who voted for the FIS voted against the FLN and all its works rather than for the establishment of an Islamic state. Many who voted for the FLN did so to preserve the democratic system created by Chadli rather than for love of the party per se. Can any conclusions be drawn about the motives of those many who did not vote at all in December 1991, when they could and perhaps should have done? Whatever the truth of these matters, the denouement of Algeria's problems must await the arrival of a more benign, less ideological political climate. For the present, sadly, Algerian democracy remains 'on hold'.

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DEFENCE CUTS: TOO FAR TOO FAST?

by Anthony Loyd

'SINCE 1991 there have been a number of developments which have added significantly to the commitments that the Army is required to meet at the same time as it is in the process of reorganising... I am therefore announcing today measures which, together with initiatives already in train, will make available 5,000 additional men and women for the front line units of the field Army,' said The Secretary of State for Defence, Mr. Malcolm Rifkind last month, heralding the government's rethink on the newest and largest defence cuts to affect the British Army since the 1960s.

Though the announcement deflected much of the criticism surrounding the cuts, and pre-emptied some of the sting from the report of the all-party Defence Select Committee released shortly afterwards, many politicians and senior military commanders are left with the fear that the Army remains overstretched by present commitments, and will be unable to deal with any further operational requirements. In the shadow of Douglas Hurd's prophetic speech concerning the world's slide into disorder, and Britain's desire to defend its place on the Security Council, some of their fears may be justified.

The conservative and incestuous nature of the British regimental system is unlikely ever to welcome amalgamations and redundancy notices. Much of the criticism levelled at the Ministry of Defence in the wake of their *Options for Change* review is the inevitable reaction of time-honoured tradition faced with dissolution.

However beyond the small scale political battles of regiments attempting to preserve their individual identities against the impending wave of amalgamations lurk more important questions that threaten both the morale and efficiency of the Army, and Britain's ability to respond to new international threats.

The disintegration of the Warsaw Pact spelt not only the end of a massive and clearly defined military threat in Europe, but heralded also the need for a new and accurate strategic assessment to be made by NATO allies, both for their role as NATO forces, and as individual military entities with their own national interests at heart. Essential to any such assessment on national or international level is the need to equate military commitments with available resouces. In Britain's case, against a backdrop of increasing international instability, with over 2,500 British soldiers already deployed on the ground in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the highest level of troops in Northern Ireland since 1976, it is this equation which appears threatened.

Prior to Mr. Rifkind's announcement, a reduced manpower level of 116,000 troops (including 12,000 trainees) had been decided upon in 1989 during the formative stages of *Options for Change*. It was not until two years later, in July 1991 that Tom King, then Defence Minister, announced

the full scope of formulated cuts. 'Our commitment remains clear,' he announced, 'an Army for the 90s and beyond... well able to meet both its commitments at home and abroad, and to provide for our security in the future as it has done so well in the past.'

Central to the reasoning behind the cuts was the degree of warning time afforded by the receding level of Soviet troops behind the former Iron Curtain, whose presence was drastically reduced by the Conventional Forces in Europe (CFE) agreement of June 1991. No longer threatened by the possibility of an enormous armoured thrust over a long frontier with as little as perhaps 48 hours' notice, it was conceivable that the CFE agreement had given NATO troops as much as a two year warning time in which it would take Russian forces to rebuild the necessary volume of men and equipment to pose a significant invasion threat.

This would make it a pointless and unnecessarily expensive exercise for NATO to maintain its own presence at pre-CFE levels. Instead the warning time would allow for a flexible increase of new troop levels should the threat arise. A significant level of forces were to stay though, for in spite of the CFE agreement Russia would remain, in the Defence Minister's words, 'a military super-power with much the largest conventional forces of any state in Europe, unconstrained forces East of the Urals and nuclear capability on a huge scale. This power can best continue to be counter-balanced by the collective security provided by the North Atlantic Alliance.'

In order to fulfil its continuing, though reconstituted role, the British Army is to maintain its forward presence in Germany. Though the overall number of troops there is in the process of its *Options* reduction to nearly half of its original 50,000 strength, those remaining have become the linch-pin of the new, smaller European force structure agreed upon by NATO countries in Brussels in May 1991, the Allied Rapid Reaction Corps (ARRC). Comprising of four divisions, two of them entirely British, and with the further contribution of an airmobile brigade to one of the multinational divisions, the ARRC is commanded by a British General with a multinational Corps Headquarters. Each British division consists of three brigades, each of those in turn made up of a varying combination of four tank, infantry, or airborne regiments, according to specified role.

Furthermore, *Options* reduces the infantry battalions available as United Kingdom Land Forces to seventeen, plus engineer, signals, and aviation support. One further infantry battalion remains as an immediate (as opposed to rapid) reaction force—the ACE Mobile Force, (AMF) based in the United Kingdom, while five further battalions, including the three remaining Ghurka regiments, constitute overseas garrisons in Cyprus, Hong Kong and Brunei.

It is ironic that it is the teeth arms, the tank and infantry regiments, that have been bitten hardest by *Options*, for it is they who provide the cutting edge of any operational deployment. In numerical terms by 1995 the army will have been reduced from 144,000 to 106,000 trained personnel; the infantry from their 1991 level of 50 battalions to 40 battalions, the

tank regiments from 19 to 11. Though supporting arms will also suffer, it will not be to the same degree; indeed the Army Air Corps looks set to benefit from *Options* in keeping with the increased significance given to the helicopter on the modern battlefield, while remaining artillery regiments will have their firepower enhanced by MLRS and AS90 weapon systems.

Were it simply a matter of Britain scaling down its commitments to the army's traditional roles the changes resulting from *Options* might have met less resistance. However, that is not the case, and opponents of the cuts have identified three major flaws in their concept and effect: the lack of a coherent strategic overview, insufficient leeway to deal with the unexpected, and an unacceptable level of strain in dealing with present 'peacetime' commitments.

Inspite of Tom King's words, the extent of the Russian threat remains a contentious issue, and many argue that the ARRC is a creation that locks a large number of troops into a NATO theatre in an obsolete role, where their presence is one of political symbolism rather than a counter to conceivable reality. Whatever the case, *Options* made scant reference to alternative flashpoints in its original form, failing conspicuously at the time to anticipate beyond Germany. Already since its implementation the first British soldier has been killed in Bosnia; in Cambodia UN soldiers, among them British troops, are being taken hostage by an increasingly uncooperative and hostile Khmer Rouge; Kuwait has requested a further allied troop presence following air strikes on Iraq, while Britain has failed to provide troops at the request of the United Nations to join the French and US contingents operating in Somalia. A Pentagon threat assessment leaked at the beginning of 1992 included two further scenarios for a 1990s' war involving British forces; a war to repel the Russian invasion of a Baltic state, and simultaneous war against North Korea and Iraq. It is not perhaps surprising that Mr. Rifkind has opted to 'adjust' the depth of the cuts.

Though the precise organisation and tasking of the ARRC has yet to be finalised, its formation has been disrupted to cater for the unforeseen additional troop requirements to Bosnia and Ulster. The infantry battalions it has lost to those locations will find themselves the vanguard of troops 'double-hatted' to two or more roles. In itself this is nothing new, but it should provoke the need for a reconsideration as to the exact nature and purpose of the ARRC, which will soon discover increasing numbers of its component units become absent on active duty elsewhere.

The army has had over twenty years' experience embroiled in the troubles of Northern Ireland, yet the strain on its resources there appears greater than ever following *Options*. Including troops already there, troops training in preparation to go, and troops retraining subsequent to returning from the province, it holds down over 20,000 soldiers. Military personnel are sent there on one of three possible tour types. The garrison tour is two years long, the 'official' emergency tour six months (usually with a considerable warning period first) while the 'true' emergency

tour is up to six months, with minimum prior warning time, and usually in response to a particular upsurge in violence. *Options* intended to increase the interval between soldiers' unaccompanied tours to 24 months, but instead infantry battalions are finding as little as 15 months between such tours, sometimes less. This is due not only to an increased level of sectarian violence but also the smaller overall number of available infantry regiments. Though the government hopes the situation will be resolved eventually with new tour cycles involving greater use of the Royal Marines and Royal Armoured Corps in the province, they admit that things are unlikely to improve for at least three years.

The knock-on effect is damaging. Training and structural cohesion become the first casualties as brigades are fragmented to deal with the sudden short-term obligations, while manning levels are further undermined. Though there has been a cap on recruiting, the level of entrants into the army is still too few. This owes much to a demography that ensures that by 1995 the male recruiting age group will be 25 per cent smaller than it was in 1985. Meanwhile vital experience is lost as many officers and NCOs unaffected by the cuts leave prematurely to escape the unacceptable disruption that they find their families exposed to.

A correct judgement of the army's size is impossible. Almost any ceiling could be justified to deal with some or other contingency plan. Yet if, as it at present seems, the manpower-intensive operations of peacekeeping and humanitarian aid will predominate amongst the tasks of the British Army, then the arms most suitable to undertake them will find themselves hard pressed to cope even without an escalation in workload, and in spite of the presence of the two extra infantry battalions saved from amalgamation last month. MPs of the Defence Select Committee appointed to examine the expenditure, administration and policy of the MoD, already highly critical of *Options*, suggest that Britain's efforts in the Gulf War could now only be repeated with a far greater dependence on reservists, significantly fewer forces left in Germany, and an atmosphere of 'detente and stability' in Europe: high risk prerequisites without guarantee.

If Britain is to keep its place on the Security Council and carry the responsibilities integral to that of a medium-power nation, then it must ensure that its army is of adequate size and capability. As the situation stands, the future will not necessarily be one of humiliation. It is conceivable that the situation in Ulster may improve enough to release at least some troops for other duties, while the handover of Hong Kong to the Chinese will afford a further two infantry battalions to be deployed elsewhere. Likewise if the ARRC adopts a more flexible mandate for 'out of area' operations the situation would be considerably alleviated.

Cynics suggest that the government has conceded a revision of the cuts only because its narrow majority forced it to listen to a Select Committee and backbench unrest. More likely is that the potential international repercussions that would result from any repeated inability to provide for United Nations' requirements have provoked the response.

POEMS

SOMALIA

A brittle tree for sanctuary
The withered woman moans,
Her body writhes uncomfortably
To skirt the scorching stones.
Lean fingers frisk the empty sand,
And pluck the dust in vain,
With only tears to quench the land,
She sobs for blessed rain.
As beauty fades, without a trace
And laughter leaves her eyes,
Who stops to stroke that hollow face?
Except the thirsty flies.
With barely breath enough to weep,
She watches victims piled,
Then struggles from that endless sleep
To rock her shrivelled child.
Instinctively she tries to cope,
To ease the gnawing pain,
And searches for the slightest hope
For one forgotten grain.

Helena Sheridan

FREEDOM — THE BIRTH OF A BUTTERFLY

What mysteries surround the loom
That spun so intricate a tomb?
Or shroud, perhaps, one could suppose,
Made not for death, but sweet repose,
For Winter's bitter chill has passed,
To bring the bee and bud at last,
And rouse you from your silken bed,
To watch your sluggish image shed.
Frail creature slip your shrivelled skin,
Where soundly you have slept within,
And writhe and twist to struggle free,
While Nature waits expectantly,
For time has kept her solemn vow,
Unfastening your prison now,
To lift you gently to the sky,
An iridescent butterfly.

Helena Sheridan

PEDIGREES

by Richard Pennington

WHEN he was Secretary of the British Museum, Arundell Esdaile once remarked to me that half his readers under the dome were American Doctors of Philosophy devising pedigrees for their wealthy countrymen. He may have humourously exaggerated the percentage, but only slightly. It was a means for the poor student to go to Europe; and it enabled James Branch Cabell, for example, a young man from the University of Virginia, to pursue the genealogical research in France that later made him celebrated as the author of *Jurgen*. I am not sure now that the book, a kind of mediaeval, mildly Rabelaisian fantasy, merited its celebrity. But nevertheless, it helped to procure for its author a James Branch Cabell room in the library of the University of Virginia, a distinction that, as far as I know, has not been awarded to another of her alumni, a far more distinguished and important author who not only has written novels more enduring than *Jurgen* but has attained that almost celestial elevation reserved for only forty mortals in this world — a seat in the Académie Française. Perhaps the University of Virginia considers that a Julien Green room in the library could add nothing to the glory of an *Académicien*.

The early Dictionary of the French Academy does not know the word 'pedigree'; nor does Furetière, whose dictionary is in many ways the better one, as he repeatedly pointed out to the Academy — in thirty-two polemical pamphlets, to be precise. Littré in 1877 declares it to be an English word, while the *Oxford English Dictionary* says it is French and is the old 'pied de grue' or crane's foot, a mark like an arrow-head indicating succession in genealogies. It adds three amusing examples of its use. By Sir Philip Sidney: 'Who had no better cover for his sordid extraction than a welch pedigree'; by the dour philosopher Hobbes: 'Virtue lieth not in pedigree'; and anonymously in 1871: 'Pedigree mongers now invent pedigrees'.

They were being invented long before 1871; and I suspect that the chief fabricant was the College of Arms, as the heralds are called. If we may judge by an interesting case at the end of the sixteenth century of the son of a glove-maker in a country town who supplemented his dwindling income by illegal dealings in wool that caused him trouble with the authorities — a son who also had his difficulties, with the civil authorities for poaching and possibly with the ecclesiastical ones on the occasion of his early marriage. Who eventually, having no aptitude or inclination for acquiring a craft or following a trade, left his young family behind and joined the players in the London suburbs.

He does not seem to have been a success as an actor, and apparently he was put to patching up old plays for revival. He was good at this, much better than as an actor, and in time began to improve on his originals, and even to re-write them entirely. He was paid with a share

in the theatre's takings, and as business for a long while was good, and as he did not live ostentatiously, he acquired over the years a little capital. He would now seem to have an aim in life: to be re-integrated into the respectable bourgeois life he had abandoned as a young man. He persuaded his ageing father to petition the College of Arms to be made a gentleman. The College obliged — for a fee; and provided his father with a pedigree and a coat of arms complete with crest and motto. (A motto that aroused the derision of his son's friends.) He invested his savings in his home town, and bought a large house and garden in the main street. He even tried to have the arms of his mother's family — a much more respectable one — added to his own. But the heralds thought this was going too far; and they refused.

Now, at his father's death, a gentleman with a coat of arms, and able to live on the income from his investments, he retired to his native town, after a visit (which he himself records) to the Bath waters in the hope of curing a malady acquired in the stews of Southwark, or from a mistress. A prominent and wealthy citizen, certain of being ultimately entombed in the chancel of the parish church, he cut himself off from the somewhat disreputable milieu where he had made his money. He left behind his old actor friends, the ladies of the town, the foreigners with whom he had lodged. He was glad to be free of all that professional drudgery, the soiled and well-thumbed sheets of untidy manuscripts marred by the excisions of lines thought untopical or dangerous or by hasty insertions huddled up in the narrow margins, defaced by prompter's or property-man's annotations. It would all, he reflected, soon be worn to pieces in the rough and tumble of the theatre and eventually be thrown away. In any case, it was no longer his property ...

He strolled down his garden, thinking that it might be necessary to speak sharply to William Combe who was threatening to enclose some land for sheep. His interests as a tithe-owner could be affected. And if people were allowed to act as they pleased, there would be an end of orderly society ...

It was genealogically all in vain. His only son died young, *sine prole*, as the heralds say. His daughter Judith married; but all her children pre-deceased her. His other daughter, Susanna, married and had a daughter who ended her life as Lady Bernard but left no children; and with her death Shakespeare's line became extinct.

But his sister Joan married a William Hart and had three sons. Returning one day in 1929 from a trek in the Victorian Highlands of Australia, I came, beyond Orbost, upon a countryman gazing vacantly at a field, and gave him the sele of the day, as Borrow would say. We got into conversation, and I gathered that as a farmer he was not very prosperous. His name was Hart. 'I'm descended from Shakespeare' he added casually, as though it were indubitable and well-known. I did not contradict him. If the family tradition were true, it would be from Shakespeare's sister that he was descended.

WHITHER BRITAIN?

by W. E. Crosskill

IN the not so good old days in Britain a little more than a century ago, almost everyone worked from dawn until dark on the land, in factories and offices, or in the houses of the rich. But when steam engines, telephones and the cinematograph came into their lives some visionaries foresaw the advent of a better life: the Industrial Revolution had begun. The aim of this was to relieve men and women from the routine drudgery in their daily work by finding ways in which this could be done mechanically. The transformation gradually took place and enabled many people to lead happier and less arduous lives.

Unfortunately, the plans for the creation of this wonderland did not succeed in practice. Our industries, after serving us well through two world wars, were in need of a complete overhaul and modernisation. We failed to provide this whereas Japan, about the size of Spain but with three times its population, managed to grow enough food for all and, by modernising its many industries through the use of computers and robots on a scale no other nation had visualised, revitalised the whole country and its people. By 1980 Japan had 47,000 robots in action, the USA had 3,200 and Europe had 7,000 of which Britain had 180.

Britain is now in the invidious position of not growing enough food for her own people, having almost three million unemployed and a monthly shortfall in overseas trading of around a billion pounds. There seem to be only two courses open to us in the future: to become a fairly comfortable self-sufficient island of a Robinson Crusoe type or, if we could, reorganise and revive our economy and raise it to a level of the flourishing countries in Europe.

Britain is not basically insolvent, but is at present in straitened circumstances because the best use is not being made of her natural assets. She has plenty of land, a good climate and could grow almost every form of food the country needs. So why are we importing thousands of tons of pig food a year from America? And why do we buy vast quantities of vegetables from France, Belgium and Holland? If, as many farmers here believe, growers on the continent are being paid huge subsidies which enable them to sell at prices so low that growing vegetables in England is not worthwhile, our government should have intervened and arranged a fair settlement through the EEC. The French farmers know how to deal with similar problems: they just block the roads with unwanted imported beef cattle. Perhaps we could do the same with cabbages!

This economic muddle is not new; it has been going on for about twenty years. Protectionism is not the answer: we should be able to compete without difficulty since the transportation is on our side. It must be that the French farmers are more enterprising than ours and our government is less efficient than theirs. As an example of this, the people of Brittany, where conditions are similar to those in Cornwall, were

impoverished and demoralised in the 1960s through lack of employment. Today the people are prosperous, and Brittany is one of the richest regions in France due to the foresight and energy of a few men who formed a co-operative organisation for growing and selling vegetables. Every man, woman and child was mobilised. By loans and a levy of a centime on every cauliflower produced they were able to build a ship to take their produce to Plymouth. As they now auction some 420,000 tons of cauliflowers annually and there is a similar commission on carrots, shallots, tomatoes and artichokes and on the three million iceberg lettuces they sell each year, they were able to form 'Brittany Ferries' which keeps several ships busy crossing the Channel.

Perhaps the most illogical and unsound importation into Britain is that of timber. While we have millions of trees dying on their feet around us, we buy ninety per cent of our requirements from Finland, Sweden and Alaska. Our trees should be felled when mature, used and others planted in their place. Even our oaks are not sacrosanct as some people think. They served us well when, at the beginning of the last century, we needed timber to build ships for the navy during one of the wars against France. They could come to our rescue again now.

Wood has been the world's main fuel for many centuries but, although it has been replaced largely by coal and oil, the high cost and the irregular availability of them has caused periodical temporary reversions to it. It will certainly continue to be the main source of energy in countries where quick growing trees flourish. For example, the Philippines have half a million acres of Ipil-Ipil trees which can reach the height of a three-storey building in two years. Although Britain could grow more trees as a forest crop she has neither sufficient land nor the climate to emulate them. We must therefore work out our own salvation by studying the lines on which our neighbours are developing alternative sources of energy since the discovery that the carbon dioxide released when coal or oil are burnt is destroying our atmosphere and, eventually, the universe.

While bringing order into our agricultural industry by planning a fuller use of the land on a rotational cropping basis through which we could feed ourselves, we must revive all the other industries in which we once excelled. We could do so, with two provisos. One is that everyone employed in a manufacturing business, be he or she the office clerk, machine operator or managing director, should have a personal interest in it. The second is that there must be a plentiful, reliable and inexpensive supply of energy. When nuclear power became available it was expected that it would supersede all others but its dangers have since been realised as well as the fabulous cost of dismantling a plant at the end of its safe life — about twenty-five years — so we must look further afield for alternatives.

The first means by which man obtained heat and light was by the burning of waste and by harnessing wind, water and the sun. Our neighbours on the continent and scientists in the USA have been carrying out wide-ranging experiments in the further use of these and we could benefit from their work. Taking waste first, there are now more than two

hundred plants in Europe for burning rubbish to generate electricity. Paris, for example, was producing the equivalent of 480.000 barrels of oil a year ten years ago while Munich and Rotterdam were each making even more.

Sweden and Denmark are leading in the development of wind power in Europe but Russia, Germany and Holland are following closely, all using the strong winds which blow across the North Sea. To show what these wind turbines can achieve, three of them in the State of Washington produce sufficient electricity for 2,500 homes. Sweden has planned to construct 3,300 of them which are calculated to generate as much electricity as seven large nuclear reactors.

When will Britain join this happy band? Our prospects are summarised thus by 'The Worldwatch Institute': 'If capital from the valuable oil being pumped from the North Sea were invested in wind farms along the northern and western coast of the United Kingdom, this could help secure the country's long term energy supplies'.

France is not a windy country so she is concentrating on the development of small mini-hydro projects for which 80,000 sites have been selected along her streams and rivers. Britain could do the same and follow the example of China where there are 87,000 of these small plants in operation generating electricity. France is also making increasing use of rooftop heaters to collect the warmth of the sun. Whereas in 1974 they had only 20,000 of these, they are now manufacturing about half a million a year. We could halve our electricity bills by fitting these solar panels to our rooves and insulating our walls. This has been tested in the coldest part of Canada where it has been shown that a house can be comfortably warmed for as little as $40 a year.

To summarise the situation, energy derived from wind, water, the sun and geothermal heat are all valuable but localised and insufficient to meet the worldwide needs if nuclear power and oil and coal are to be displaced. Photovoltaic electricity may become available worldwide in time, but there is a simpler, proven and universally available fuel — methane gas. This can be made easily anywhere in the world in any quantity and it can perform any task now done by coal or oil. China has been raised from poverty to prosperity by it, and so could we. It is made by fermenting manure, sewage and trash such as straw, weeds and leaves in covered air-tight pits known as 'digesters'. When the gas formed has been released for storage in tanks, the residual mass is a valuable compost fertilizer.

Production started in the Sichuan Province where, by 1974, there were 30,000 digesters in operation. It soon spread throughout the southern provinces and, by 1978, some seven million plants were in use nationwide. Plans were then made for the completion of twenty million by 1980 and seventy million by 1985. As a typical digester produces about 34 cubic feet of methane gas a day for seven or eight months of the year, it has been estimated that China's production is equivalent to twenty-two million tons of hard coal.

In some places where supplies of straw or other vegetable trash are

insufficient, water hyacinths are being grown and, off the coast of Southern California, giant kelp is being cultivated for this purpose. The feasibility of this was investigated by the US National Aeronautics and Space Administration which reported as follows: 'One proposal calls for funnelling the sewage from urban communities into large lagoons where water hyacinths would use the nutrients in the sewage as fertilizer, thus converting an otherwise wasted resource into usable energy. Such a system has an impressive energy-yield potential; one acre of sewage-enriched warm water can produce several tons of water hyacinths each day, enough to yield between 3,500 and 7,000 cubic feet of methane'.

Methane gas could provide the light at the end of the tunnel. It is a readily available and cheap source of energy which would enable our industries to develop and compete on the world markets. Furthermore the making of it would supplant the present shameful practice of throwing sewage into our rivers and the sea where it pollutes the beaches and kills the fish.

Is it not time the business world and government (both national and local) began work along these lines?

[W. E. Crosskill was educated at Repton and Cambridge. In 1928 he went to East Africa where farming in Tanzania and Kenya was interrupted by six years as Lt.-Col. during WWII, fighting in Kenya, Somalia, Ethiopia, Eritrea and Burma. In addition to farming, he managed a hotel, taught French at a local school, was elected as a member of parliament for his farming area and then became Minister of Tourism/Forests/Game/Fisheries between 1956-60 in the then Kenya Government. He is the author of *The Two Thousand Mile War* (R. Hale, 1980) and *First Beginning* (Highgate — Beverley, Yorks, 1987).]

SYRIA: A TALE OF TWO IRONIES

by Charles Foster

IN the cafes on the boulevards of Damascus and Aleppo there is a self-satisfied mumbling. The satisfaction is justified; the last two years have been good for Syria and triumphant for its Machiavellian President, Hafez al Assad.

Exports are up. Investment, both public and private, is encouragingly high, and the investment law of 1991 provides sensible incentives and a rational plan to wean the Syrian economy away from its past dependence on monolithic socialist financial institutions. Syria's GDP continues to grow, and the GDP per capita is the highest of any Levantine country except Israel.

The best thing of all was the Gulf War, for Syria put all its money into the stock which was bound to rise on the market, and won a dividend out of all proportion to its investment. There was no real risk in supporting the Alliance, and cynical commentators in Damascus say that no Syrian troops ever reached Saudi Arabia, despite the extravagant pledges. The photographs of Syrian tanks rolling towards Iraqi lines were taken, says the word on the street, safely within Syrian territory.

The war shuffled the Middle Eastern hierarchy around in a way very favourable to Syria. Iraq, the great rival, was pounded and foundered. Jordan, an uneasy friend with too much love for Baghdad, failed to wave the Stars and Stripes with unqualified joy, and Yasser Arafat, loathed by Assad, committed an error of judgement in backing Iraq which even his silver tongued sophistry could not mend.

Also, Syria has effectively annexed the Lebanon. In the 'Brotherhood Agreement' of May 1991, signed at a time when Syria was far too important to the USA to offend, Assad achieved with the stroke of a pen what Saddam Hussein with all his rockets and guns failed to do — the appropriation of a neighbouring Arab state. It was nicely done. The timing was immaculate: the wording of the agreement made it sound like the friendly and meaningless twinning of two European towns: and the world's press, bemused by the pictures of diplomatic kisses, and thinking that enforced peace in Lebanon meant more than sovereignty, reported it in brief filler columns, if at all. Only the Israelis screamed that the agreement was no agreement at all, having been forced upon a broken people. But no-one, least of all the US State Department, listened.

The Syrians weren't fooled. They knew exactly what had happened, and there was jubilation in Damascus. There was talk again of Greater Syria, the dream which has burned since the time of Saladin, and which has flickered humiliatingly since the post-war partition of the Middle East.

But this new Syrian self-satisfaction is very strange. For the real satisfaction is not with the achievements of the State themselves, but with the new alliance with the West which those achievements have forged. Assad has been able to present himself as the reasonable broker in the

Middle East peace process; a sensible man in a suit with whom the Americans can do business. Syria's long and intimate affair with Moscow has been forgotten. So too, has the crushing of the Hama uprising, when Syrian bulldozers levelled Syrian houses and Syrian conscripts pumped cyanide gas into the ventilation shafts of Syrian homes.

This has had an immediate effect on Syrian self perception. 'We are now,' said Mahmoud, an engineer in Aleppo, 'part of the Western World. We have shown that we are different from the medieval Arabs around us'. He spoke with contempt. 'I would be more at home in New York than Amman.' He was very proud to be Syrian. He would sing the Syrian national anthem with a sincerity previously unknown amongst most of the Syrian population, which had always paid fearful and reluctant lip service to the all-seeing paternalistic state of the Baath party.

It seems that this new redefinition of national success in terms of acceptability to the West indicates the end of the Baathist pan-Arab dream which brought modern Syria into being. There had always been fierce inter-Arab hostility, but never has there been such intense national snobbery, and this is far more dangerous to Arab unity than the dagger-pulling feuding ever was.

There has been, over the past ten years, talk of a Middle Eastern economic community, which would, say the idealists, be the precursor to some sort of political union. This is looking more far-fetched than ever: the borders of the Arab states are harder than at any time since the Middle East was carved up by the British and French in the 1920s. Perhaps this was inevitable. If you tell a people often enough that they are Syrians or Jordanians or Iraqis, they will come to believe it. But until recently it was unclear whether the arbitrary labels stuck on by the Europeans would be adopted by the inhabitants themselves, or whether they would insist on being simply Arab. Now it seems that the French label 'Syria' has stuck. And this is the clue to the first of Syria's two ironies: at the zenith of Syria's national pride, Syrians have, for the first time, acknowledged with one voice the validity of the Syrian state, and rejoiced that they are closer to the western world than ever. The corollary is increased alienation from their Arab neighbours.

The second irony is a related one. It is this: when Syrians are at their most genuinely jingoistic, more of them are clamouring to leave the country than ever before. There are long impatient queues outside the western consulates as the new patriots jostle for visas. Westerners wandering through Damascus are stopped and bought coffee and made to translate letters to embassies and overseas funding centres by would-be emigres. Mahmoud was desperate to study for a BSc in France. 'Syria is the best', he said, unconscious of the contradiction, 'but Paris is better'. This is not just the childish binge of a naive people discovering blue jeans and chewing-gum in the shops. It is the stuff from which dangerous discontent and eventual revolution are made.

But for the moment things look as stable as they ever have been. Assad has not loosened and will not loosen his grip on Syria. This is despite

recent reminders of his mortality. There are rumours that he has cancer. But the Alawite[1] establishment which rules through the army and the sinister mukhabarat[2] is firmly in control, and Assad's air-force officer son, Basil, is being pushed to the front of the stage. He would change nothing. Damascene dreams of Piccadilly and Wall Street will remain frustrated. So too, most likely, will the pious wild ambitions of reactionary Islam. But the odd interaction of Syria's two ironies in this key Arab state make Syria a particularly fascinating place to watch as the peace talks murmur on. The ironies have conditioned Syrian foreign policy: Syrian foreign policy will condition the ironies.

Syria and Lebanon originally declared that they would take no further part in the American sponsored talks. Syria did this without in any way damaging its credentials with the Americans. The Israeli right wing was being obstructive. Syria, which had always been fearful of real success in the talks (since Syria's strength and prestige depends very largely on there being a Zionist bogeyman at which to rail) saw its moment and called its delegates home, blaming the fiasco on Tel Aviv. It was a wonderful move. The Arab-Israeli stalemate remained and remains. Washington believed that the Syrians were good business partners. Obloquy was poured on Israel. And at home in Damascus, Assad showed his people that Syria is the main player in the great peace game (for no serious commentators suppose that any Middle East peace can hold unless Syria is a party to it).

The coming to power of Bill Clinton, who seems to be more of a Zionist than either Shamir or Rabin, does Assad no harm at all. It used to be true that he who was for Israel was against Syria, but the Arab-Israeli conflict is now more complicated. President Bush, ably assisted by Saddam Hussein, was Syria's PR man. He brushed her up and made her respectable. That work cannot be undone. Assad needs confrontation to retain power and popularity. Clinton's bias to Israel gives Assad exactly the sort of apparent opposition he needs to impress the Arab nations by tough talking and to justify a huge defence budget at the disposal of faithful and grateful Alawite soldiers. Patriotism soars. Assad is safe, and feted.

But the two ironies still grate away in the hearts of the Syrian people. The cleverness over the talks has not stilled them. Maybe one day the constant rubbing will sever something vital in the national body. Assad knows this, and the knowledge must mar his quiet satisfaction.

NOTES

1. The Alawites (or Alawis) are a sect of Shi-ite Islam. They seized power in a violent coup in 1966 and have ruled Syria since, notably through Assad (who came bloodlessly to power in 1970) and his henchmen, most of whom are Alawites. A recent estimate suggests that the Alawites comprise about 12 per cent of the Syrian population.
2. The Syrian secret police.

THACKERAY'S MEMORIALS OF DEFEAT

by Donald Bruce

'HE did not invent much, I fancy,' wrote Thackeray in his brief but admiring account of Smollett.[1] The same may be supposed of William Makepeace Thackeray himself, who resembled Smollett both in his minuteness of observation and in his scorn for fiction of an improbably romantic sort. In *Pendennis* Thackeray describes the descent of Mr. Wagg, the fashionable novelist, upon the country house of his rival, Arthur Pendennis. Mr. Wagg observes the signs of shabby gentility about the place, such as the old gardener who doubles as footman; speculates on the clothes hung out to dry on the gooseberry-bushes; assesses the umbrellas and the ladies' clogs in the hall, and draws conclusions from Mrs. Pendennis's worn gloves: 'Mr. Wagg noted everything that he saw... Such minutiae attracted Wagg instinctively; he seized them in spite of himself' (*Pendennis*, ch. 26). So much, at least, Mr. Wagg had in common with Thackeray, a sharpshooter of Victorian social detail. Thackeray trains his sights on Emily Fotheringay's 'pair of ex-white satin shoes' and on Mr. Wenham's 'usual demure look, and stealthy smile with which he commonly surveyed the tips of his neat little shining boots' (*Pendennis*, chs. 12 & 26). He measures Lady Kew's handshake, which consists of 'the momentary loan of two knuckly old fingers' (*The Newcomes*, ch. 30). He contemplates the footman on Lady Ann Newcome's travels, who 'beholds Rhine and Neckar, mountain and valley, village and ruin, with a like dismal composure' (*Newcomes*, ch. 27). He marvels at the knick-knacks with which, within an hour of entering her lodgings in Brighton, Lady Ann heaps the tables: the workboxes, wondrous inkstands, portfolios, perpetual calendars, scissor-cases and miniature gilt easels to hold family-portraits (*Newcomes*, ch. 9). Thackeray depicts circumstance better than incident, which is why *Barry Lyndon*, a novel of nearly bare incident, is so much slighter than his later novels. Steadily Thackeray observed, deftly he selected, and most intently of all Thackeray, who once defined novels as 'thinking about oneself', observed Thackeray.[2]

Thackeray's fiction is his spiritual autobiography, although one must beware of the notion cited by Flaubert in his dictionary of hackneyed ideas: 'It is pointless to admire genius: it is just a neurosis'.[3] Whilst writing *Pendennis* Thackeray fell sick of a fever, so likewise Pendennis goes down with a fever in chapter 52. Pendennis is largely Thackeray himself; as are, in their pride, their sarcasm, their generosity and their exact personal honour, his heroes Clive Newcome, Philip Firmin and, as Thackeray admitted to his mother, Henry Esmond himself (Ray II, p.181). Whenever Arthur Pendennis meets Philip Firmin in *The Adventures of Philip*, the Thackeray of 1854 is confronted with the Thackeray of 1834, which is why Pendennis is so patient with his overbearing junior: Thackeray is looking back on himself. Most of Thackeray's heroes attend Charterhouse School, where he was himself educated. Through all his novels he trails

his dislike of his Irish mother-in-law, so that scarcely a mother-in-law and scarcely an Irishwoman escape his quips. He was unlucky enough to fall in love with the wife of his friend, William Brookfield. Two years after Thackeray's enforced separation from Jane Brookfield he started *The Newcomes*, one of the main topics of which is Colonel Newcome's pathetic constancy to another man's wife. Having persuaded himself that Jane Brookfield had been dragged into a marriage of convenience, in which she was badly treated, Thackeray introduces no fewer than five marriages of convenience in *The Newcomes*. His friend, Anthony Trollope once remarked that Thackeray carried his heart-strings in a crystal case (Ray II, p.420). That crystal case was his fiction. Just as he seldom wrote of a locality which he had not thoroughly explored, so he rarely wrote of an experience which he had not shared. He builds his stories on a vividly felt actuality, and rightly claims, at the beginning of *Lovel the Widower*, that although there is not a word of truth in his story, it is all true (*Lovel*, ch. 1).

Thackeray's life, radically unstable, was punctuated by three severe illnesses and two disastrous attachments: firstly to Isabella Shawe, who went mad in the fifth year of their marriage; secondly to Mrs. Brookfield. In his novels a sense of the wretched changefulness of the world, of which he was so often reminded, persists. Already in *Pendennis*, written well before he was forty, Thackeray contemplates the ruins of Time:

> that which is sluggish obesity to-day was bolsterous rosy health a few years back; that calm weariness, benevolent, resigned and disappointed, was ambition, fierce and violent, but a few years since, and has only settled into submissive repose after many a battle and many a defeat (*Pendennis*, ch. 60).

Thackeray presides over the spreading loss like Harry Foker at his dinner in Richmond, 'seated at the head of his table, amidst melting ices, and cut pine-apples, and bottles full and empty, and cigar-ashes scattered on fruit, and the ruins of a dessert which had no pleasure for him' (*Pendennis*, ch. 41).

'You ain't got young', remarks the old waiter when Major Dobbin, after his long absence in India, returns to Slaughter's Coffee House, where he stayed with George Osborne in the days before Waterloo, at which Osborne was killed. From Slaughter's Coffee House, Dobbin escorted Osborne on the day of his marriage to Amelia, whom Dobbin would have liked to marry himself. The waiter still has a note in his faded pocket-book of some money which Osborne borrowed from him and did not repay. 'Ten years and a fever don't make a man young,' Dobbin replies (*Vanity Fair*, ch. 58). A longing for lost youth, particularly when that longing is awakened by familiar scenes, pervades Thackeray's novels.

Such returns operate like the secret window at Castlewood when Henry Esmond touches the lock for the first time in sixteen years: 'The spring had not been touched for years, but yielded at length, and the window sank down' (*Henry Esmond*, Book III, ch. 7). It descended like Esmond's tears, most likely! Through the secret window and in the devastation of his hopes, Esmond enters Castlewood at the end of the novel. First he rides past the places where his future was shaped. The rooks drowse in

the elms by the church in the sleeping village. The rooks at Castlewood, which caw throughout the novel, link Esmond's experiences with those of his American grandson, Harry Warrington, when Harry visits Castlewood half a century later in *The Virginians*; and connect both novels with Thackeray's boyhood in the rook-haunted town of Addiscombe, near Croydon (Ray II, p.180).

The aged Beatrix Esmond loves Harry Warrington for his resemblance to his grandfather, whom she cannot forgive herself for having rejected. Under the same compulsion of recalled ardour, the old folk in *The Newcomes* contrive to make the youngsters re-enact, more happily, their own first love. Clive Newcome reminds Mme. de Florac of his father, the Colonel; Ethel Newcome reminds the Colonel of Mme. de Florac. It is appropriate that Clive and Ethel meet in the worn antique setting of the garden at the Hôtel de Florac, with its decaying busts of the Caesars: 'Caracalla frowning over his shoulder at Nerva, on to whose clipped hair the roofs of the grey chateau have been dribbling for ever so many long years'. The garden suggests exquisite failure. The fountain with its moss-eaten Triton does not play; its basin is arid. The damp faun with a broken nose pipes hopelessly on an unsounding flute. Like the Colonel and Mme. de Florac, the statues of Cupid and Psyche have been on the point of kissing for 'this half-century at least, though the delicious event has never come off' (*Newcomes*, ch. 47). There is a similar garden in *The Adventures of Philip*. Arthur Pendennis — of all Thackeray's characters the saddest for the past — revisits Dr. Firmin's house, familiar to him in his boyhood, when 'the yellow fogs did not damp our spirits':

> The garden has run to seed, the walks are mildewed, the statues have broken noses, the gravel is dank with green moss, the roses are withered, and the nightingales have ceased to make love (*Adventures of Philip*, ch. 2).

Thackeray is stumbling after a memory; sometimes after a memory, such as the heyday of the Hôtel de Florac, which predates him. Partly because of his life-long habit of self-mockery, which led him to publish his early writings under such clowning pen-names as Ikey Solomons, George Fitz-Boodle, The Fat Contributor, Michael Angelo Titmarsh and James Yellowplush (later Jeames de la Pluche), but more because it served to dramatise his sense of the depredations of time, Thackeray often pretends to be a weary old gentleman. In *A Shabby Genteel Story*, the novel he left unfinished in 1834 at the age of twenty-nine, he claims to be over fifty. When he took it up again twenty years later, to continue it in *The Adventures of Philip*, he still had not reached the age of the imaginary narrator. For Thackeray, events are softened by time and distance. Charterhouse School (where his nose was broken, like the marble faun's) goes under the scoffing name of Slaughterhouse in his early works, but in *The Newcomes* it becomes Greyfriars, Colonel Newcome's last refuge. Thackeray was wretched and ill-used there as a boy, yet he attended the Foundation Day ceremony a fortnight before his death (Ray II, p.414).

The Newcomes opens with Pendennis's lament for the time 'when the sun used to shine brighter'. That was in the days of his youth: 'As I recall them, the roses bloom again' (*Pendennis*, ch. 1). The sentiment is

that of Béranger's song, *Le Grenier*, which Thackeray feelingly translated: *In the brave days when I was twenty-one* (*Imitations of Béranger*, no. 2). Pendennis's meditation is followed by a pluperfect of regret. Pendennis, reviewing a past which he mourns, introduces an older character, Colonel Newcome, who misses an antecedent past. The Colonel visits a music-hall he had known before his long absence in India, and deplores its deterioration. What they both miss, of course, is the zest of being young. In the same pluperfect of regret Harry Foker's guest, Lord Colchicum, envies Foker whilst Foker, in fact, is lamenting his wasted life over the melting ices and cut pine-apples at Richmond: '"I wish I was of his age", said the venerable Colchicum with a sigh, as he inclined his purple face towards a large goblet of claret' (*Pendennis*, ch. 41). Lord Colchicum hopes to rediscover his youth at the bottom of a glass, but he has forgotten, as he eyes Foker over the dessert, that youth too has its regrets. Foker has arrived in dejection at the easily reached limits of a life of pleasure. Whilst Colchicum is serene with his little dancer from the circus, Foker is sighing over his false Blanche Amory.

Misplaced attachments, themselves inducing change and instability, are common in Thackeray's novels. In *Henry Esmond* he chooses the Jacobite cause, rife in instances of wasted devotion. Looking back on the risks he took for the House of Stuart, Esmond comments on 'the treasures of loyalty they dissipated': *If ever men had fidelity, 'twas they; if ever men squandered opportunity, 'twas they; and of all the enemies they had, they were the most fatal* (*Esmond*, Book II, ch. 3). To the worthless Stuarts are added the worthless Castlewoods. Both dynasties misuse what has accrued to them through the romantic fidelity of Esmond, described by Beatrix Esmond in her old age as *the only man of the family*; an acknowledgement which comes too late, since by that time Esmond is dead (*Virginians*, ch. 2). Upon Beatrix he turned the whole spate of his ardour for the Castlewoods and because of her, most of all, he learned what he calls 'the silent teachings of adversity' (*Esmond*, Book 2, ch. 4).

She too is the dupe of her affections and hopes. The aged Beatrix of *The Virginians* goes over, in her dreams and her delirium, the happenings recounted at the end of *Henry Esmond*. Shunning Esmond, to her later regret, she was childish enough to believe the Stuart prince's promises of marriage (*Virginians*, ch. 85). 'I will see the prince,' she exclaims in her sleep fifty years later, 'I have a right to see him' (*Virginians*, ch. 35). Equally simple in her worldliness is Léonore de Blois, who marries the elderly Comte de Florac in order to please her father, while retaining a reticent love, unspoken for forty years, for Colonel Newcome. 'There are some laws so cruel that nature revolts against them, and breaks them', Mme. de Florac finally tells Ethel Newcome, 'or we die in keeping them. I have been fifty years dying' (*Newcomes*, ch. 47). As Mme. de Florac writes to the Colonel himself, 'One supports the combats of life, but they are long, and one comes from them very wounded' (*Newcomes*, ch. 53). When she sees the Colonel's son Clive, who resembles his father, it is as if she has retraced her footsteps: 'Hope almost wakes up again out of the

grave' (*Newcomes*, ch. 45).

Thackeray's characters sometimes relish their sentimental defeats too much. Emerging from his distemper in prison, Esmond becomes 'perhaps secretly vain of the sacrifice he had made' in renouncing his title as the true Lord Castlewood (*Esmond*, Book III, ch. 3). He writes a comedy called *The Faithful Fool* about his entanglement with Beatrix. When it is printed, merely nine copies are sold. Only John Dennis, the least respected critic of his age, praises it (*Esmond*, Book III, ch. 3). Esmond heads one chapter of his memoirs, 'An old story about a fool and a woman' (*Esmond*, Book II, ch. 10). His faithfulness and his foolishness tend so greatly towards outright dotage, in such episodes as that in which he gives Beatrix his ancestral diamonds for her marriage to his rival, that he nearly loses the reader's respect (*Esmond*, Book III, ch. 4). Even taking into account Rachel Esmond's jealousy, her impatience with Esmond's maudlin behaviour towards her daughter seems justified, especially when Esmond craves permission to kiss Beatrix's stockinged feet (*Esmond*, Book III, ch. 2).

The defeats, at least by preventing the disillusion which attends accomplished desires, allow dreams to continue. As Dobbin's wife, Amelia renews in Dobbin the misgivings she herself felt at the time of her marriage to George Osborne. She is described as being, after that marriage, the winner who has gained the prize and remains doubtful and unsatisfied (*Vanity Fair*, ch. 26). Her lot is 'already to be looking sadly and vaguely back; always to be pining for something which, when obtained, brought doubt and sadness rather than pleasure'. She is alarmed by the 'vast and dingy' state bedroom she shares with Osborne at the Cavendish Hotel, and misses her little white bed at Fulham, where she used to weep all night long because she despaired of marrying him. It is not that Amelia is fickle: she is beginning to find Osborne out. She, and later Dobbin, are cast down by their successes. They are like the winners at the casino in Rougetnoirbourg in Thackeray's *The Kickleburys on the Rhine:* 'the winners have the most anxious faces'. Until Mr. Titmarsh loses his winnings he is 'feverish, excited and uneasy'.

Already in *A Shabby Genteel Story* Thackeray announces his theme of the pathos of human aspiration, in words which could have been written of Amelia and of Dobbin:

> When the battle is over, behold your conquest! Betty Bundy is a vulgar country wench, and *cette belle marquise* is old, rouged, and has false hair (*Shabby Genteel Story*, ch. 2).

The rouged marquises, such as Mme. d'Ivry in *The Newcomes*, were to persist in the later novels; as were the bumpkinly wenches, from Fanny Bolton in *Pendennis* to Elizabeth Prior in *Lovel the Widower*. One of the most heartrending changes in *Pendennis* is the way that Fanny Bolton's inherent coarseness breaks through her cockney charm once she marries Sam Huxter. It turns out that a mistake was made about Cinderella, and the Fairy Queen proves bogus. 'Is memory as strong as expectancy, fruition as hunger, gratitude as desire?' Thackeray demands (*Esmond*, Book II, ch. 7). 'How stale everything grows!' exclaims Mr. Titmarsh in *The*

Kickleburys on the Rhine. When we have gained what we want, we no longer want it:

> If we were to live in a garden of Eden now, and the gate were open, we should go out, and tramp forward, and push on... anything to keep moving, anything to get a change, anything but quiet.

Thackeray does not flatter himself that a sense of the world's vanity is in any way useful. On the contrary, he concludes that it is itself vain: 'the scorn and weariness which cries *vanitas vanitatum* is but the lassitude of the sick appetite palled with pleasure' (*Pendennis*, ch. 60).

Thackeray's leading characters, commonly wistful in their defeats and disappointed with their successes, consequently live a great deal inwardly and in emotional isolation. They admire people who are heartier than themselves, although these are often rogues, and delight in the company of such joyous extraverts as Harry Foker, who paints his tutor's door vermilion (nothing less will satisfy Foker) or Dick Blewett, the sort of lusty worldling whom Thackeray probably envied, as he stands at his door in a pea-green dressing-gown and roars out a hunting chorus whilst smoking his after-breakfast cigar (*Pendennis*, ch. 19 and *The Yellowplush Correspondence*, ch. 2). George Warrington, burlier than Pendennis, serves to correct Pendennis's capricious sensibility and to laugh him out of his conceit; although Warrington too has his hidden regrets.

Thomas Carlyle, who knew Thackeray well, was not altogether wrong when he discerned under Thackeray's urbanity *a man of grim, silent, stern nature* (Ray II, p.42). Certainly, like his own Major Pendennis, Thackeray is at his most urbane when he intends to be fiercest. Yet he is a joker, a comic illustrator and a hilarious mocker and parodist. He tells the world of the doings of Lady Slowbore, Lady Grizzel Macbeth and Princess Amelia von Humbourg-Schlippenschloppen zu Kartoffelstadt. In *Vanity Fair* he introduces an aristocracy named after cheeses, since they all arrive after dinner: the Dowager Duchess of Stilton and the duc de la Gruyère among others. Grotesques from his early *jeux d'esprit* invade his substantial novels: the Bareacres, the Kickleburys, the Hon. A. Deuceace and Major Ponto. Pitt Crawley's grandfather is connected by marriage with the Earl of Haggistoun, father of Lady MacScrew in *The Book of Snobs*. Lady Blanche Thistlewood, daughter of Lord Bareacres in *The Yellowplush Correspondence*, marries the Marquis of Steyne's son and flirts with George Osborne in *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray acquaints his readers with the Arabian explorer, Bedwin Sands, the epic poet Poseidon Hicks and the Rev. Felix Rabbits, father of fourteen daughters. In *The Rose and the Ring*, that 'fireside pantomime' which epitomises most of the themes of his novels, he relates how Prince Giglio bent the nose of King Valoroso XXIV of Paflagonia. But in his lectures on the English humourists he tells the story of the actor who went to complain to his physician of constant dejection. 'Go to see Harlequin', was the doctor's advice. 'I am Harlequin', replied the actor. Whilst writing *Pendennis* Thackeray described himself as 'the most melancholy author who ever cracked a joke with a sad heart' (Ray II, p.113). Thackeray's admirer, Trollope, perceived that Thackeray's continual playfulness concealed a melancholy that was equally continual:

'I fancy he was far from happy', Trollope adds.[4]

'How lonely we are in the world,' Thackeray complains in *Pendennis*, 'how selfish and secret, everyone!' Each individual inhibits a distinct Universe shaped by personal sensibility: 'you and I are but a pair of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near to us' (*Pendennis*, ch. 16). As he contemplates the lit windows of a large hotel in *The Newcomes*, Thackeray returns to Bunyan's image of Vanity Fair:

> So every light in every booth yonder has a scheme of its own: every star shines by itself; and each individual heart of ours goes on brightening with its own hopes, burning with its own desires, and quivering with its own pain (*Newcomes*, ch. 29).

Within the hotel, and about to make loveless marriages, are Ethel Newcome and Lady Clara Pulleyn. Watching the windows, suffering and heedless of each other's suffering, are the rejected suitors, Clive Newcome and Jack Belsize. Each is solitary in his hopes, his desires and his pain. So, at Castlewood, Henry Esmond and his family live together in outward communion and inner separation: 'gloomy, and dissatisfied and lonely', as Esmond puts it: 'We were all so, even when together and united, as it seemed, following our separate schemes, each as we sate round the table' (*Esmond*, Book III, ch. 3).

Thackeray's London is populous with isolations; people who communicate in no important respect. His characters wander 'alone, in the great wilderness of London' (*Philip*, ch. 3). Thackeray equates the solitude of Baker Street with that of Arabia Deserta (*Vanity Fair*, ch. 61). At the close of a gloomily superb meditation in *Pendennis*, Thackeray speaks of the winner and the loser as being akin in their loneliness. He pictures the triumphant captain bringing his ship into harbour whilst the wrecked sailor perishes, lashed to a spar out at sea:

> The sinking man and the successful one are thinking each about home, very likely, and remembering the time when they were children; alone on the hopeless spar, drowning out of sight; alone in the midst of the crowd applauding you (*Pendennis*, ch. 60).

All around him in his solitude Thackeray observed the effects of mortality and change; tritely, no doubt. Thackeray's reflections are seldom new. They go back to his much-loved Horace and beyond. The novelty lies in the eloquence with which they are expressed by this prose-poet of regret, and the polymathic copiousness with which they are illustrated.

The decay of beauty and the personal ruins of women are instances of mortal change which Thackeray often cites. Mrs. Carrickfergus, as she recollects her past, puts 'a large hand upon a place on her left side, where once had been a waist' (*Shabby Genteel Story*, ch. 7). Rheumaticky old Beatrix Esmond in *The Virginians*, twisting wittily and miserably on her stick, is a distressing commentary on the nubile Beatrix in *Henry Esmond*; whose 'motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace — agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen' (*Esmond*, Bk. II, ch. 7). Although the Dowager Viscountess Castlewood had little beauty at any time, her efforts to preserve that beauty make her positively hideous. Faithfully she wears red, the heraldic colour of her family, on her cheeks to the last:

'As the sky grows redder and redder towards sunset, so, in the decline of her years, the cheeks of my Lady Dowager blushed more deeply' (*Esmond*, Book II, ch. 3). Already in her middle age her face is 'daubed with white and red up to the eyes, to which the paint gave an unearthly glare' (*Esmond*, Book I, ch. 2). Equally absurd and sad are the efforts of Thackeray's old bucks, such as Major Pendennis and General Tufto, to preserve their youthful charms. One may contemplate them, says Thackeray, 'with as much profit as the most elderly Belgravian Venus or inveterate Mayfair Jezebel' (*Pendennis*, ch. 36).

In spite of Thackeray's contempt for symbolism, which he calls 'the same simile fourteen times, but at intervals of two or three pages or so', the small-pox at Castlewood, which takes off the gloss of the past, remains a powerful symbol in *Henry Esmond*. Upon Rachel, Lady Castlewood, it has the effect of age: 'the delicacy of her rosy colour and complexion was gone: her eyes had lost their brilliancy'. It leaves Esmond's first love, Nancy Sievewright, dead and forgotten, 'whose red cheeks but a month ago he had been so eager to see' (*Esmond*, Book I, ch. 9). The small-pox also marks the end of Esmond's age of innocence and the beginning of his puberty: he catches it as the result of his first romance. From the small-pox Lady Castlewood herself dates her infatuation with Esmond. After her husband has been killed in a duel, she visits Esmond in jail to expiate at his expense the remorse she feels for having fallen in love with him, although the overt reason for her reproaches is that he seconded her husband. She discloses that she wishes Esmond had died of the small-pox, yet she tells him so 'with a glance that was at once so fond and so sad' (*Esmond*, Book II, ch. 1). He and the family he worships are reciprocally fatal. Debilitated by fever, confinement and the wounds received in the duel, he faints away. At the end of the novel Thackeray reveals that whilst Esmond is unconscious Lady Castlewood takes one of his cufflinks and ever after wears it in her bosom.

Mme. de Florac would certainly have tried to revive Esmond instead of idolising his cufflink. In spite of the glamour of their wedding and migration to Virginia, one wonders if the union of Henry and Rachel Esmond is happier than that of William and Amelia Dobbin. Always remembering Beatrix, Esmond is no more than 'not unhappy' in America:

> A something had occurred in his life which cast a tinge of melancholy over his existence. He was not unhappy... but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, from which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life, rather than enjoying it (*Virginians*, ch. 3).

Like Dobbin and Pendennis, Esmond emerges from disease as a weightier man. Thus, through the workings of a combined transience, past events are distanced from the hero by alterations of circumstance, and he too is distanced from past events by his new seriousness.

Pendennis does not at once rescind the worldly schemes he has plotted with his uncle, the Major. He undergoes a series of transformations (as a fashionable novelist, as the suitor of an heiress, as a prospective Member of Parliament) which take him further and further away from his past at home in Clavering, until at last, having learned to deserve that past,

he returns to it in the person of his wife Laura, who is also his foster-sister. The emotional recovery of his past does not, in fact, make him more cheerful. As the narrator of *The Newcomes* and *The Adventures of Philip*, Pendennis becomes steadily more melancholy; possibly because the scenes of his youth are being obliterated to finance the recapture of the life of the sentiments associated with it. As an instrument of change the Industrial Revolution works alongside his inner revolution. Already when he comes to London to study Law, to find that the roses no longer bloom in the smoky air of the Temple Gardens, the trout stream at Clavering has been polluted by a factory on its banks. He is able to escape from his life in London by selling his land to the new railway, thus spoiling the little town altogether: 'the once quiet and familiar fields... were flaming with the kilns and forges of the artificers employed on the new railroad works' (*Pendennis*, chs. 15, 50 and 76).

Nothing, Thackeray asserts in *Vanity Fair*, should be written indelibly:

> Those quacks and misanthropes who advertise indelible Japan ink should be made to perish along with their wicked discoveries. The best ink of Vanity Fair would be one that faded utterly in a couple of days (*Vanity Fair*, ch. 19).

He suggests that human ties, however enthusiastic for a while, seldom last. Ardour burns itself out. On to the novelties in the next booth! He gives an example in *The Newcomes*: Tom is jilted and for a while in a frenzy, but in no time recovers his appetite and rushes off to the races at Newmarket. His female counterpart likewise experiences first the paroxysm and then the recovery. Before long she is taking an interest in Mme. Crinoline's latest importations from Paris, wonders whether pink or blue will suit her best, and compliments herself on outwaltzing her friend Lucy. From this Thackeray concludes that 'what are called broken hearts are very rare articles indeed' (*Newcomes*, ch. 32). As if ashamed, he admits that his own heart has never broken: 'it has suffered, and, it must be admitted, survived' (*Vanity Fair*, ch. 18). Well, it is true that Thackeray survived, although not for many years, the two great emotional losses of his life — that of his wife and that of Jane Brookfield — but he never ceased to bewail them in what he afterwards wrote. Dobbin finds no diversion from his love for Amelia. Esmond's passion for Beatrix haunts his old age. With an irony characteristic of Thackeray, his meditation on the adaptability of the human heart introduces not so many good dinners and so much waltzing, but the marriage of Barnes Newcome, which ends in flight, adultery, separation and divorce.

NOTES

1. *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, ch. 5. The texts of Thackeray cited are those of the first editions in book form.
2. Gordon Ray. *Thackeray*, Oxford, 1955-8, vol. II (*Age of Wisdom*), p.265.
3. Gustave Flaubert. *Oeuvres*, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, Paris, 1952, vol. II. p.1,011.
4. Anthony Trollope. *Thackeray*, London, 1887, p.40.

Literary Supplement

THE EMPIRE OF SWEDEN

The Battle of Poltava. The Birth of the Russian Empire. Peter Englund. Gollancz, 1992. Originally published in Sweden 1988. 287pp. £20.00.

The battle of Poltava in 1709 was one of the most decisive battles in European history. When this volume was published in 1988, Peter Englund was studying for his doctorate. He was 31 years old, and the book immediately became a publishing sensation, the most widely read work by a Swedish author for more than a decade, selling 180,000 copies. This is the first edition in English. The translator is Charles Harrison Wallace.

It is an account of the three violent days of the battle of Poltava, deep in the Ukraine, where invading Swedish forces had perhaps unwisely ventured. The Russian dominions seem to exert some kind of drawing power like a lodestone to unwise adventurers who over-reach themselves and who are blind to the lessons of both history and geography, to say nothing of local and native knowledge. Neither Napoleon nor Hitler was to learn the bitter lesson of Charles XII of Sweden. Charles had succeeded to the throne of Sweden at the age of eighteen, thinking only of the expansion of the Swedish empire, an empire which under the Wasa dynasty had grown at an astonishing pace since 1560, and by 1709 had become 'almost certainly the most efficient, best organized and administered, probably the most technically advanced, and pro rata, the strongest state in Europe'. As Professor Paul Kennedy has amply demonstrated in his *Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* almost every European state (and others) seems to have its day, if only for a relatively short time.

Such over-expansion by Sweden was almost bound to come to grief. The population of Sweden and Finland (then part of Sweden) was probably less than 1.5 million. By 1709 the combined population of the hostile coalition confronting it was roughly 30 million! Moreover the character of the king, this strange possessed young man, was also a contributing factor. 'Charles', says the author, 'has been the object of extremes of chauvinistic hero-worship as well as unbridled vituperation'. He has been described as a mediaeval soldier pitchforked into the eighteenth century: 'with a high forehead, large nose, full lips and an imperious mien, a King by the Grace of God, accustomed to command and accustomed to being obeyed', superstitious, perhaps now possessed by a death wish, 'a vision of Ragnarok', the whole army was to be dragged down in his own destruction. For this book is other things as well: it is the pitiable, agonising story of the common soldier and the horrors of war. Peter Englund makes no attempt to cover up this theme. In fact, on one very real level, it is his theme, and so has lessons for all, into the twentieth century.

Peter Englund's Swedish is described as 'spontaneous, colloquial and at times almost oral, and although it has been felt necessary to to adapt this style slightly for the English-speaking reader, some effort has been made to preserve its vivid immediacy'. It is clearly a style appropriate to the subject, and to the feelings of the author about it. The theme set him on fire, and it is infectious.

The last word may perhaps rest with Professor Norman Stone, who, recently reviewing the biography of another idiosyncratic king, Stanislaw Augustus, the last king of Poland, wrote: 'Writing eastern European history is almost

literally a nightmare: a surface of operetta, beneath which lurk endless, apparently pointless, complications, all ending in disaster'. Peter Englund has seen through the nightmare and survived it, to write an important addition to the canon of European historical literature. If he writes nothing else, this must be the definitive work on the battle of Poltava.

MICHAEL L. NASH

THE IRA: A BELFAST VIEW

Killer in Clowntown: Joe Doherty, the IRA and the special relationship. Martin Dillon. Hutchinson. £16.99.

Martin Dillon brings a Belfast insider's viewpoint to this story of Joe Doherty's career: he grew up near him, and knows his old stamping grounds. Indeed, this is his third in a series of investigative studies of the Ulster problem since the current 'troubles' began in 1968, the first two being *The Shankill Butchers* in 1989 and *The Dirty War* which published the IRA's Green Book, its code of discipline, in 1990. Although (or because he was?) a BBC producer of Irish programmes, he was sought as an expert witness on Irish terrorism, when Doherty tried to obtain a right to asylum in the US. The US Supreme Court denied the appeal; Doherty also lost his request for bail and was extradited; his nine-year saga in jail came to an end, and with it his long innings as an IRA 'hero' in Irish-American opinion.

This book can be read at the level of an extraordinary adventure story, an *Odd Man Out* but two generations and much terrorism later. Dillon has no illusions: he sees Doherty as a man with little education, drawn into conflict by 'the overpowering emotionalism of the terrible events surrounding him, and his association with the cult of the gunman'. Doherty and his group were arrested for the murder of an SAS captain, H. R. Westmacott, in 1980; during their trial, they made a dramatic escape from Crumlin Road high-security prison in Belfast. At each stage in his escape he was sheltered and housed by civilian sympathisers in Belfast or in the Republic; in his absence, he was given a thirty-year prison sentence. Spirited to New York by the IRA with a new name and a forged passport, he then worked as a barman (despite the temptation of becoming a NY policeman!), but was arrested by the FBI and spent nine years in the New York Correctional Center. Even here, near the spot where New York honoured him by giving his name to a street corner, (as Glasgow similarly honours Winnie Mandela) he had sympathisers, including over 130 Congressmen and a son of President Bush. Whether on active service as a gunman, or playing the part of 'prisoner of conscience' in the NY courts, Doherty fought against the British 'tyranny', and became an Irish-American hero. It was only Mrs. Thatcher's determination that he was a ruthless terrorist that kept him in jail, and finally (in January 1992) ensured his extradition.

This is thus more than the biography of a desperate and clever man. It is an index to two ugly societies. One is the borderland and 'bandit country' of the Irish Republic, with many families on both sides of the line aiding and abetting killers, whose world and whose experience are only of war, and who do not recognise English (or British?) justice as binding on them — witness the arguments brought forward in all Doherty's trials. The other society is the Irish-American world of New York and Boston, with a network of people ready to assist IRA operations; they put nothing at risk, but use legends to make deadly mischief, and finance murder largely for the kicks it brings. Like other IRA activists Doherty 'rested' in the US; he was and is aware of his

public role, and aware indeed that, thanks now to Hollywood and to the omnipresence of television, the IRA in the US is rivalling the Mafia as a source of near-fictional outlaw-heroes. It won't be long before Joe Doherty is seen as the Lucky Luciano or Al Capone of his times. And if James Mason could make a legend of 'Odd Man Out', soon a new Cagney (or Robert de Niro) will portray him on the screen. Didn't Capone himself vet the script of *Scarface*? If so, the IRA in feeding the folklore will win the battle of minds in the US. This is an accurately-assembled, chilling and fascinating book.

ESMOND WRIGHT

BRITAIN UNDER THATCHERISM

Dancing With Dogma: Britain under Thatcherism. Ian Gilmour. Simon and Schuster. 1992. £16.99.

The Anatomy of Thatcherism. Shirley Robin Letwin. Fontana (HarperCollins). 1992. £6.99.

Dancing with Dogma could as well be entitled Grandee to Grocer. Its dust cover epitomises the relationship — Mrs. Thatcher, an overblown Cleopatra in the aloof arms of Sir Ian, poised for the kill, one large foot planted heavily on her instep. Sir Ian produces many pages of 'wettish' economic argument in order to lay most of our current evils at her door, for, as he sees it, being obsessed by the dogma of monetarism.

Yet Thatcherism is far from the dictionary definition of a 'doctrinal system such as that laid down by authority of the church'. On the contrary it is a peculiarly British empirical response to practical need. Despite much inside knowledge, though as a leading opposing 'wet', Sir Ian was sacked from the Cabinet back in 1981, and his bruised ego syndrome is evident. He has little comprehension of the kinds of people that Mrs. Thatcher instinctively understood. Mrs. Thatcher suffered from sycophancy, misplaced chivalry and the hysterical hatred of the 'chattering class' women, alas, as well as men. Sir Ian could only see her as a formidably spoilt child, of the wrong class and wrong sex.

Sir Ian too, had the instinctive reactions of his class and occupation, in his case the Foreign Office which was his life. Deeply steeped in its outlook, he took a strongly anti-war stance in 1982 over the Argentine invasion of the Falklands, brushing the Islanders aside like flies. Parliamentary support he thought silly and blimpish — a distasteful episode. The present writer remembers a private press party at which he raised a cheap laugh by affecting never to have heard of Thule, at that minute being invaded by an advance party of Argentinians. He sometimes seemed to be the Defence Secretary of the FO, not the country.

Dr. Letwin, herself a distinguished academic, and also a Director of the Centre for Policy Studies founded by Mrs. Thatcher, has naturally a more amiable outlook on her subject. She sees Thatcherism as a moral message in favour of the vigorous virtues; a paradox that the only Prime Minister with an 'ism' to her name should be the least conceptual; ironic that a label invented by her opponents has remained as an attribute which history has yet to define. But after all the verbiage which both irritated and entertained its subject, Mrs. Thatcher perhaps summed up her ethos back in 1981: 'If you change the approach you really are after the heart and soul of the nation. Economics are the method; the object is to change the heart and soul'.

MOLLY MORTIMER

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH LARKIN?

Selected Letters of Philip Larkin. Edited by Anthony Thwaite. Faber. Illustrated. 791pp. £20.00.

A technical difficulty arises in reviewing Larkin's Letters: in all my experience I have never seen or read such foul-mouthed language, the whole virtuoso gamut of bawdry, swear-words often in every line, particularly in the earlier letters and to male cronies like Kingsley Amis. This makes it impossible to do justice to Larkin's idiom, since one cannot quote it.

The pity of it is that underneath the smelly swamp of such verbiage there is the firm ground of Larkin's thinking about poetry, again in the earlier letters where he is forming his creed and poetic persona. He told me that he was very careful of his persona. Fancy anybody bothering in such a society! However, Eliot did, so did Housman, and Hardy wrote his own biography under his (second) wife's name. Perhaps it was worth while in their society's day.

Did this stance on Larkin's part come from the undergraduate pose he and his friends took up? The crass Philistinism: 'Jazz is better than Beethoven', 'Books are a load of crap'. Of course they were clever boys, and some of it was pose. When not, they are flagrantly silly. All dons are put down as mediocre. Larkin's examiners at Oxford were Lord David Cecil, C. S. Lewis, Nichol Smith, Tolkien — each one a man of distinction. They gave Larkin a First, much to his surprise: in spite of his perverseness, they perceived his quality.

The complex goes much further back, to his 'unspent childhood'. On the very first page, on glancing at the gravestones of his family in the churchyard at Lichfield: 'Major think. I reeled away conscious of a desire to vomit into a homburg hat.' When Coventry was so heavily bombed he was given refuge by an uncle and aunt at Warwick. They are cruelly caricatured for their pains. Is childhood all 'boredom'? He gives Coventry a sour acquittance: 'it's not the place's fault'.

Why does everybody, everything, every place, have to be demeaned, disparaged, insulted? Especially his fellow writers, if not every one — Barbara Pym was a notable exception. But his friend, Ted Hughes, is 'no good, no good at all'. William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* 'I didn't find it convincing, a 'literary idea' dressed up as realistically as possible but not realistically enough'. Still, years later it is 'I've never thought very much of him'. Did he ever think very much of anybody? For myself I noticed how supercilious he was in person.

When young he had hero-worshipped Auden and D. H. Lawrence. Eventually everything that Auden wrote after 1940, i.e. in America, is condemned. This is undiscriminating — I agree that much of it is inferior, but not all. And often Larkin's criticism, ruthless as it is, hits the target and one has to agree with it. The cantankerous Grigson, who was so nasty about everybody else, especially his old friend Betjeman, gets his comeuppance: 'how rotten his poems were and his criticism and his manners and his judgement'. What about Larkin's manners, though his judgement was sound, if too severe.

He did not spare his own publishers. He saw that, after Eliot's death, 'Faber's imprint isn't what it was'. His successors' judgement in poetry became very erratic, 'Faber's crap is as usual'. My own experience confirms Larkin in this, when my name was dropped from the list for a number of people who have never been much heard of since.

Places similarly: Hull is constantly disparaged, it is 'the a--hole of the East Riding'. Now Hull is fascinating historically, with one of the grandest parish churches in England, besides much else of interest to anyone of perception. On the threshold is Beverley, with a Minster the North Country equivalent of Westminster Abbey, the Percy tomb in it has the finest of medieval sculpture. To persons of any cultural sensibility, even common sense appreciation of the past, the East Riding is a paradise of pleasures. Nothing of all this anywhere in Larkin, plenty about jazz and seedy squalor.

Larkin was miserable, and made himself more so. His letters are full of whining and moaning. 'Wifeless, childless' — that was by his own choice, which we must respect: then why complain about it? He admits at one point what was wrong — he could not give himself to anyone. We cannot blame him for that: that was the way he was made. Conventional people think him 'diseased'; but that is not right, they do not understand the psychology of genius (for he was one). Writers of genius write out of the tangle of their complexes, it is for critics to estimate the product. Larkin agreed with Hardy's definition of poetry — words from the heart expressed rhythmically in such a way as to move other hearts. Not much of that in Larkin, the overall message is — as Eliot's widow has said — enough to make one drown oneself.

Even so, he was a good poet, technically a perfectionist. He had no use for the uncooked, uneducated outpourings patronised by the media today. Interestingly he compared himself with Housman — though no such scholar (except for Jazz), and Housman did speak straight from the heart to other hearts. A professor of English — of whom Philip would not have approved — calls him 'the best poet of the century'. What about Yeats or Eliot, Bridges, whom Housman, no easy critic, thought best; or Hardy, who would have been Philip's choice? The professor thought these Letters the best of any poet he had ever read. Has he never read Byron's, or Keats's, Shelley's, or the incomparable letters of Swift?

Anthony Thwaite has done a fine job in editing these — thorough and conscientious, the notes are most useful and properly fair. There is a fascinating paradox about Larkin. Why is he so popular, when he hated the society of our day? — Because he was its laureate.

A. L. Rowse

PRESS LORD AND A GENTLEMAN

William Camrose: Giant of Fleet Street, by his son, Lord Hartwell. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £17.99.

'I see the flags at half-mast in Fleet Street and on the posters the news that Camrose has died. He was a staunch friend and a wise counsellor. He showed that one could be a Press Lord and a gentleman.' So wrote Harold Nicolson on learning of the death of Viscount Camrose, Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Telegraph* and, by common consent, one of the most successful and influential journalists of his time.

The Camrose life story as herein related by his son who succeeded him as Editor-in-Chief of the paper, is of surpassing interest. Born in 1879, one of three sons of a Welsh estate agent, William Ewart Berry began his career as a cub reporter on the local paper before his fourteenth birthday. He moved to London and without either money or influence had by the time he was 22, launched his own paper, *Advertising World*. There were ups and downs but he never looked back. With his younger brother (who as Viscount Kemsley also became a Press Lord) he rescued the *Sunday Times* from oblivion in 1915

and in 1927 bought the ailing *Daily Telegraph*, the flagship of the future publishing empire which grew to more than 100 national and regional newspapers and magazines. When he took it over the circulation of the *Telegraph* had slumped to 84,000; when he died it had broken through the million barrier, selling as it does today more papers than any two of its principal rivals put together.

Unlike Beaverbrook, Camrose had no political ambitions but he exercised enormous political influence behind the scenes, to an extent which none of his present-day counterparts could remotely claim to do. He supported Baldwin in the Abdication crisis. In the pre-war climate of appeasement he opposed Munich and called for rearmament. Governments and politicians listened to him and none more so than Churchill who said of him when he died: 'His work remains as a living monument which will long endure for the good of our hard-pressed country'.

A statesman-like tribute but at heart Camrose remained a journalist. Tall and of commanding presence, he reminded him, said a friend observing him behind his Fleet Street desk, of a cross between an elder statesman and Buddha albeit with a twinkle in his eye. Most of the editorial staff, few of whom he knew except on the telephone, thought differently. They saw him as stern and unapproachable which in a sense he was though to be fair his aloofness was due in part anyway to shyness rather than arrogance. He was a generous benefactor to good causes all his life but certainly not over-generous in paying his staff — and positively sparing in doling out praise.

His guiding principle in running the paper was an absolute commitment to objective reporting with no editorialising in the news columns and no 'guff' as he called it anywhere. He held sub-editing to be the key role in producing a newspaper and regarded himself as the supreme sub-editor which in fact he often was. The *Telegraph* correspondent in South Africa once told me how Camrose while in Cape Town asked him to come and see him bringing with him a copy of the *Cape Times*. This he immediately spread out in his hotel room for a critical analysis of the paper's selection, subbing and presentation of the news, not all of which met with his approval.

His method of getting the kind of paper he wanted himself centred on reading every line of the *Telegraph* and close scrutiny of its rivals. Thus armed he dictated a daily flow of memos to his editors, the terms of which as one noted wryly, were apt to be a little rasping. Thus, 'Is our Crime man still on the staff? The news in the other papers would appear to indicate that he is not'. He strongly resented any suggestion that the paper was in the pocket of or mouthpiece for the Tory Party. 'Be particularly careful not to overdo the Conservative Association meeting so as to be described as the Conservative Party organ... Bailey (Parliamentary sketch writer) seems to be adopting a Government or party attitude. There is too great a readiness to sneer at anything the Opposition does' and so on. Ownership of the *Telegraph* has now passed into other hands but it still bears the Camrose imprint. Lord Hartwell who was not only Editor-in-Chief of the paper for longer than his father but founder of the *Sunday Telegraph* has written a closely-researched and by no means uncritical book of wide general interest, free needless to say of 'gush' or sentiment. Future historians of Fleet Street will value it for the light it sheds on the growth of the Press and, in particular on the circulation battles and newspaper wars of the 20s and 30s and the Press Barons who fought them.

GEORGE EVANS

ANGRY PRAYERS

The Duty of Mercy. Humphry Primatt. Edited by Richard D. Ryder. £8.99. *Moral Inquiries on the Situation of Man and of Brutes*. Lewis Gompertz. Edited by Peter Singer. £8.99. *The Universal Kinship*. J. Howard Moore. Edited by Charles Magel. £10.99. [All] The Kinship Library. Centaur Press.

The present time is probably, when one thinks about it, as good as any other for Centaur Press to have launched this very well conceived project of re-editing classic humane studies, far from familiar even to especially interested readers, on man's relationship with the other species. It would probably be better to avoid the invocation of 'animal rights'. There is only a small corpus of historical material. One of the editors here marshalls the names of pioneers: Frances Quarles, Matthew Hale, Thomas Tryon, James Granger, John Hildrop and Richard Dean. In general literature, of course, there is a thread of complaint against cruelty: Webster saw that, 'We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry'; and Alasdair Alpin MacGregor, on learning the reality of vivisection, and finding that 'My constant awareness that this shameful business is going on, and increasingly so, all the time, all over the world, has overshadowed my days', returned his graduation diplomas to the University of Edinburgh. In 1885, Ruskin resigned the Slade Chair of Fine Arts from the same motivation.

Humphry Primatt was an obscure divine of the eighteenth century, whose few biographical details have been traced by his new editor. *The Duty of Mercy* (1776) appears to have been his only published work. His treatise was an inspiration to the Reverend Arthur Broome, who helped, in 1828, to found the (R)SPCA, and also to Henry Salt, founder of the Humanitarian League, and author of *Animals' Rights* (1892). It is significant that the Bishop of Salisbury, John Austin Baker, in a brave foreword, has admitted that 'so far as animals are concerned, Christianity has on the whole the blackest record among religions'. Primatt, while never abandoning a Christian basis, has a subtle control of the humane arguments, and his voice is still relevant and his premises admissible as he discusses dominion and permission, and puts to man the proposition that, by ill treatment of a 'brute' (in the eighteenth century definition of any 'irrational' creature) *'Thou hast marred his little temporary happiness, which was his all to him'*.

Lewis Gompertz (1779-1861), pioneering champion of all the oppressed, inventor, vegan, eccentric, a secretary of the SPCA, buttressed his ethical considerations in *Moral Inquiries* (1824) with a powerful series of *Theorems* and *Axioms* such as the axiom 'That we should never admit of the propriety of the will or volition of one animal being the agent of another, unless we should perceive its own good to result from it, or that justice should require it'. Those who care should, or should not, avoid his account of the slaughter of bullocks on page 30. Peter Singer points out that Gompertz' ideas — such as those on ecology — still have vitality, 'although he had incomparably less to build on than those writing on this topic in the present century'. Gompertz resigned from the SPCA in reaction to a resolution that the Society should be exclusively Christian, and founded his own successful Animals' Friend Society.

J. Howard Moore (1862-1916), a strange and inspired man, Thoreau-like, suicide, was an American zoologist, and his approach is accordingly scientific. Feeling the need in his time to argue for evolution, he states that mental capacities vary in degree, not in quality, and attacks prejudices now known as

'speciesism'. *The Universal Kinship* (1906) is a work of some beauty and range, Darwinian, indeed.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY

The French Interior in the Eighteenth Century. John Whitehead. Laurence King. £30.00.

To open John Whitehead's beautifully produced book is to enter that world of sumptuousness and refinement for which France in the eighteenth century was unrivalled. The title does not convey the wide range of topics it covers. Indeed this book makes an ideal introduction to the whole realm of decorative arts for someone who comes new to it.

There are essays on the decreed disposition of the various rooms; the styles — regence, rococo and neo-classical; the fashionable influences, Greek, Turkish, above all, Chinese. We read of royal patronage and the part played by royal mistresses: of the rich clientele and their architects and cabinet-makers: of the exigent rules that governed entry into a craftsman's guild. There is a survey of the elements that embellish the interiors — furniture, porcelain, clocks, mirrors, wallpapers, tapestries and textiles, silver, even picture frames among other exquisite follies.

The book contains a feast of two hundred and thirty-nine skilfully selected and beautifully printed colour plates. From them one gathers that Mr. Whitehead's taste favours the exuberance of rococo and the charm of chinoiserie. They enable us to marvel at the perfection of the Marquis de Paulmy's palest blue salon, now part of the Arsenal in Paris: the exquisite parquetry *bonheur-du-jour* in the style of the superlative *ébéniste,* Roger Vandercruse-Lacroix, for years known only as RVLC until identified. One admires the garlanded grace of the gilt bronze and blued steel mirror made for Marie Antoinette by the sculptor Gouthière; and most remarkable of all the rare blue and white commode with jewel-like silvered gilt mounts carried out in the lacquer technique known as Vernis Martin which has never been replicated.

From this book we learn that Louis XV's dressing table appointments of silver, glass and white Mennecy porcelain also contained cups and saucers and embroidery equipment. There is a description by a contemporary of the contents of Voltaire's rooms, 'so clean you could kiss the floor', but with no really comfortable chairs. Also, how in the adjacent apartment his mistress, Madame du Châtelet's bedroom is decorated. Everything matches, we are told, so that 'even the dog basket is yellow and blue, like the chair frames, writing desk, corner cupboards and secretaire'.

In eighteenth century Paris a great many people used luxury as a means of asserting their wealth and position. For some the decoration of their houses and the acquisition of works of art were full time occupations. 'And you must stuff rooms fuller than they will hold with granite tables and porphyry urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases', wrote Horace Walpole to the Countess of Suffolk in 1765. Thirteen years later the American, John Adams, felt much the same 'I am wearied to death with gazing wherever I went at a profusion of unmeaning wealth and magnificence', he wrote.

Proof of extreme over-indulgence comes from two painted miniatures that adorned snuff boxes that belonged to the Duc de Choiseul, one time Chief Minister to Louis XV. They show that the *chambre de parade* in his house was completely transformed, walls, draperies, upholstery, even the parquet floor

from their winter attire of dark blue damasks to pale flowered silks in summer.

If Mr. Whitehead's informative prose is a trifle pedestrian, his book is a pleasure to look at and to handle. It has an exemplary index.

MURIEL JULIUS

BORED BY BAWD

The Literary Companion to Sex. Fiona Pitt-Kethley. Sinclair-Stevenson. £18.00.

Ms. PK (Ms. Psycho-Kinseyensis one thinks Joyceanly — she is certainly intent upon moving things by force of the mind) chewing over the juicier fruits of her Garden of Eden gleanings, comes, big, round, rubbed-to-a-bright-polish apples in hand, as our temptress, good girl guide and literary companion to sex.

Ms. PK's yardsticks are realism, humour and the unusual, and, after eighteen months' wallow, her creel seems high-piled with somewhat erratic erotica. Of course the erotic depends often upon the mind of the percipient. There are those whose third eye is set a'gleam by even the innocence of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,' and who entertain most blush-making convictions regarding Flush.

Ms. PK has arranged her material according to period — or perhaps in this context it might be better expressed as 'era' — rather than antic. This means that the reader of specialised taste can enjoy the pleasure of the chase or hunt through the 415 bristling pages of the book for what Charles Dickens called, but in reference to another part of the forest of sensory satisfaction, his 'partickler wanity'. Lie back assured that, from Homer, Sappho and Aristophanes to John Updike, Molly Parkin and Henry Miller, there is here, as the old department-store chieftains used to boast, something to suit every taste.

From the Ancient World (The Bible, The Talmud, The Apocrypha) through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance (Chaucer, Donne and Shakespeare's bawdy), the Restoration and Eighteenth Century (Defoe, Swift, Smollett and Cleland), to the nineteenth century ('Walter', W. Dugdale, Huysmans) and the twentieth century (Frank Harris, Philip Roth, Joe Orton and Amis *père*) are tweaked forth stimulating dips. Indeed, to quote again, this time appropriately enough surely, the *News of the World*, 'All life is here'.

Some cherished notions, classic myths, are, it has to be said, deflated — bedfuls of virgin's blood, endless fields of deliciously insatiable nymphomanes, and suchlike warming fallacies. But there are some surprises: Dryden and Milton being archly naughty, George Crabbe taking propagatory liberties with cucumbers, Roger Woddis, most unexpectedly, looking the other way from the columns of the neo-thirties block of the *Radio Times*, and the full text (not, for once, smudgily typewritten on creased and greased and stickily fingered lavatory-paper-style stationery) of 'Eskimo Nell'.

And among the missing: Perhaps Molly and her blooming soliloquy, all hotbed flowers, too well-manured, grown somewhat overblown, has now become too limp to stand up for inevitable inclusion, but where, Oh! where, pray, are James' letters to Nora Barnacle? They are quintessential furnishings of the literary psychiatrist's put-you-up bed-couch.

Still I suppose that in any somewhat arbitrary selection of this 'sexplicit' kind it has to be a case of first come first served; or vice versa. And those who come, gold or grey, straight or gay, wise or otherwise, as the years have made or unmade them, paying their entrance money, are entitled to expect to find something to pleasure them between the covers of this bedchamber vade-mecum.

Putting the book down, on the bedside table, of course, I am, Philistine fashion, reminded of the punter on the Cherwell, who, putting his pole to one side, delighted Barbara Pym by remarking as he looked at his bemurded hands, 'I'm covered with the most *utter* dung'.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Peter Hennessy plans a 3-volume history of Britain from 1945 to the year 2000. His first volume **Never Again: Britain 1945-51** (Cape, 1992. £20.00) shows his customary grasp of high politics and everyday experience: here the grimness of rationed and war-torn Britain is sharply surveyed, and the origins of the Welfare State and the Health Service made plain. This is meticulously detailed history brought to life by vivid pen-portraits of Attlee and Morrison, Cripps, Nye Bevan and Ernest Bevin. Maybe his real hero is Sir William Beveridge. Of the origins, and the early curbs on discussion of the Beveridge Plan, he could, however, have told a more gripping story.

The Love Poems of D. H. Lawrence. (Kathie Kyle. 166pp. £8.99. 1-85626-081-X.) A critical appreciation of his love poems is central to the understanding of D. H. Lawrence. Roy Booth's collection is newly arranged in seven sections, annotated with cogent references to the novels. He follows the potentially dangerous path of linking the strands of Lawrence's work with his emotional life, showing restraint and insight. Some of Lawrence's love objects are animals and plants: the long metaphysical poem 'Fish' compellingly illuminates his empathy with all living beings. Common ecological concern, as it has later developed, is felt in embryo there. The author's passionate involvement with Frieda, his wife, is the all-pervading influence throughout the poetry. Roy Booth's editing enlarges the reader's pleasure.

Josiah Wedgwood, 1730-1795. (Macmillan. 412pp. £20. 0-333-51041-0.) Robin Reilly's impressive biography of the world's most influential potter follows his comprehensive two-volume work (the last of six on Wedgwood wares) and together they confirm him as the leading authority on the subject. This book shows Wedgwood as not only in tune with the industrial movement of his time but as the friend and advisor of enlightened thinkers such as Benjamin Franklin and the scientist and curious poet Erasmus Darwin. Robin Reilly uses the letters and memoranda, including such writings as Wedgwood's notes on his Etruscan school ('Kitty to have as much French as she can bear', is a good example) to bring out the engaging character of the man as well as the genius of the innovator and inspired artist. Of great interest too is the detailed account of the running of the factory and the financial ups and downs of its partners. It is a most enlightening and enjoyable book.

Among the reviewers is George Evans who was Managing Editor of the *Sunday Telegraph* for ten years.

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OUR ENERGY POLICY

by Peter Hodgson

THE recent Government decisions concerning the gas, coal and nuclear industries show once again the lack of a coherent long-term energy policy. Policies seem to be dictated by short-term economic considerations with little or no thought for the future.

The first of these decisions is what is called the 'dash for gas'. Several new gas-fired stations are being built, but it is far from obvious that they will compete economically now, and according to the energy expert Professor Fells the price of gas is likely to double in the next ten years as the North Sea reserves are depleted. Dr. Winterton of Bradford University has estimated that the new gas policy will add £1 billion to our energy bill and force the closure of 17 coal-fired power stations.

This is possibly part of the reason why it has also been decided to close a large number of our remaining coal mines in spite of widespread public support for the miners. Another reason is that it may be cheaper to import coal than to mine it ourselves. As the gas runs out we shall need more coal, but will be unable to provide it for ourselves. Is it not then likely that our overseas suppliers, seeing that we have to buy their coal, will gradually raise their price, to our acute discomfort?

In the modern world, it is very desirable whenever possible to avoid dependence on overseas supplies of vital materials. That is why the French, for example, lacking both oil and coal, decided to invest heavily in nuclear energy, so that now 75 per cent of their electricity comes from nuclear power stations. In a few years the result of our present policies will force us to buy overseas coal, when we are still sitting on huge deposits of our own. Once a coal mine is abandoned, it soon becomes unworkable; it cannot be effectively mothballed. We may regret those closures.

Although it provides about 20 per cent of our electricity (50 per cent in Scotland) nuclear power is widely regarded as a dead duck. The decision not to include the nuclear power stations in the privatisation programme seemed to be the last straw. Is this really the end of the road that began with such high hopes in the fifties, when Britain led the world in the peaceful application of atomic energy? As the gas runs out and imported coal becomes more and more expensive, nuclear power will look increasingly attractive.

In Britain we are very fortunate in our energy supplies. We have huge coal deposits and large, though rapidly diminishing, oilfields in the North Sea. In some areas hydroelectric power makes a substantial contribution. Taken together, they can supply all our energy needs. In the sense that we can survive without it, we do not really need nuclear power. If we build nuclear power stations, it should only be because they are demonstrably better, safer, cheaper and less harmful to the environment than the alternative sources.

If we are to have a sensible energy policy, all the available energy sources must be carefully evaluated according to these criteria, expressing the results in numbers wherever possible. This alone makes it possible to reduce to reach decisions that command general respect. When this is done, we find that oil is definitely too costly, and in any case it is a precious commodity that has far too many uses in the petrochemical industries for it to be squandered by burning. Hydropower is limited by the availability of suitable rivers so there is little scope for further development. That leaves coal and nuclear as the only possible large-scale future sources of power. This is the choice we have to make, however much the other sources are developed.

The renewable sources like wind and solar can be useful in some circumstances such as providing power in rather remote areas where not much is needed and an intermittent supply is acceptable. Unfortunately they cannot supply the power needs of large cities and industries. Tidal power is practicable in only a few places like the Severn estuary, and inevitably has severe environmental effects.

Most other countries are not so fortunate. The case of France has already been mentioned, and many other countries have heavily invested in nuclear power: in Belgium 60 per cent; South Korea 50 per cent; Hungary 50 per cent; Sweden 45 per cent; Switzerland 42 per cent, and Spain 38 per cent of the electricity comes from nuclear power stations. By far the largest user of nuclear power is the United States, though it only amounts to 19 per cent of the total in that country.

These figures show that nuclear power is able to supply the large amounts of energy required by modern industrial societies. This development would not have taken place if nuclear power were not at least similar in cost and safety and environmental effects compared with the alternative sources. Indeed extensive studies show that in most countries the cost of coal power is between one and two times that of nuclear power. If harmful emissions from coal power stations were reduced, coal power would be still more expensive. As far as safety is concerned, nuclear is better than coal by a factor of about ten, measured by the number of deaths and injuries associated with the production of the same amount of electricity.

As for the effects on the environment, which are increasingly the focus of public attention, nuclear power stations emit very small amounts of harmful substances, whereas coal power stations emit huge amounts of sulphur dioxide, nitrous oxides and smaller amounts of a whole range of

poisonous substances, as well as producing millions of tons of ash. At 1.7 tonnes of carbon per head in 1987, the French contribution to the global warming is smaller than our contribution of 2.18 tonnes per head in the same year; this difference is due to the French reliance on nuclear power. In these respects, nuclear power is definitely preferable to coal.

Why then is the British nuclear power programme in such a bad way, whereas those in other countries, though not without their difficulties, seem to be much more successful? There are many possible reasons for this, but probably the most important is the very poor public image of nuclear power. Partly this is due to the initial association with atomic bombs; people still fear that nuclear power stations might explode like an atomic bomb. This is inherently impossible, but the disaster of Chernobyl showed that it is possible in that type of reactor for the nuclear reaction to speed up uncontrollably and set fire to the reactor material, with devastating consequences. If indeed this could happen to any nuclear power station, then obviously they are totally unacceptable.

The reactors at Chernobyl were built to an inherently unstable and hence unsafe design, probably because they were also required to produce plutonium for weapons. No reactor of this type would be acceptable in Western countries. On the evening of the disaster, it was operated in flagrant disregard of the safety rules: the control rods were pulled out and the safety devices switched off. Thus to argue against nuclear power from the example of Chernobyl is like arguing against air travel because on one occasion an unsafe type of airplane was flown into a mountain by a stupid pilot. An important contributory cause of the disaster was the political system that urged rapid construction and made it almost impossible for individuals to protest that unsafe methods and designs were being used.

Nuclear reactors come in many different types and their safety continually improves with experience. Great attention is now paid to operator training and to the design of the controls so as to eliminate the types of operator errors that led to Chernobyl and the lesser but still very worrying Three Mile Island accident in America.

Then there is the problem of nuclear waste. While, as already mentioned, nuclear power stations emit very little harmful substances, they do produce highly radioactive wastes in the form of fission fragments when the fuel rods are reprocessed. People are naturally very sensitive to the possible dangers of radioactive material escaping from reprocessing plants, as the arguments about Sellafield show. Can such materials be responsible for the increased incidence of leukaemia around Sellafield?

Extremely small amounts of radioactive material can be detected and it is found that the emissions from Sellafield add only a very small amount to the natural radiation that we receive all the time. This background radiation varies from place to place over the country and is much greater in areas like Cornwall where there are granite rocks. Since large increases in leukaemia are not found there it is difficult to see how the much smaller amounts from Sellafield could cause harm. Furthermore,

if they were responsible, then it would not explain other leukaemia clusters in parts of the country far away from nuclear installations. It has been plausibly suggested that the cases found around Sellafield are due to a viral infection due to the movement of population that occurs when such plants are built, and this is supported by data from similar population movements not connected with nuclear work.

The techniques for dealing with nuclear wastes are now well understood: they are first allowed to remain in special containers for some years until most of the radioactivity has decayed, and then they are fused into an insoluble glassy substance, encased in steel cylinders and buried deep underground where they cannot cause any harm. After some time the level of radioactivity becomes comparable with that in natural granite. A much more serious worry is the huge amounts of chemical waste that are produced by many industrial processes and are either poured into rivers or into the sea, or heaped up in piles of rusting drums.

It is notable that the hazards of nuclear energy are much more widely publicised than the hazards of other types of energy generation. Coal mining is dirty and dangerous, and coal power stations emit huge amounts of poisonous chemicals. Oil rigs catch fire and tankers spill their oil as we saw in the Shetlands. Hydropower means huge dams that ruin valleys and sometimes burst, and so on. Careful analyses of the deaths and injuries associated with the different methods of energy generation show that they are roughly in the ratios: coal 20, oil 10, hydroelectric 4 and nuclear 2.

It is curious that many writers on energy problems show great confidence in scientists when they say that more research will make wind and solar power, for example, much more efficient, despite the scientists' explanation that beyond a certain point this goes against the laws of nature. And yet when it comes to nuclear waste this is described as the great unsolved problem, despite the efforts of scientists to explain how it can be dealt with.

In some quarters nuclear power is seen as the symbol of all the evils of our technological society, and of course journalists find that nuclear scare stories are more readable than scientific assessments. With all this, it is not surprising that the public now has an almost pathological fear of nuclear power.

The main contribution that the scientist can make to these discussions is by providing the scientific data on which decisions must be based. This does not dictate the decisions, but shows the areas within which responsible decisions can be taken. This is the area consistent with the scientific facts as we know them. Outside this is an area of increasing unreality and real danger. Without the scientist, the discussions range indiscriminately over all areas, often driven by irrelevant political considerations, without people realising the implications of what they are saying.

In this country the development of nuclear power, we can see with hindsight, has not been well managed. Too many different designs have been built, whereas the French chose one design and stuck to it and thus

reaped the economies of mass production. There is much discussion of the cost of nuclear power; an objective figure is provided by the cost of importing nuclear electricity from France, 2.159 p/kwh, compared with 3.29 p/kwh from coal. But given the public fear of nuclear power, it was inevitable that the privatised power companies would not be willing to accept it. And so the nuclear power programme is being severely curtailed.

The latest decision concerning nuclear power is to pull out of the European programme of fast reactor development. Natural uranium contains mostly uranium 238 and less than one per cent of uranium 235. The present fission reactors burn only the one per cent, whereas fast reactors can burn the remaining 99 per cent as well. It has been estimated that the spent uranium now stored around our reactors has an energy equivalent similar to that of all the North Sea oil. Unfortunately, however, fast reactors are more expensive to build than the present reactors, and so there is a programme of fast reactor development to improve the design. Eventually, as the richer uranium ores become exhausted, the price of uranium will rise, and then the point will be reached when fast reactors have the cost advantage. This may not be for thirty or fifty years, and so is of no interest to our government. When the fast reactors do become economic, we can always buy the technology from the Germans or the Japanese, who take a longer view of energy supplies.

Great damage is being done due to the lack of a coherent energy policy. Eventually, when the gas supplies are exhausted, when the price of imported coal rises, when the effects of pollution become more and more evident, and when our industrial competitors outstrip us with the help of cheaper nuclear power, we will regret the decisions that we are taking now. It is possible to ignore the realities of life for a while, but the slower the awakening the greater the eventual cost. Our children and grandchildren will suffer the consequences of our folly.

[Dr. P. E. Hodgson is Head of the Nuclear Physics Theoretical Group, Nuclear Physics Laboratory, University of Oxford, and Senior Research Fellow of Corpus Christi College.]

PUDONG DEVELOPMENT ZONE

by David Lammie

ASK a bank to invest in a run-down part of a city, telling them that in future years it will be transformed into a thriving commercial centre, and you are likely to receive a short reply. The losses incurred in London's Docklands, not to mention the worldwide recession, have created a highly cautious attitude among Western investors.

Yet, in a small office on the other side of the world, this is exactly the question being put to investors. More surprising still is the fact that the ambitious scheme masterminded by the Pudong Development office in Shanghai, is receiving serious attention from the foreign investing community. Whilst doubts remain, there is a growing feeling that Shanghai could succeed where London couldn't.

'The most important economic development in China', states the billboard. Above is a colourful montage depicting a tomorrow full of confidence and economic prosperity. Situated in what the authorities hope will become a commercial heartland, the contrast between this futuristic vision and the current landscape could hardly be more stark. Large areas of wasteland, mid-rise blocks of flats, and old wharves, dockyards and warehouses that stretch along the banks of the Huangpu River.

The Pudong Development Project in Shanghai is nothing if not ambitious. To start with, it involves transforming 350 sq km of land, an area half the size of Singapore. The comparison is apt, for it is the desire to emulate the success of Hong Kong and Singapore that has inspired this dream. Li Jianeng, Vice-President of the Pudong Development Office, wants to revive Shanghai so that it becomes 'the centre of the biggest economic and trading area in the West Pacific and we've chosen Pudong as the breakthrough point'.

Historically, it has been Puxi, the area to the west of the Huangpu, that prospered as a result of the city's expansion as a trading port. By contrast, Pudong has always seemed to cower in the shadow cast by the imposing waterfront buildings of the Bund.

But Puxi is bursting at the seams. The downtown area is home to over eight million people and its population is swelled still further by the daily influx of workers. Plans to recapture the city's former glories through industrial expansion simply require more space. So Pudong, just across the river, has been earmarked for the massive infrastructural and economic rejuvenation.

But developers have to face more than just physical reconstruction. Three larger, more complex problems must also be overcome. First, is winning over a still sceptical foreign investing community. Second, is maintaining the necessarily high levels of expenditure when the government is under pressure to control growth. Third, and perhaps most thorny of all, is the need to rid the project of the suffocating level of bureaucracy that has built up over recent years.

The cost of the project, estimated conservatively at $10bn over the first decade, is the most obvious challenge. It comes at a time when city finances are under great strain and inflation and a worsening trade balance are causing anxiety about overheating in the national economy. Much of the money will have to come from overseas, but here the timing could hardly be worse given the worldwide recession and a huge contraction in lending caused by the international banking crisis. And if all this were not enough, the closest international precedent offers no encouragement. The empty office blocks in London's Docklands stand as a costly reminder of the difficulties of trying to impose growth and prosperity on a region that investors have hitherto shunned.

None of these problems seem to have quelled the enthusiasm of the scheme's many champions. Fei Xiaotong, Chairman of the China Democratic League and Vice-Chairman of the National People's Congress, talks in terms of creating a mainland Hong Kong. 'Shanghai should be developed into a centre of trade, finance, information, transportation, and science and technology. It should become the general control room which manages the industrial and agricultural commodities produced in Jiangsu and Zhejiang provinces and in the cities along the Changjiang River'.

What he is describing is close to the Shanghai of the first half of this century. One of the world's most advanced cities and described as the Wall Street of the Orient, Shanghai in the 1930s boasted 168 banks, including branches of 58 foreign banks. It also used to import two thirds of all China's goods and acted as the commercial centre, industrial base and eastern door to the world. Of course, its inherent advantages remain. Shanghai stands on the estuary of China's biggest river, the Changjiang, and acts as the country's gateway to the Pacific. Its 13 million population also possess the same skills and business acumen as their forefathers.

But forty years of neglect has seen it eclipsed by Guangdong Province which has benefited from financial inducements and its proximity to Hong Kong. The authorities recognise that valuable time has been lost. It was not until April 1990 that Premier Li Peng announced the creation of the Pudong New Area. Any attempts at a 'quick fix' have been sensibly resisted — instead, the plan will stretch over 30 to 50 years, with only 10 sq km to be developed over the first five years.

If the emphasis is long term, the inducements are immediate. Tax on foreign-funded enterprises in the area is as low as 15 per cent. Shanghai Vacuum, having changed its status to a joint venture by taking foreign capital, is one company which will see its tax rate slashed from 55 per cent by the move to Pudong. Other advantages include tax exemption on imported goods and materials, and non-taxable income for foreign businessmen during the first five profit-making years. Such generosity, whilst necessary to attract firms to a less fashionable and hence higher risk part of town, does have its drawbacks. Shanghai's financial contribution to the state is six times that of Guangdong, but its revenues are only 20 per cent higher. With tax receipts bound to be squeezed as the preferential policies are introduced, the imbalance between the two regions

can only widen. Central government's assurances that the Pudong project will not be allowed to impact on city finances have not appeased the fears of firms in Puxi that they may have to bear more of the tax burden in order to compensate for any shortfall in revenues.

In spite of these concerns, there is a general optimism that the project will be a success. Hopes were given a major boost last year with the announcement by Hutchinson Whampoa, the Hong Kong conglomerate, that it has secured 50 per cent of Shanghai's container port for $181 mn. In a joint venture with Shanghai Port Authority, Hutchinson will modernise and expand the container terminal to almost double its present capacity by 1995. Part of the deal also includes the newly-formed Shanghai Container Terminal acquiring preferential development rights for a planned container terminal in Pudong.

One feature about Pudong which will have impressed Hutchinson, is careful planning. And here the advantages of a centrally controlled economy in such a project are most apparent. Before commitment, firms need satisfactory transport, power and sewage networks. Recognising this, the Chinese government were able to spend large amounts of money and resources without the assistance of the private sector. Phase One of the project, covering 1992-1997, focuses on installing the infrastructure. Transport is a top priority. A new 15 km-long underground system will be completed by 1994. Half of the 8 km long Huaihai Road, one of the city's busiest commercial streets, has been closed to traffic because of construction work. Phase Two, linking Puxi with Pudong, will begin in 1995.

The Yangpu Bridge will be finished by the end of this year, complementing the Nanpu Bridge in the south which has been carrying traffic since 1991. A 45 km-long inner ring road feeding the Bund area is to be widened to complement the Yanggao Road, the main artery in Pudong which itself was recently completed. Other major transport plans are the Pudong railway line and, most ambitious of all, a second international airport in the south of Pudong. Work on what could become Asia's largest air terminal will start in the second half of the 1990s.

Getting transport links established is seen as a pre-requisite for the massive investments needed later this decade. With financing mostly in place, this hurdle looks like being cleared. The main sources of finance for the big infrastructural projects have come from the World Bank, Asian Development Bank and Japanese government loans. Other sources include the revenue raised from the conversion of state-run factories to private concerns via the Shanghai Security Exchange; nearly $1 bn from the sale of 79 land plots; and domestic investment in Pudong by the Ministry of Aeronautics and the Ministry of Textiles.

It is during the crucial second phase that foreign funds will be needed most. Shanghai officials estimate that $900 mn has been pledged for projects in the export processing zone, $920 mn for commercial buildings in the financial district and $700 mn for projects in the free trade zone. There are 12 joint venture banks and financial institutions which brought in millions of dollars when they registered. And there are companies

already set up in Pudong, such as Pilkington, the UK-owned glass company which has a 12.5 per cent stake in a joint venture plant which employs the float glass process. So clearly there is foreign interest, but most of it is still of 'the wait-and-see' variety.

So far, foreign investment has been dominated by overseas Chinese. Some 40 per cent of business visitors to Pudong come from Taiwan and 20 per cent are from Hong Kong. Taiwanese businessmen enjoy the most favourable investment treatment among all overseas investors. And, now that diplomatic relations have been restored, South Korea is expected to be a source of growing involvement. Elsewhere, investors have been more circumspect. Even the relatively small amount of US investment in Pudong has nearly all come from Americans of Chinese origin.

For the time being, more of a problem than attracting foreign investors is the physical task of flying them in. New routes are being established and larger aircraft are being bought. But reform is a slow process and there remains an acute shortage of flights into the city. Likewise, Shanghai's roads are in need of urgent repair, groaning under the weight of masses of pedestrians, cyclists and buses. Rush hour is a scramble — it is estimated that even if one bus were dispatched every two seconds it would still not be enough to cope with commuter demand. This situation can only get worse as more people are encouraged to relocate to the suburbs and as car ownership rises. Currently there is only one motorised vehicle per 190 Chinese, and just 0.2 per cent of these are privately owned. One source predicts that by the turn of the century, 3-5 per cent of urban Chinese will have their own cars. An increase of such magnitude could put an unbearable strain on an already overburdened system.

High unemployment persists whilst those in work are enjoying generally improving incomes. And with a marked disparity between employee benefits in state and privately-owned firms, pay and welfare support issues need to be monitored carefully if the rumbles of social discontent are not to grow louder.

But it is the persisting problem of bureaucracy that, above all else, threatens to undermine the work of the Pudong Development Office. Already, many property developments have not been able to proceed because of delays in government departments. One local commentator, close to despair, described the problem as an 'epidemic that has no cure'. Many regard it as a manifestation of a city which simply moves slower than the southern provinces. If the bureaucratic shackles cannot be broken, then the essential spirit and urgency that made Shanghai one of the world's most vibrant cities may continue to be suppressed.

Li Jianeng may also have cause to reflect on his unfortunate comment, comparing Pudong's role to Shanghai to that of Docklands to London. As he surveys the recently-built 88-storey skyscraper that has become a monument to Shanghai's future, he may care to spare a thought for that ill-fated and half-empty Canary Wharf building in London.

WESTERN ASIA IN TURMOIL AND RIVALRY BETWEEN IRAN AND TURKEY

by Keramat Poorsoltan

AFTER the collapse of the Soviet Union, some urgent issues that for long had stayed dormant are coming into full flare, and turning into potentially destructive forces. In this article, the focus will be on the Asian republics of the former Soviet Union, and the rivalry between Iran and Turkey in their quest for regional supremacy. We may categorize the most troublesome issues in the region into two major groups: Ethnic, and ideological/political problems.

The region is facing three pressing ethnic issues: (i). Tajik-Pashtun-Uzbek rivalries in Afghanistan and Tajikistan, (ii). The Armenian-Azerbaijani territorial disputes, and (iii). The Kurdish independence movement.

First — the Tajiks are a Farsi-speaking ethnic group living in the middle of the Turkic-speaking republics of Central Asia and Transcaucasia. Ethnically, they are closely related to the Tajiks of northern Afghanistan. For over half a century, Tajiks on both sides of the border had been relegated to the position of second rate citizens. In Tajikistan they were subordinate to their more powerful Uzbek countrymen, and in Afghanistan, the government was mostly run by Pashtuns. Now, in the void created by the elimination of the Soviet Union, and the collapse of the establishment in Afghanistan, Tajik nationalism is ascending in Afghanistan and Tajikistan.

After the defeat of President Najibullah's regime in Afghanistan, the Hezb-e-Islami faction led by Hekmatyar has been trying very hard to re-establish Pashtun dominance over Afghan politics. However, geopolitical changes, such as the presence of an Islamic government in Iran, the downfall of the Soviet Union, as well as significant internal developments have made that comeback impossible. At the moment, Afghanistan's president, Rabbani, is a Tajik from the Badakhshan area of Tajikistan. Afghanistan's defence minister, Massoud, also is a Tajik. Moreover, the government in Afghanistan is based on a coalition of Uzbeks and Tajiks (northern ethnic groups) in addition to moderate Pashtuns (a southern ethnic group). Massoud who is aware of the aggressiveness of Uzbeks, has taken side with the Uzbek militia leader (Rashid Dostum) who had supported the previous regime. However, relations between Uzbeks and Tajiks are strained. In December 1992, Dustom's loyal forces that have consolidated their hold in the north, took up arms against President Rabbani who has refused, as agreed upon earlier, to step down from his position.

Uzbeks and Tajiks in Tajikistan are engaged not in a friendly co-operation, but in a confrontation. Tajiks are involved in two concurrent quarrels, one with former Communists — a great number of them are Uzbeks — over political and ideological issues, and the other, mainly over economic concerns, also with Uzbeks. While Tajiks mostly constitute the

poor urban masses, northern Tajikistan (Khojend) is populated by Uzbeks who are the most prosperous and dynamic people in the area. In Uzbekistan Tajiks and Uzbeks have lived side by side for centuries in ancient cities of Samarkand and Bukhara. However, in the absence of a strong central authority and an ideology to mend the differences of ethnic groups, Tajiks are increasingly becoming restive. For instance, Tajiks whose ancestors originally came from Bukhara, a city in Uzbekistan, openly demand the return of the city to Tajikistan. Extremists believe that a revival of Tajik culture is almost impossible without Bukhara and Samarkand. This kind of nationalistic aspiration is a reaction to the artificial boundaries created by Stalin. Before this 'Gerrymandering', the entire Central Asian region was simply known as Turkistan. Islam Karimov, president of Uzbekistan, maintains that: 'If you want to pit one republic against another, you have to start talking about frontiers'.

In helping their people in Tajikistan, Afghanistan's Tajiks are infiltrating into Tajikistan. There are reports about setting up camps in Afghanistan for training guerrillas. Fearful of violence, Uzbeks are fleeing from Tajikistan. But, Tajiks coming from Afghanistan say that the fight between various Mujahedeen factions in Afghanistan has made it unsafe for Afghans to stay there. One Islamic leader battling the pro-communist forces in Tajikistan believes that they are former communists who after the fall of President Najibullah are retreating to Tajikistan. These refugees have also been accused of drug trafficking and arms smuggling. The commander of Russian border troop units in Tajikistan sees these people as a security threat to the entire Commonwealth of the Independent State (CIS). In response to such a threat, CIS troops have been reinforced to prevent Afghan guerrillas from crossing the border. Also thwarting attempts to bolster the Tajik 'fifth column' in Uzbekistan, Tajik passengers travelling to Uzbekistan are tightly controlled at the border. Following the recent developments in Tajikistan where Muslim Democratic forces were defeated by a coalition of pro-communist elements in Tajikistan and their Uzbek counterparts in Uzbekistan, Tajiks are on the move again, although this time in a southward direction.

In this tripartite factional war, the position of Iran is particularly important. One may say that Iranians are behind the Tajik's insurgency due to two reasons. First, Tajikistan and Iran are related to each other by culture and language. Second, Tajiks are more faithful Muslims than other peoples of the Central Asian republics, and this makes them better candidates for Iran's assistance. In regard to Afghanistan, during the 10-year old Mujahedeen fight against Afghanistan's former regime, Iran as well as Pakistan supported Hekmatyar's fundamentalist group. Nevertheless, both countries have changed their stand vis-à-vis Hekmatyar. As long as the Mujahedeen were fighting against Afghanistan's previous regime, Hekmatyar was the recipient of a much larger share of these countries' assistance. However, he has scared both governments. Pakistan is afraid of Hekmatyar's victory in the internal conflict. His Pashtun roots, reaching into Pakistan's own Pashtun minority, may well jeopardize

Pakistan's very existence. The Pakistani Prime Minister supports the Mujahedeen's government in Kabul. But, a small Islamic party in Pakistan's coalition government — Jamaat-i-Islami — has lent a helping hand to the Hekmatyar faction. What has made this small party a potentially divisive element is its strong position in parts of Northwest Frontier Province (bordering on Afghanistan), Baluchistan (bordering on Iran), and rural areas of Punjab Province. Reza Deghatti, an Iranian reporter, close to Massoud, believes that the upheavals in Tajikistan, and other Central Asian republics forced Iranian authorities to change their long-held position. He says that the possibility of the dismemberment of Afghanistan prompted Iranians to think about an eventual fallout on Iran.

The second raging ethnic dispute revolves around two territorial issues: Nagorno-Karabagh and Nakhjevan. Nagorno-Karabagh is an Armenian enclave in Azerbaijan, and Nakhjevan is an Azerbaijani territory separated from Azerbaijan by Armenia. The conflict originates from two opposing nationalistic aspirations: Azerbaijan's desire in asserting its sovereignty over Nagorno-Karabagh, and Armenia's wish in bringing that enclave under its control. Retaliating against Azerbaijan, Armenia has also cut off all the roads connecting Azerbaijan and Nakhjevan.

Armenia, an ancient Christian nation with a long memory of its suffering at Turkish hands, has sought to balance the Turkish presence in the region by strengthening its ties to Russia and Iran. Not willing to irritate Russians, it took a conservative approach in gaining independence from the USSR, and has demonstrated its readiness for 'maximum participation in all constructive processes' going on in the former USSR. It has also signed a security pact with Russia whereby CIS military forces are allowed to remain in Armenia, and assist that country to form its own army.

Likewise, the Armenian authorities count on Iranian support. Ter-Petrosyan, the Armenian president, in a statement cited Iran as an outlet to the outside world for Armenia and mentioned possible reaction of Iran if Turkey makes an anti-Armenian move. Early in 1992, Armenia accepted Iran's mediation between the warring factions, but Armenian zealots foiled this attempt. While the Armenian delegate was in Tehran negotiating peace talks with the Azerbaijan's delegate, Armenian militia seized Nagorno-Karabagh, and established a corridor from the Armenian enclave to the Armenian border. In addition, they 'cleansed' the corridor of its 50,000 Azerbaijanis. This ethnic purification has been practised by both sides for some time. An Azerbaijani in early 1991 wished that a day comes '... when Azerbaijanis get out from under the heels of the Russians, sell their own products abroad, buy weapons, and have sons to avenge what has happened here'.

Armenia and Azerbaijan also clash over Nakhjevan, a 2,000 square-mile Azerbaijani territory south of Armenia, bordering on Iran. Many of the 200,000 Shi-ite residents of Nakhjevan have relatives in Iran. Armenia has cut off all connecting roads between the two parts, but Iran has offered to build a line to break its isolation. Turkey, too, has sought means of easing the pressure from Azerbaijan. Turkish officials still consider a

1921 treaty with the USSR making them a guarantor of Nakhjevan's sovereignty valid. But it is almost certain that if Turkey decides to turn its words into action, it will confront Iran. Sensing the implications of this intervention, the Turkish Premier has ruled out sending Turkish troops to Nakhjevan. The position of Premier Demirel is diametrically against the stand of Turkey's hawkish president who favours military intervention. He says that if Turkey enters Nakhjevan, it cannot leave it for 20 years. Moreover, such an intervention would take the larger dimension of a Christian-Muslim conflict. Nationalistic sentiment in Turkey to intervene militarily in Nakhjevan on behalf of Azerbaijan has alarmed the Russians. In a statement, Marshal Shaposhnikov, commander of the CIS army, warned against any foreign meddling. Apparently, this strong warning has cooled Turkish hawks, including President Ozal himself.

Afraid of further escalation of the tensions, the Armenian government has taken several measures to pacify Turkey. In one, the Armenian-Americans were asked to stop hassling Turkey about historical complaints. Also, when Armenia's former foreign minister was found to have taken a hostile stance against Turkey, he had to resign from his position. This motion was welcomed by the Turkish authorities.

The Kurdish issue is the third important ethnic problem that can wreak havoc in Iran, Turkey, Iraq, and even Syria and Armenia. This ethnic group totalling 25 million people, is scattered in a large area between the countries named. Kurds constitute an Indo-European group, and are culturally and lingually a very close cousin of the Iranians. However, contrary to the common perception, they do not form a homogeneous group. Kurds are diverse and different in language, customs and even religion. The developments in the area following the Gulf War in 1991, created a seemingly golden opportunity for Kurdish nationalism. Abandoned several times by their temporary allies who were pursuing their own objectives, the Jalal Talebani and Massoud Barzani factions that populate northern Iraq, patched up their differences to form the nucleus of a future Kurdish state. This plan has received the blessing of the US, France and Britain. Also, to please Turkey, the Talebani-Barzani coalition has executed the familiar Kurdish strategy, i.e. supporting one power against another in exchange for future favours. During the Iran-Iraq war, Talebani allied himself with Iran and acted as the 'fifth column' inside Iraq. At the same time, the Kurdish Democratic Party led by Dr. Ghassemlou received Iraqi support. Unfortunately, for the Kurds, all of these alliances have been short-lived. In the latest setbacks, Iraqi Kurds 'did the job' for Turkey by forcing Turkey's Kurds to close down their bases inside Iraq, and keeping them away from the border. Yet, Turkey penetrated deep into Iraqi territory in the hot pursuit of its insurgents.

The creeping Kurdish separation from Iraq received a heavy blow after Iran, Turkey and Syria met in Ankara in November 1992. The diplomats of these three countries openly criticized Talebani-Barzani declaration of a federal state in Iraqi Kurdistan. They also questioned the legitimacy of a recent congress of the opposition leaders that convened in

Iraqi territory. Dr. Velayati, the Iranian foreign minister, announced that 'Who can prove that what has been decided is based on the will of the majority of the people of Iraq?'. Undeniably, Iranian and Turkish regimes have realized the implications of the Talebani-Barzani Kurdish autonomy plan.

In the entire region, major cultural and religious revival is under way. This regeneration began from Iran's 1978 revolution, engulfed Afghanistan, and has even found great appeal in the secular Turkey and Iraq. The disintegration of the Soviet Union and the turbulence in the Balkans have strengthened the hands of revivalists who are searching for their roots, in Islamic beliefs. This situation has particularly affected Turks who have historic links to the area. Some observers believe that Turkey is using its current policies vis-à-vis the region to improve its chances of eventually joining the European Community, where its main interests still lie. But, Turkey is dismayed by the long years that it has been waiting to be admitted into the European Community. Some Europeans have expressed the fact that Turks are not Europeans — culturally, historically or ethnically. As such, Turkey does not fit into Europe. Also, the on-going anti-foreigner campaign in Germany has specifically targeted Turks who work in Germany. Hence, many Turks are becoming sceptical that Turkey has any future anywhere but in the East. This conclusion echoes the sentiments of other Muslim countries. Specially after the Iranian revolution, the wisdom of co-operation with the West has been questioned by some intellectuals and politicians. Any possible change of Turkey's stand in this regard would set into motion immense regional and global changes. The recent diplomatic initiative of Turkey concerning the Kurdish problem may be considered the first step toward an 'East-bound' march by an always 'West-bound' Turkey. Turkey's Foreign Minister Hikmet Cetin said in an interview that 'Turkey sits in this region and is better located to judge where her interests lie and what the best solutions are'. However, Amalia Van Gent (a correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* of Zurich) quoting a Turkish Islamist maintains that Turkey cannot break off its relations with the West. It not only has 60 per cent of its trade with the West, but in turning back from the West, Turkey may also lose the favour of the various Turkic-speaking countries, that have been attracted to it because of its Westward orientation.

The nationalistic-religious revivalism is more intense in the former republics of the Soviet Union. Since the beginning of 1990, the number of mosques in the Central Asian republics has gone up from less than 200 to 5,000. In a separate but closely related development, some schools and newspapers are teaching people to read Arabic script, rather than the Cyrillic letters imposed on them by the Russians. Just a few years ago, it was hard to find a Koran in those countries. Until about 1989, it had been officially printed in limited copies in the USSR and only in Arabic. In the 1980s, the black market price of a Koran was $300. This high price created a lucrative market for the Soviet soldiers coming back from Afghanistan. They brought in so many copies that the black market

price fell to $75. Now, thanks to Saudi Arabia, Iran and Pakistan, millions of Korans have been sent to the region since 1990. Moreover, Saudi Arabia mostly for the purpose of containing Iran, has poured billions of dollars into the Central Asian republics and Azerbaijan. Ironically, few Islamists have indicated a desire to borrow anything except financial support from Saudi Arabia.

Contrary to the arguments concerning a violent revival of Islam, one well placed observer in Tajikistan recently noted that, 'Years of anti-Islamic propaganda have had a strong effect here, and now we have a secular society'. Moreover, he does not equate Islam's revival with theocracy, and asks why should religion be a barrier to democracy? 'If the Baltic states can be democratic and Christian, surely we can have an Islamic democracy here.' But the composition of the supporters and opponents of Islamization has effectively made Islam a polarizing factor. The bulk of those who support the Islamic movement consists of the uneducated rural and urban poor, the fast growing class of unemployed young, and a segment of nationalist, and fundamentalist intelligentsia, including a growing number of clerics. Hélène Carrène d'Encausse (author of *Islam and the Russian Empire: Reform and Revolution in Central Asia*) calls this group *Homo Islamicus* (as opposed to *Homo Sovieticus*). Throughout the Soviet rule, they remained unassimilated, unrussified, unadapted and distinct. Opponents of the Islamization of political and social life in republics include: local political and cultural elites, many of whom are Russified and Sovietized, ex-Communist Party establishment still in power, local democratic dissident movements, local intelligentsia, cultural personalities, and the academic elite. As such, a basically political-ideological issue is also becoming an economic one, where the poor masses are arrayed against the more privileged groups.

The experience of the past year verifies that possibility of Islamic revolution in Tajikistan is strongest here than anywhere else in the region. This is mostly so because Tajiks adopted Islam 1,200 years ago, while, for instance, Uzbeks converted to Islam at the beginning of the 14th century. It may be speculated that if Westernization fails, grass root fundamentalism could take over. Foreign political observers maintain that Tajikistan's domestic instability has left it open to meddling by Iranian and Afghan fundamentalists. Uzbek militia leaders in Afghanistan say that the Afghan radical leader, Hekmatyar, who is settling scores with his Tajik enemies in Afghanistan, is assisting fundamentalists and anti-government forces in Tajikistan. As they believe, Hekmatyar is stirring up hatred between Uzbeks and Tajiks in Tajikistan, hoping that it will eventually spill over into Afghanistan, and destroy Afghanistan's coalition government.

Even in less fundamentalist Uzbekistan, religious schools are springing up. Uzbekistan now has seven madrasah (theological seminary) up from only two a decade ago. But as in the case of Iran during its revolution in 1978, students in these seminaries could easily turn into fighters, rather than scholars. According to a correspondent for Interfax (an independent

newsagency): 'The Moslem political activists are getting stronger, and religious circles are stirring things up'. An Uzbek poet named Dadan Hassan who heads a fundamentalist group called the Turkistan Democratic Party of Islam says an Islamic state is their goal.

Despite the evidence indicating the resurgence of Islam, certain factors may slow down or halt a strong return of fundamentalism. These factors are a combination of official policies and countervailing social forces. For example, the largest Uzbek opposition group, Birlik, favours free elections in the republic, and a secular, non-aligned economic and political policy. Elchibey, Azerbaijan's president, approves separation of state and religion. He believes that 'Religion cannot hold a state together for long. Nationalism spelled the end of the Christian empire states of the West, and it will now spell the end for the Muslim states of the East'. Mindful of chaos, Uzbekistan's president, Karimov, has warned about Islamic fundamentalism emanating from Tajikistan. He has vowed that he would not stop at anything to maintain stability in the country. The subsequent events demonstrated that he was faithful to his pledge. In December 1992, Uzbeks backed pro-communist forces in Tajikistan and helped them to overthrow Tajikistan's Islamic-Democratic government.

As long as the prospect of Muslim fundamentalism exists, the presence of a large number of ethnic Russians in the Central Asian republics and Azerbaijan should be considered a blessing. Another element that may be regarded as a brake on radical Muslims is a large urban, and modernized population in cities like Ishgh Abad, Tashkent, Bukhara and Baku. Moreover, the freedom from Islamic traditions for over 70 years has made a comeback to Islamic laws a rather slow process. Also, the modern Western technology has been endorsed by a number of influential Muslim leaders.

In their encounter with Islamic fundamentalism some of the officials have adopted a carrot and stick policy. For instance, in Uzbekistan religious holidays have been restored, and religious property nationalized by the Soviets has been returned. But concurrently, all religious parties have been banned from politics and the clergy from seeking public office. In Kazakhistan, too, laws support separation of religion and state.

The stand of the United States vis-à-vis Islam is confrontational. The US has been urging nations of Western Asia to adopt a Turkish style of government, rather than mimicking Iran. Robin Wright (a *Los Angeles Times* correspondent) maintains that this policy is flawed, and more than anything else, it appears to be an anti-Islam platform. Graham Fuller, an area specialist, suggests that the US should not give the people of the region the sense that 'we are just trying to keep them away from [radical] Islam. If that seems to rank high on our agenda, then we are headed for real problems'.

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THE RISE OF NEO-LIBERALISM

by Keith Faulks

FROM the mid-1970s up to the present day the ideas of the so-called New Right have become crucial to governments in the United States and Europe. In Britain neo-liberal social and political philosophy has represented the dominant ideology of the present, and the last three Conservative governments. There has occurred a break with the post-war period which had seen a large degree of consensus on many social and economic issues concerning the relationship between state and citizen.

In the 1970s a large question mark was raised as to whether the state should provide social rights for its citizens through welfare provision which had been established after the Second World War. Two of the best known and influential advocates of these ideas in modern times are Hayek and Nozick.

The central thesis of liberalism in the economic field is that in order to achieve prosperity the market provides a much superior model compared to state planning. The basic unit in society is the individual, indeed vague concepts like 'society' are often dismissed because it personifies what is merely an abstract concept which cannot have a will outside the individuals that make it up. There is an assumption that the individual is for the most part a rational self-interested actor who is generally best left alone to satisfy his or her needs with the minimum of state intervention.

The view of the state's role in society is that it should merely allow contracts to be made without fear of violence. The state should guarantee such basic rights as liberty and the right to property. It should prevent conflict in society by enforcing these rights and contracts. The vision of a negative state that Adam Smith argued for in his *Wealth of Nations* is still the model that many Neo-Liberals would consider more or less ideal.

In Smith's view the state should operate only to protect its citizens either, as already stated, from internal break-downs in law and order, or from external threats such as invasion by a hostile neighbour. Smith also allowed for the state to undertake certain tasks relating to the infrastructure of society which will not be profitable for private companies to invest in, for example roads.

Hayek in *The Road To Serfdom* takes a very similar standpoint. He argues that the extreme ideologies of Communism and Fascism had their roots in a collectivist and statist philosophy. Both are opposed to market economics and liberalism, both tend to satisfy a kind of universal community of some kind based on, in the former case, a fraternity of workers or as in the case of the National Socialists in Germany, an Aryan super race. No deviation from the strict ideological line can be tolerated, thus systems based on these ideas are by their nature highly repressive.

Hayek also suggests that even milder forms of state planning are almost equally dangerous since often plans involve outcomes which cannot be foreseen by the planners; or when the plan is carried out on a state level the individual is violated in some way. The problem with state planning for Hayek, is not so much the aims, welfare for the poverty stricken for example, but the methods. The vast bureaucracies needed to operate state welfare systems are by their nature inefficient and tend towards totalitarianism.

Hayek's concern was raised during the war of 1939-45 when state management was enforced in Europe either on ideological or practical grounds. In *The Road To Serfdom* and in the work that followed, notably *Constitution of Liberty*, he attempted a restate of the ideal of liberty which is seen by him to be the cornerstone of the West's development.

According to Hayek liberty consisted of the absence of coercion, where coercion is a personal attribute. In order for someone to be coerced it must involve intention on the part of one or more human beings. Thus it cannot be said that one person's liberty can be affected by the workings of the market for the market carries no moral priorities. It does not discriminate in a normative sense. It is up to individual citizens to succeed or fail according to their abilities to manipulate, to their own advantage, the laws of supply and demand.

Freedom, argues Hayek, is not to be confused with equality in terms of material wealth or power. If the two are linked this leads to statism and serfdom, where true liberty is lost. Freedom then is a negative concept which should be protected by the state through a system of law. The state will start to become coercive if it goes beyond this basic function.

In the *Constitution of Liberty* Hayek notes three main pressures that are pushing the state into taking further functions upon itself. Firstly those who argue that the state should be invested with more power *vis-à-vis* its citizens misunderstand the nature of human knowledge.

On the question of knowledge Hayek is influenced by the work of Karl Popper (an ardent defender of individual liberty against any philosopher or political scientist who has advocated collectivist solutions to societal problems). For Hayek (following Popper) knowledge progresses in a confused and haphazard way and we can never be sure that a theory is the definite answer. In short there are limits to man's expertise and abilities since knowledge tends to be distributed across a society; it follows that government should not centralise power but disperse down to a local or individual level. If a government allows this then Hayek argues that a 'Spontaneous Order' would develop.

Order is maintained because people observe certain social norms which have developed through time. It is clear that this shows an element of Conservative thought in Hayek since he believes that traditional institutions should not be tampered with unless one is sure that the alternative is better. It is the rational integration between individuals, guided by tradition and self-interest, under the negative regulation of a strictly limited state which maintains stability in society.

The concept of a spontaneous order is a similar one to Smith's own idea of the so-called 'hidden hand' whereby the iron laws of supply and demand would ensure man's needs would be met. Because of the limits of knowledge this spontaneous order must be allowed to develop naturally to ensure diversity of ideas. Hayek rejects state planning precisely because it attempts to interfere with this process by trying to create a made order which complies with a certain set of ideological preconceptions or assumptions about how society should be constructed.

One of these false assumptions is that the state can create social justice by intervening in the economy. Hayek states that the use of the term justice when referring to material wealth is misplaced since justice implies a social actor should have, or should not have performed some action according to some set of rules as to what is desirable. The idea of such rules limiting material wealth is, says Hayek, an attack on the freedom of the individual. Since the operation of the market has no intention of coercing anyone it cannot be argued that it affects their freedom and therefore cannot be called unjust.

Another fundamental danger to freedom in modern liberal democracies that Hayek identifies is the idea that because democracy claims to represent the majority opinion it is justified in having unlimited control over society. It can then, according to this argument, intervene to achieve aims which would be better served by the logic of the market. The temptation is to attempt to create an order rather than let one develop. Hayek can be seen to be wary of the operations of modern democracy. Since modern society is so complex the will of the majority cannot be trusted as a guide to how it should be constructed. Once again Hayek points to the limits of human knowledge and the fallacy of building the state based on an overriding social goal or goals, which are bound to limit freedom.

Clearly then Hayek's vision of the state has crucial implications for the individual citizen as the two are clearly directly related. A state limited in the way that Hayek would like would not have a place for social rights since legislation to enforce them would disrupt the natural inequality which the spontaneous order rests upon.

Robert Nozick shares with Hayek a deep mistrust of state planning and centralised power. Essentially he builds on the ideas of John Locke and in particular his concept of natural rights. These are rights which exist regardless of whether a state exists or not. They consist of the right to life, liberty and property, the last of these being justified largely in terms of the first two in the sense that it helps to maintain them. They should not be violated by individuals or institutions.

The right to property is particularly important to Nozick and the right to the accumulation of property and wealth, protected by natural rights, lies at the centre of his theory of justice. Because of the nature of the difference in ability between people the amount of property one person may own may well be vast. This however is justifiable as long as those who do not own a property are not worse off than if the property had not been claimed and as long as the property was taken justly.

The role of the state should merely be to act as a nightwatch man ensuring peace and security and protecting natural rights. Nozick rejects the notion that the state should preside over a redistribution of wealth. The very idea that the state could achieve equality in society is absurd because the nature of human beings will disrupt any constructed equality. The state would have to become totalitarian in an effort to control closely the actions of individuals preventing charity and private deals. Economic exchange under such a system would rest on compulsion rather than voluntary action which is the source of freedom and of wealth creation.

Nozick rejects 'end result' types of distribution because they will always violate the individual's natural rights. He argues against John Rawl's idea that if everyone in society could be removed from their position in society and asked to decide on a just system of distribution they would allow the state to guarantee a reasonable level of income for everyone. Nozick says that individuals would be just as likely to choose a totally free market and rely on their skill to succeed in it. It is only the laissez faire system which can work effectively because it uses as its motor, man's natural inequality and self-interest.

It follows from the above that the individual should not be forced to pay for a system of social justice, for example a welfare state, through a progressive tax system. Taxes should only be levied for the costs of constructing a minimal state as outlined by Nozick. Nozick is clear that the state should have no role in the moral life of its citizens or in their ethical behaviour. Neither should the state attempt to compel people to help others. Nor should it pursue policies which aim to make citizens act for their own good. These matters should be left solely to voluntary action. Nozick then, like Hayek, starts always with the individual and his central concern is to protect that individual against state power because it is desirable in terms of societal efficiency as well as in terms of morality.

An examination of the work of Hayek and Nozick is essential to an understanding of new liberalism since their ideas are amongst the most well argued and influential on the practical appliance of the ideas. Both theorists make a case for individual incentive as the driving force of progress and rest on a defence of private property.

Their ideas can be criticised in several ways:

The first central problem that needs to be addressed is that, as I argued, such writers take as the basic unit of society the rational self-interested individual. The individual is artificially removed from the cultural and sociological factors which in reality shape and are in turn shaped by the individual.

Historically man is a social being not an egotistical loner. The natural unit has been the community not the individual. Nozick in particular rests his case on a historical vision of the individual who in fact responds to the expectations, needs and fears of the greater society rather than being determined purely by his or her own will. The fact that wealth creation of any significance is itself a collective act is particularly damaging to the new liberal view of human nature.

Man not only lives in communities he also makes associations, forms companies etc. The idea of the individual producer would not only be unproductive it would be impossible without reference to the other. The new liberals are convinced that the individual is the best unit for a progressive wealth creating society but in any large scale production some form of association will be needed, and this in turn will result in a loss of autonomy for the individual. Because of the influence of such easily identifiable societal realities such as class, gender, and race, the individual's chances to join a successful association will not be equal despite the abilities that individual might possess. Therefore a spontaneous order based on natural inequalities of skill cannot exist in reality.

The logical conclusion to be drawn from the idea that the individual should be free from restraint to develop their talents would be to undermine these unjust barriers which prevent the 'best specimens' from succeeding. Nozick himself seems to recognise this when he talks about allowing for a temporary state which would have a much greater role than his ideal nightwatch-man state would. This state would try to rectify past injustices which he acknowledges has impaired the natural order.

The fact that Nozick is forced to attempt this when he actually looks at a real society (he was observing his native America) undermines his theories in a serious way. Nozick may be right in his view that to attempt to create equality by state intervention would be impossible but surely just as economic inequality would reassert itself so would inequality based on prejudice, class etc. It is therefore hard to see how the increased role for the state would be reduced unless more extensive action could be taken to isolate the individual's life chances to ensure that only the most able succeed. Thus legislation would have to be taken to remove property that was unfairly acquired (by force, legal tricks, etc.) and such laws would have to forbid, or at least limit, inherited wealth since this too would seem to be just as damaging to the natural order as the welfare system since it makes the family more important than the individual. Also any other privilege based on class would have to be removed where wealth and power bear no relationship to skill or talent.

When examined in a social and historical context it seems that the idea of a spontaneous order is extremely spurious. In human society power groups have invariably institutionalised their influence and thus sectional interest develops which limits the individual's freedom.

Hayek's view of freedom as not being related in any way to wealth or the actual ability of someone to make use of this negative liberty also seems to be weak when examined in the light of social reality. Hayek states that freedom cannot be limited by the action of market forces because the outcome of these cannot be foreseen and do not intend harm to individuals. However the fact that Hayek advocates a market system as the best guarantee of freedom implies some knowledge of its results and outcome. Therefore Hayek's argument that markets cannot coerce because they do not intend to is contradictory. It is clear that in a modern industrial nation where macro-economic policy is carefully monitored

governments and other bodies do have access to a large body of knowledge which allows for predictions of the general outcome of policies, or at least the affects can be noted after a policy has been implemented. Hayek, as he does with the individual, makes an abstraction of the market without reference to real historical instances.

Hayek and Nozick do not only argue that their concept of a limited state is best for the individual they also state that it would be best for all human kind. The workings of an unfettered market would provide society's needs and stability would result. One can question however whether their view of the role of the state is practical or desirable as it ignores or dismisses the other possible functions in a modern state. To take one example, internal law and order and the protection of the right to property would be under massive strain because of the divisive nature of vast, visible inequalities.

In such a system large scale social disorder would result. If one turns again to an actual society, for example modern America, where laissez faire economics operate more freely than anywhere in the world, indicators of social conflict are higher than in European countries where greater social welfare exists. Instances of crime, drug addiction and public disorder are much higher.

Many commentators, for example Robert Merton, have linked this to the nature of American society in which a state of anomie has been reached. He argues that there exists an imbalance between expectations, which are fuelled by the mass media and education, and opportunities, which are blocked for many groups and individuals for a number of sociological reasons such as racial prejudice. In a society which places its value emphasis on material wealth the discontentment of those who cannot obtain these goals will be a major problem. In America this has manifested itself in large-scale marginalisation of inner city areas and high levels of organised crime. In many cases the citizen has become almost totally estranged from the state.

In a society which fulfils Nozick's vision it is highly likely that any money the individual saves from paying tax on welfare for the poor, will be taken up instead in vast expenditure on the maintenance of law and order. Once again the way social structures can influence and/or distort the individual's perception of, for example, social justice is ignored by the Neo-Liberals.

The fact that we do not all fit the 'ideal' version of individuality that the Neo-Liberals envisage has been a large problem to political parties who have tried to implement the philosophy of people like Hayek and Nozick in real states with real histories and diverse citizens. Thus those societies, like Britain, which have adopted aspects of the Neo-Liberal philosophy have seen an increase in social conflict, such as increasing crime rates and urban disorder. In my opinion this has been due in no small measure to a mistaken view of the most suitable relationship between the state and the citizen.

AN EAST AFRICAN PROBLEM OF THIRTY YEARS AGO: THE KAMPALA AGREEMENT

by S. F. Bailey

DIFFICULTIES arising from tribal animosities and conflicts are not peculiar to Africa, nor are they necessarily longer-lasting there, as the current wars in the Balkans demonstrate on both counts. They do however exacerbate attempts to develop in Africa, as elsewhere, political systems which are both stable and tolerant of rational dissent, and the present troubles in Kenya illustrate this as well as any. A good example which has long run its course is the attempt which was made thirty years ago to systematise some form of regional co-operation between the three independent East African states of Uganda, Tanganyika (later Tanzania), and Kenya. This was embodied in a formal agreement signed on 29 April 1964 at Kampala, and generally known as the Kampala Agreement. Although there were at the time some reports in the *East African Standard*, very little has been published about the Kampala Agreement, and nothing about the course of negotiations. I was one of the principal Kenya officials, and drafted the final form of agreement; and this short account is taken from my notes made at the time.

The three states of Tanganyika, Uganda and Kenya, which achieved independence in that order, were then loosely associated in the East African Common Services Organisation (EACSO), the successor to the East African High Commission, itself a long way from being a federal organisation. During 1963 the ties that held EACSO together were becoming frayed, and after Kenya's independence in December 1963 they were in danger of breaking altogether.

EACSO handled a number of major common services. These were Income Tax and Customs, Railways and Harbours, Posts and Telegraphs, Airways and Air Traffic Control, a variety of research bodies, and industrial licensing. Usually discussed within the EACSO context but actually outside its organisation were the East African Currency Board, and annual meetings of Finance Ministers at which they discussed and as far as possible adjusted their national budgets. The last item, the annual budget discussions, was always a source of potential conflict. For some time Tanganyika had had a favourable balance of trade outside the East African complex, but an unfavourable one within it because so many services and goods were supplied by Uganda and Kenya. On the other hand within EACSO itself Tanganyika did fairly well and especially so from the management of Railways and Harbours, and Posts and Telegraphs, which provided Tanganyika with important services at the expense of Uganda and Kenya.

The underlying causes of the breakdown were complex. Tanganyika, even without the burden of Zanzibar with which it merged in the course of the Kampala Agreement negotiations, had difficult development problems. It was a large country with a scattered population and poor transport,

and a great deal of it was covered with both animal and human tsetse fly. A cash economy had scarcely begun to develop, educational standards were low, and the non-African population which might have provided a channel for capital investments was tiny. Compared with Uganda and Kenya it was an undeveloped country. This was made worse by an incoherent but very common feeling among Tanganyikans that Uganda and Kenya had reaped great benefits from non-Africans and must therefore have un-African colonialist regimes which were their enemies. This was repeated in one form or another again and again during the negotiations; and although Nyerere, face to face with Kenyatta, never found himself able to repeat it in the presence of the living symbol of African nationalism, his Ministers and officials had no such qualms when facing the racially mixed teams from Uganda and Kenya. In a way the Tanganyikan feelings were not wholly unreasonable, at least to the extent that Uganda and Kenya, especially Kenya, had developed economies which seemed to be not radically different from the economies of any developed non-communist country. Kenya was particularly offensive to the 'negritude' theorists because not only had it been able to develop commercially and industrially on a free-enterprise base with little direct government participation, but Nairobi had unmistakably become the most attractive centre in East Africa for overseas, and capitalist, investment.

The Tanganyikan discontents came into the open in early 1964, when Nyerere was persuaded that when announcing a five-year development plan, scheduled for 12 May 1964, he should also announce some rearrangement of EACSO. What then happened was that a meeting of the Finance Ministers at Entebbe in February 1964 was without warning presented with an ultimatum. They could either maintain the common market on Tanganyika's terms, which included the imposition of tariffs against Ugandan and Kenyan goods with the cost of collecting the dues to be wholly borne by Uganda and Kenya, or Tanganyika would dissolve the association. The threat of dissolution was, however, somewhat undermined by the statement that if dissolution was to be the answer they nevertheless expected the Railways and Harbours, and the Posts and Telegraphs, arrangements to be continued on their existing basis, favourable to Tanganyika.

There was unfortunately no record of this meeting, but although Nyerere subsequently said this was not what was really meant, other ministers later restated the Tanganyikan position in more or less those terms. Moreover, at a meeting of the Heads of State on the 10th and 11th of April it became clear that this, confused though it might be, was what had in fact been proposed. The decision of the Heads of State was that there should be an Emergency Committee consisting of the three Ministers of Finance and the three Ministers of Trade, plus their officials; and that this Committee should produce an agreed solution to the problem by 30th April 1964 so that Nyerere could go ahead with his five-year plan as scheduled.

On top of all the other problems was the fact that apart from one

session when Tom Mboya, a Luo, was present the Africans on the Kenya team were all Kikuyu, and for most of the time were led by Gikonyo Kiano, the politically weak Kikuyu Minister for Commerce and Industry. The stereotypical Kikuyu, and it was a stereotype widely recognised inside and outside Kenya, combined above average ability with unpuncturable conceit and tactlessness. Kiano, for example, as soon as whoever was chairing a meeting formally opened it, would take out his newspaper, ostentatiously spread it across the table and begin to read it. Mwai Kibaki, then his Ministerial partner as a junior Minister in the Treasury (and now leader of the Democratic Party in Kenya), sitting alongside him would similarly take out his paper and the two would exchange comments and eventually papers as the meeting progressed, regardless of what was going on and of the angry looks of the other Ministers. When they did take part in the discussions it was usually because one or the other had caught a word which took their interest, often misunderstanding it because they had not been listening; or it was because they had become bored and after staring round and exchanging a few comments in Kikuyu had simply decided to butt in and make their presence felt.

In my experience most Africans have an acute sense of the social graces and what might be called 'proper behaviour', and the general attitudes and habits of the Kikuyu were resented. Certainly to the Ugandans and Tanganyikans at these meetings the Kikuyu members were objects of intense dislike. At one point, after Kiano had shouted a reproof at me across the table in Kikuyu, followed by a translation for the benefit of the non-Kikuyu, I had a tactful message relayed from Kahama, the Tanganyikan Minister for Trade, that he was holding his temper with difficulty and would be very happy if he never heard, or met, a Kikuyu again.

The first meeting of the Emergency Committee was held in Dar-es-Salaam and the Ministers present were Bomani and Kahama for Tanganyika, Sempa and Mayanja-Nkangi for Uganda, and Gichuru and Kiano, and for a couple of days Mboya, for Kenya. Mboya did not come to Kampala for the second series of meetings, and nor did Gichuru, who was represented by Mwai Kibaki, his junior Minister at the Treasury. The Kenya team at Kampala was therefore led by Kiano. After Mboya the Kenya team of officials, because of Kiano's inadequacy, tended to work through the Ugandan officials, putting in supporting fire or extra briefings as necessary.

I had been one of the few officials, and the only one on the Kenya team, present when Kenyatta and his immediate associates briefed the Kenya Ministerial team and was uneasily aware of the fact that, once hard negotiations got under way at Kampala, Kiano and Kibaki were ignoring the major points emphasised by Kenyatta. I drew Kiano's attention to this in written notes as well as orally, but the only reply he ever made was that he had a tactical plan and I was not to worry. In the end I acted independently and put the points in the formal draft agreement as an appendix, to Kiano's undisguised irritation; but they were later

accepted not only by Kenyatta but also by Nyerere and Obote. Exactly what game Kiano thought he was playing I could never make out, but I had a strong suspicion he was merely trying to score off Mboya, who had always stressed the importance of regional co-operation. Mboya was one of the few non-Kikuyu in Kenyatta's Cabinet, and Kiano was probably not alone in thinking that any action, no matter how short-sighted or stupid, was worthwhile if it undermined something Mboya wanted. To be fair to Kiano, there was an element of the same attitude in Kenyatta, but he generally had enough political sense to recognise this should not be pushed too far.

Once Kenyatta had achieved political power, his most noticeable characteristic was the desire to retain it unchallenged, but he still carried other, life-long, and conflicting objectives; first, to secure and maintain his personal domination of the Kikuyu; second, to secure domination by the Kikuyu within Kenya; third, to return to an idealised past with the comforts of the extended family and the myths of innocent simplicity; and fourth, to build a modern African society with all the complications, balances and rewards entailed by this. It was, after all, his ability to present different objectives to different audiences, and to retain all of them through a long life, that had got him where he was. Most of the politicians in the area followed a similar line, adjusted according to tribe, but generally less successfully.

The major exception to this was Tom Mboya, the ablest, most clear-minded, and most decisive of the East African politicians, and also the least tribal in his attitudes. If he had been in Britain and white he would have been at the very least an able backbencher, and more probably a frontbencher; in Kenya, and to many Africans, he was either a puzzling anomaly or a de-Africanised enemy, and it was in the latter role that many Kikuyu saw him. Nevertheless he was much too able to be kept down or pushed to one side, and perhaps the most surprising thing about his career is that it was as long as five years after independence before he was assassinated by a Kikuyu.

All the people in the negotiations, but especially the Africans, were conscious of the Mau Mau background to Kenyan politics. In the early 1960s the population of Kenya was about six million, about four per cent of them being a very mixed bag of non-Africans. The 96 per cent of Africans were also very mixed, split between about 80 'tribes'. Of these the Kikuyu and their associates the Embu and Meru amounted to about 1.5 million, or 26 per cent. The next biggest group was the Luo, with about half the Kikuyu-Embu-Meru total. This meant there were more than four million Africans who owed no allegiance to the Kikuyu.

Since 1892 there had been an administration of sorts in what was called British East Africa, but Kenya was not delineated, and named as Kenya, until July 1920. It was also in 1920 that Harry Thuku formed the Young Kikuyu Association. The often offensive and oppressive behaviour of some Europeans led to riots in Nairobi in 1922, headed by Thuku and his Association. Although motives and intentions are difficult to discern at a

distance of seventy years, it looks to me as though Thuku, despite his tribal base, was mounting an authentic protest against Europeans as such, whereas Kenyatta, who came into prominence in 1932 and soon tangled with Thuku, set himself the task of controlling the Kikuyu before taking on the intruding Europeans. On the whole the statistics of Mau Mau violence bear this out. According to the official Corfield Report of 1960, between the declaration of an Emergency in October 1952 and 30th June 1959 when it effectively ended, there were 1,819 non-Mau Mau African civilians killed, almost all of them Kikuyu, and 978 wounded; and only 32 Europeans and 26 Asians killed, and 26 and 36 respectively wounded. Against this there were 11,503 Mau Mau killed but only 1,035 wounded (a shoot to kill policy if ever there was one), with 167 security forces killed and 1,582 wounded. It had all the hallmarks of a civil war within the Kikuyu in which the administration of mainly European outsiders took the side of the conservatives and mowed down the dissidents. In the end it petered out because it was too hopelessly one sided; but Kenyatta nevertheless came to the top because, imprisoned by the administration, he survived with his authority in the Kikuyu relatively intact and his reputation among non-Kikuyu Africans on the whole enhanced despite eight years of useless slaughter.

The negotiations, especially at Kampala, were often confused and muddled, and sometimes verged on farce. The Tanganyikan Ministers all along wanted to go their own way in isolation without losing the advantages of not being in isolation; the Ugandan Ministers were more conscious than the others of their own need for regional co-operation; the Kenyan Ministers (once Mboya had left) had the strongest hand and should have been able to steer the talks to a workable compromise, but made little attempt to conceal their contempt either for the other Ministers or for the idea of agreement in the first place; and the three sets of officials were generally united in making increasingly desperate attempts to stitch together an agreement which might conceivably be workable and also just about acceptable to the Governments standing behind their Ministers.

The Dar-es-Salaam talks focused attention on trade imbalances within the East African common market, and the Kampala talks tried to set up a sysem in which these could progressively be reduced. The agreement finally reached listed ways of doing it, including extending the existing system of industrial licensing, the use of quotas and suspended quotas, and bringing pressure to bear on existing major industries with inter-territorial connections and sales to develop units within deficit countries, i.e. for the most part within Tanganyika. Appendix Three, on which Kenyatta and his Cabinet had been insistent and which Kiano wanted to ignore, made Kenya's agreement to all this subject to the continuation of the East African common market, to the continuation of the EACSO common services, and to the continuation of a common currency. These points were essential to Kenya because she was inevitably the major loser if trade imbalances were adjusted in favour of Tanganyika, and the main-

tenance of regional co-operation provided the only hope for future development.

The three Governments ratified the Agreement, but the scheme slowly fell apart. Privately owned commerce and industry has an obligation to survive, and survival lies generally in seizing short-term advantages and opportunities; and these were not to be found in Tanganyika but in Kenya and, to a lesser extent, in Uganda. Politicians in all the territories, as elsewhere, had a similar short-term interest in survival and those in Kenya in particular were unable, or unwilling, to apply the considerable pressures needed to keep their commercial and industrial interests within the spirit of the system. Almost from the start Tanganyika showed a tendency to take unilateral action in, for example, the imposition of import controls, and later simply announced the creation of a separate currency. From that point onwards regional co-operation was effectively doomed, and the overthrow of Obote and the emergence of Idi Amin in Uganda ended all such ideas. A pity — the ordinary people of East Africa deserved better of their leaders.

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The May number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Neutrality in the Nineties* by Peter Johnson (author of *Neutrality, a Policy for Britain*, 1985 and *The Hinge of Opportunity, a Security System for Europe*, published as No. 6 of *New European*, 1992) and the second part of *Western Asia in Turmoil and Rivalry between Iran and Turkey* by Keramat Poorsoltan.

CRIME: PUTTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

by Peter Coad

There is not a single offence which does not, directly or indirectly, affect many others besides the actual offender. Hence, whether an individual is good or bad is not merely his own concern but really the concern of the whole community, nay, of the whole world.
Mahatma Gandhi

THE spectacular rise in the crime rate is a national scandal; it was predictable and largely preventable. It is the logical consequence of unrealistic sentencing policies. Research, statistics, experience and commonsense made the results foreseeable. The majority of offences are committed by identifiable persistent offenders, unmotivated to reform.

For more than a decade, the vociferous anti-prison lobby have achieved a remarkable propaganda coup by cornering the publicity market. They are now accepted as 'experts' on criminal justice and views contrary to their ideology are often vilified. Particularly vulnerable to their beliefs have been the Home Office, Judges, Magistrates, the Probation Service and the media. Their untenable views are repeatedly expounded with force and assumed authority; the 'justice' of their cause has been accepted without question and quoted *ad nauseam* by those ill-informed or gullible enough to believe them. This lobby has hi-jacked the criminal justice debate; many of their ideas have had a profound influence on sentencing policies which are now enshrined in the Criminal Justice Act 1991. One distinguished jurist has described the Act as a 'Charter for Criminals'.

There are few places in the United Kingdom where a citizen is free from fear of crime. No longer can society look to their elected Members of Parliament, Judges and Magistrates for protection. At no time in our history has a government legislated so dramatically to indulge criminals. No longer does the word 'tough' have any realistic meaning when it refers to sentencing; the same applies to the notion of 'just deserts'. The English language has been desecrated for political and ideological purposes. Never before has the concept of right and wrong been so blurred, and encouraged to be so by current criminal justice practices. The persistent criminal is treated as a favoured member of society. No longer does an offender with a serious criminal record warrant a 'tougher' sentence than a first offender. The Criminal Justice Act 1991 (CJA) has been based on faulty ideology, error, miscalculation and propaganda, all to protect persistent offenders from punishment for their crimes; it is in need of urgent amendment. Thousands of genuinely impecunious and law abiding citizens, many elderly, are under threat of seizure of property and ultimately imprisonment for not being able to afford to pay their poll tax. The fact that the majority are first offenders is no criteria for mercy. Not for them the privilege of a caution, a conditional discharge or probation. In comparison, non custodial sentences are given out to persistent property

offenders whose crimes cost the rest of society billions of pounds a year. Can this be the British justice we have been taught to revere?

Calling for a drastic reorganisation of the police unjustly implies that it is predominantly their failure that has resulted in the crime wave, especially as police officer staffing levels have not been increased sufficiently to meet current crime levels. Blaming parents, teachers, unemployment, poverty, social deprivation, car manufacturers and those who fail to protect themselves from offenders for the massive increase in crime, is a cynical political ploy to divert attention from the real culprits, the criminals themselves, and failed government criminal justice policies. The vast majority of the poor and unemployed do not resort to crime. Criminals must be made to accept personal responsibility for their actions. To do otherwise is counter-productive for society as well as for the criminal. Recently the Princess Royal said that 'many youngsters already see theft and violence as a normal way of life'. Sadly that truth also applies to older age groups.

All the evidence is that community based sentences are no more successful than custodial ones; neither does a custodial sentence increase the re-offending rate. It is difficult therefore, to justify the exposure of society to the endless crimes of persistent offenders. A custodial sentence affords the public total protection while it is being served. Criminals who persist in offending should get even longer sentences. The concept of preventive detention must be considered. If the prison population has to be doubled, then so be it. Almost nobody goes to prison who has not chosen to do so.

Much has been made of the government determination to protect the public by dealing severely with those offenders who commit acts of 'violence against the person'. This type of propaganda is politically impressive but the truth is obscured. During 1989, research carried out by the Home Office, the Magistrates' Association and the Justices' Clerks' Society showed that courts in England and Wales imposed prison sentences on only 10 per cent of offenders who had committed acts of violence against the person; 90 per cent were given non-custodial sentences. Even more worrying is that 80 per cent of those convicted of assaulting a policeman escape a prison sentence.

The Probation Service can still play a vital part in the criminal justice system. Probation Officers must revert to their original role of helping those who are motivated to reform. Currently their expertise and dedication is wasted on offenders who only use supervision in the community to allow them to continue a life of crime.

Now that the CJA 1991 has become law there will be an inevitable increase in the crime rate. The timing by the Home Office of further restrictions on the working hours of prison officers is significant. It will follow that the supervision of prisoners will be reduced and the hours they are locked up in their cells may increase the probability of further unrest. As a direct result of this, courts will be put under increasing pressure to send even fewer criminals to prison. Similar pressure will be placed on the Parole Board to release prisoners even earlier. The crime

rate will further increase and the quality of life will deteriorate to a degree too frightening to contemplate. It is not too late to reverse the situation. Realistic sentencing will go a long way to achieve it.

If a criminal has had the bad luck to be one of the seven per cent detected, he will have in the first place the Police and Criminal Evidence Act and probably a Duty Solicitor to protect his interests. If he then fails to be given an immediate police caution, his next agent of protection is the Crown Prosecution Service who will use all the rules and guidelines at their disposal to keep him out of court. Should he then become one of the select three per cent who do finally appear in court, he can then confidently rely on the services of a lawyer at public expense and a Probation Officer who will already be programmed to use all their skills to keep him out of prison.

They will be aided and abetted by Magistrates and Judges, many of whom are bereft of the courage of their own commonsense convictions, and have abdicated their primary role which is to protect the public. To justify their decisions will be all the powers of the Criminal Justice Act (1991) guaranteeing that the majority of criminals will escape their 'just deserts'.

If after many court appearances and numerous failed promises to reform, the offender does finally get a prison sentence, he can look forward to an early visit from the police who will write off unlimited outstanding offences admitted, normally without fear of further or additional penalty. He then has all the advantages of a liberal parole system which will release him after serving only half his sentence in the overwhelming majority of cases. He can also rely on the anti-prison lobby to turn statistical and research somersaults to convince society of the wrong they have done him by sending him to prison in the first place. The total impact of the criminal justice system on the persistent offender, is no more than a mild irritant. His spells in custody are, in the main, too infrequent and too short, to even begin to make him think twice. He knows only too well how much crime he has, and will, get away with. Back in society, he can again become one of the known 80 per cent who return to crime.

Had the Conservative Party published in their 1979 election manifesto a promise to criminalize a large proportion of the population and victimize the rest, their success would have exceeded their wildest dreams. Mr. Hattersley, former Shadow Home Secretary, had even more liberal views on crime; he accused the judiciary of 'a dangerous passion for prison'. Anthony Blair, MP, the current Shadow Home Secretary, appears to blame the rising crime rate on unemployment.

War must be declared on the criminal fraternity, particularly on the persistent offender; every humane and legitimate means must be employed to protect our beleaguered public who feel helpless and frightened in a country where law, order and justice were once at the very heart of the nation. Vigilante type responses to feelings of outrage at some lenient sentences are increasing. Great Britain has become a criminals' paradise; they are the most privileged and protected members of society. It is point-

less to pour endless millions of pounds into a criminal justice system which has failed. Only sensible sentencing policies, particularly regarding persistent offenders, will reverse the escalating crime rate. There is no doubt that when the disadvantages of their life of crime (i.e. getting caught and locked up for increasingly long periods) outweigh the advantages, will persistent criminals stop offending. Although difficult to quantify, this policy would be unarguably cost effective.

Former Home Office Minister, John Patten, said that one of the reasons for the increasing crime rate, is that offenders have no fear of the here-after. What is equally certain is that the current criminal justice system has given them no reason to fear the here-and-now. Persistent offenders demonstrate utter contempt for the Law, Judges, Magistrates and the Probation Service charged with their 'rigorous, effective and credible supervision' as well as the victims.

Crime is a particular issue for William Waldegrave, MP, JP, Minister responsible for the Citizen's Charter. It is, of course, the primary responsibility of Kenneth Clarke, QC, MP, the Home Secretary. Both these Cabinet Ministers are acutely aware of the issues. For the first time for many years, we can look forward with hope that there will be dramatic changes of policy to protect the general public and reverse the escalating crime rate.

The Home Office has recently announced that it intends to crackdown on 'hard core' persistent young offenders, thus abrogating the bizarre philosophical basis of the CJA 1991 within three months of it becoming law. New secure detention orders will provide for an increase in the number of custodial sentences. This is excellent news and it clearly shows that the Home Secretary has the courage to defy the bankrupt policies of the anti-prison lobby, who are vociferous in their condemnation of these proposals. They ignore the reality that it will provide sentencers with greater opportunities to protect the public. Applying similar policies to persistent *adult* offenders will do much to reduce the crime rate.

[Peter Coad is a retired Senior Probation Officer. The above article is an extract from a treatise on crime which is available in full from the author at £3.50 per copy. Address: 20 Druid Woods, Stoke Bishop, Bristol BS9 1SY.]

THE WARM HEART OF JAPAN'S SNOW COUNTRY

by Paul St John Mackintosh

THE train came out of the long tunnel into the snow country. The earth lay white under the night sky. Actually, that's a lie. Virtually every Japanese schoolchild knows that opening to Yasunari Kawabata's celebrated novel, *Snow Country*.* For many, those words are the closest they will ever come to the region it describes. But when *our* train came out of the New Shimizu Tunnel in December, the Snow Country was experiencing a mild spell, and snow was nowhere to be seen.

The Snow Country — modern-day Niigata prefecture — is north-west of Tokyo. The Snow Country lies on the northern side of the Japan Alps, Honshu's massive vertebrae which cut its coasts off from each other. The side facing China is known as *ura Nihon* — the backside of Japan. The region is famous for its snow, and for the products of snow: clear water, fine rice (deemed the best in Asia), *chijimi* crêpe woven from ramie, holiday resorts, and beautiful women.

The area has been inhabited from the earliest times: some of the finest hand-built pottery to survive from the prehistoric Jomon culture was unearthed at Nagaoka — my wife's home town — whose municipal drain covers are proudly stamped with images of the coiled pots. But Echigo Province (its historical name) was never hospitable. For centuries it was used as something of a Siberia by successive regimes. Troublemakers of all kinds were banished there, especially to the remote and desolate offshore island of Sado. Its name would have sent shivers through courtiers in the warm capital. Famous Echigo exiles included the Emperor Juntoku, the Buddhist saint Shinran and Nichiren, founder of the sect that bears his name. Few other travellers went there at all.

Kawabata first went there in 1934, a refugee from the fatigues of Tokyo. He was looking for traces of an older Japan in these wilds; a place and a people in keeping with his recherché aesthetic. He was also undertaking the kind of internal exile so popular amongst German intellectuals at that time, evading the tides of resurgent militarism by retreating to a quiet backwater. The fruit of his encounter, *Yuki Guni*, appeared in instalments between 1935 and 1937, and was an immediate success. To this day it is regarded as Kawabata's masterpiece and one of the finest Japanese novels.

The Snow Country still has its unique character, though not necessarily in the forms which spoke to Kawabata. Take Nagaoka: in the Edo period a castle town, home to the Makino clan who acted as the local arm of the shogunal government. It stands amidst sleepy rice country: the flatlands of the Shinano River valley, patchworked with paddies which, after the spring flooding, shimmer like a carpet of mirrors. Overlooking heights rise sudden and without preliminary beyond the suburbs, forming a rim round

*The work has been masterly translated by E. Seidensticker (Penguin Books).

the alluvial levels that make up the Niigata plain. The river, Japan's longest, winds through Nagaoka then down to the sea at Niigata — gateway to Korea, China and eastern Siberia.

The Shinkansen station, as elsewhere in Japan, has poured money into Nagaoka; though one would not automatically choose such a site for a prestigious station — unless one was ex-premier Tanaka, who engineered this boon for his home constituency back in the Seventies. And the development continues. An imposing library has supplanted that with which my wife had to make do in her high-school days. The concessions in the new station hotel, a branch of Tokyo's celebrated New Otani Prince, regale the farmers' daughters of Nagaoka with Hanae Mori and Christian Dior. Ski-lifts and pistes snake their way up the pine-clad valleys as the holiday trade continues its relentless expansion. The regional map in the station is even captioned in Russian, as part of a long-term tourist strategy.

Not quite what Kawabata was looking for, perhaps. Japan has moved on since his day. The story he tells — the relationship between Shimamura the urban dilettante and Komako the country geisha — would be unlikely now. The geisha Suzume (Sparrow), a venerable member of her profession, who lived next door to my parents-in-law is a survival of a declining breed; such geishas as exist today would not be the first resort for the Tokyo salaryman on holiday. Likewise, the local customs Kawabata describes — the building of snow castles in the spring from which to scare birds, the tunnels dug through snow from one side of the street to the other — are now mostly to be found in Nagaoka Castle folk museum. Modern technology has been harnessed to subdue the white menace: winter brings a baroque assortment of snow grinders, blowers and ploughs; tracked snowmobiles are a common sight; buses carry shovels and tyre chains. The city spent its share of Japan's wealth on a water-sprinkler system to keep the roads clear: in snowy weather little jets fountain from the centre of the carriageway.

Central Nagaoka today is wall-to-wall modernity: as much neon as Piccadilly Circus after dark, brought in on the prosperity that followed the Shinkansen line. Few of the traditional houses — low-eaved with roof shingles held down by heavy black stones — remain to be seen. There is a Dresdenesque explanation for Nagaoka's dearth of older buildings. Yamamoto, the town's most famous son of recent times, turned American eyes toward it during the Second World War. My mother-in-law still remembers the raids: jumping in the river to save herself from heat that parched soaked clothes in seconds; fleeing to the mountains to escape the firestorms. Every summer a grand firework display, one of the largest in the world, is held over the river to commemorate that time. The mortar tubes which fire the biggest starburst shells at the height of the festivities have the calibre of naval guns.

But go out of the built-up area and the same country which delighted Kawabata is still there. Seen from a distance on a fine winter's day, the upper slopes of the mountains mimic, on a vast scale, the frosted-glass glitter of dewy grass in the first rays of the morning sun. Before the first

snows, locals still erect bambo teepees around trees to protect them from the crushing weight of the packed drifts. Regional delicacies are still prized: the *kaki-senbei* rice-crackers shaped like persimmon seeds; even the green *dango* (glutinous rice-cake), the colour and texture of particularly rich snot, which comes in a wrapper of stained bamboo leaves like an overused hankie. The famous crêpe is still woven — albeit usually by machine.

Snow still rules the land: its effects can be mitigated but never ignored. Mountain roads are protected by avalanche barriers, and are often impassable until spring. *Nabe* casseroles are essential standbys to fend off the penetrating chill. The elements have not abated: last year, a typhoon took the roof off my sister-in-law's house as she slept with her children in an upstairs bedroom. Buildings sometimes collapse under the weight of snow.

And the people have changed little — though Kawabata, ever more concerned with perceptions and atmosphere than with character, is a poor witness to this. For firmer evidence, read, not his novel, but the source he leant on for his knowledge of local customs, *Hokuetsu Seppu* (Snow Country Tales), written by Suzuki Bokushi and published in 1835. No Edo dilettante, Bokushi was a local peasant made good who coveted a reputation as a man of letters, and his book was his chance to record his beloved native land. The people he describes are robust, stoical, matter-of-fact, good-humoured, compassionate though unsentimental, and cheerful in the face of the hazards of their way of life. Something of that spirit lives on:

'Are you married, *O-jo-san* [daughter]?', my wife was asked by a pair of stallkeepers as we navigated Niigata market.

'Yes.'

'It must be nice having a tall husband', said one.

'With a long nose', said the other.

The earthy gutsiness underlying both the techno-kitsch of modern Japan and the refined austerity of its traditional high culture breaks through all the time. It is manifested in: white strings of *daikon* (mooli) hung under eaves to dry prior to pickling; peasants in wellingtons and rubber gloves stooping in the paddies or piloting rotavators through the mud; and that most attractive of all Japanese conveniences, the gleaming street-corner beer dispensers which disgorge cans of ice-cold brew up to two litres cubic capacity in sublime indifference to licensing laws. Above all, it shows itself in food.

Nagaoka is not the place to go for *kaiseki*, the up-market cuisine of Kyoto with its delicate, muted (and, to a modern palate, bland) flavours, served successively dish after tiny dish by an attentive waitress. Down-to-earth cooking is a way of life; indeed, a necessity to keep out the cold. The sleety winds howling through the fish market, tearing at the plastic tarpaulins hung against the elements, deposit their ice on mounds of tuna blood-red as venison, purple octopus and huge cod: high-protein fodder. *Ramen* tastes especially good in December, with bubbles of pork fat floating in the clear soup atop the coiled noodles. Nor are Nagaokans too

fussy about mixing cuisines. My wife was enjoying *foie gras* in a Nagaoka French restaurant long before I had even tasted it.

Not that Kawabata saw something that wasn't there when he visited the Snow Country; simply that he was looking on a different level to the one on which most locals live their lives. Shimamura, the 'hero' of his tale, is explicitly described as a detached idler, at one remove from the realities of the everyday, who breaks off his relationship with Komako because of his incapacity to feel deeply for anyone. And the novel's descriptions of the Snow Country have never been bettered: they were even used to advertise the resort of Yuzawa. Furthermore, the modern world is well entrenched in the tale: the tunnel Shimamura arrives through is fitted with electric avalanche alarms; Komako conducts her affair whilst ministering to holidaying skiers.

But Kawabata's story, modern in its narrative discontinuity and almost Symbolist imagery, does the native spirit a service by going back to the oldest Japanese literary traditions (and Kawabata's service was recognized by the award of the 1968 Nobel Prize). This account of a visit to a back-country area immediately locates itself in the heritage of Basho — who himself briefly describes a visit to Echigo province in *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*. At one point, Shimamura wakes to the sound of a No club performing in an adjoining room, and the novel is structured like a No play, with the inert Shimamura taking the part of the *waki*, the traveller or interlocutor who merely serves as a sounding board for the main character, the *shite:* in this case, Komako, who relates her past and plays out her passion for the plump, unresponsive married man.

Komako is the most fully rounded of any of Kawabata's female characters: for she was based on a real woman, and the novelist admitted that their relationship changed as he was writing the novel. The story she unfolds is full of classically Japanese *mono no aware:* the pathos of things, the sadness of their transience.

The geisha is almost a cliché of such sentiments in Japanese literature: a frail flower living a precarious existence, whose beauty is only enhanced by her unhappy situation. Kawabata broadens and deepens the suggestion by reference to the many false starts and abandoned projects in her life: her extensive but aimless reading, her struggle to master the shamisen, the mysterious relationship with a music teacher's son who died of tuberculosis. Finally, he compares her to Echigo's famous weaving women who, snowed in for the winter, occupied themselves by weaving the famous crêpe, whose market value could never justify the arduous hours spent on it; and realizes that such beauty is inextricably interwoven with wasted effort, the melancholy of hours gone for ever, the piercing thrill of mortality.

Yet the author constantly evokes his heroine's presence through references to her warmth, her cheeks flushed by drunkenness, the furnace heat of her skin; all oddly set off by the extreme coolness of her hair. He plays off the contrast of heat and cold, of vitality with chill stasis, in both her and her environment: and the last comparison with the *chijimi*

crêpe is also an allusion to the snowy coldness which was traditionally held to have crept into its weave, making it ideal summer wear: 'This Komako too... seemed at centre cool, and the remarkable, concentrated warmth was for that fact all the more touching'. It is a coldness that Shimamura comes to recognise as lying in his own heart, barring him from love yet drawing him to the Snow Country and its women. For Kawabata himself clearly found his powers sharpened by both this environment which seemed so congenial to his icy, detached sensibility and by the real woman who presented such a challenge to him.

Kawabata did not come to the Snow Country expecting such stimulus, but he was artist enough to recognize and use what he found. The final scene of the novel — added in 1947 long after its erstwhile completion — and easily the most dramatic, like the climactic dance in a No drama, involves a fire at the silkworm warehouse. Yoko, a girl who appears in the book's first scene and persists as more or less a spirit of place with a haunting voice that seems to echo out of the mountain valleys, falls from the burning building, and Komako rescues her. Interspersed with these events is an evocation of the Milky Way, which at last seems to descend and flow straight into Shimamura's head in a moment of illumination. Sino-Japanese tradition presents the Milky Way as the River of Heaven, which separates the Herdboy and Weaver Maid, who can only cross it to meet once a year. It is also a Buddhist trope for the flux of worlds in the Wheel of the Law: the stream of things passing away, whose cold pathos is exactly the motif that informs the whole of Kawabata's novel. And in *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*, Basho commemorated his only visit to Echigo with haiku on the theme of the Milky Way — for he was there on the Seventh Night of the Seventh Month, the festival of the Herdboy and Weaver Maid.

A different level from most people. For the inhabitants of old Echigo, and of present-day Nagaoka, were and are far too busy with the world to stand back and appreciate its transience. Buddhist sentiments do endure. The New Year television roundup of the year's events: what were the famously insular Japanese watching? A US marine hugging a Kurdish child while his 'Jolly Green Giant' waited to whisk him away, with an English song on the soundtrack telling how we're all dust in the wind. But little time is wasted on such things. The snow may melt and its clean cold beauty vanish, the flowers may wilt early in the blizzards, but the people of the Snow Country will go on meeting fortune and disaster with the same warm-hearted forbearance that Bokushi recorded almost two centuries ago.

We saw the New Year in at the hill shrines on the outskirts of town, queuing up in the snow as part of a boisterous crowd to pray and to toss the old year's lucky bamboo rakes onto the fiercely burning braziers. At twelve midnight I rang the bell of a small side chapel and added my coin to the scattering on the floor that had missed the collection grate. Then back home for *soba* — long noodles for long life and good fortune — and beer.

MAKING SENSE OF THE DRUG-TESTING DEBATE

by Mark Neal

WITH the 'single market' almost upon us, pharmaceutical companies will view the new Europe with mixed feelings. The consensus within the European Community concerning the licensing requirements for new drugs, suggests that both the level of company profits and the health of the Community will be artificially depressed for the foreseeable future. For sure, there are healthy profits to be made, and the Europeans are not dropping like flies, but both profits and health would undoubtedly benefit if Brussels only tackled the sacred cow of drugs' testing by the horns.

Up until the 1960s European testing requirements were weak or non-existent. Following the discovery of teratogenic effects of thalidomide in the early 1960s however, there was a disorganised scramble for legislation, and by the early 1970s most European countries had passed laws laying down strict requirements for the licensing of new products. Disaster legislation is often hasty, and tends to run rough shod over individual and corporate liberties — the drug regulatory laws were no exception.

The wave of legislation in the 1960s sent shock waves through the European pharmaceutical industry. The new licensing laws laid down testing and development requirements that were so strict that innovating companies soon had to suffer development costs averaging above 10 per cent of gross output. The United Kingdom is fairly typical in this respect. Between 1953 and 1990, spending on development activities leapt from £3,000,000 to £1,082.000,000 — an increase from 2.4 per cent to 16.1 per cent of gross output, inordinately high by general manufacturing standards. (Indeed, the figure for research and development for general manufacturing has remained largely unchanged since 1966, hovering about the 2 per cent mark.) One significant outcome of the safety legislation, one with obvious implications for the running of a free pharmaceutical market, was that drug innovation was placed way out of reach of all but the largest multinational companies.

Since the 1960s, the time required for the development of drugs has lengthened considerably. The development phase for a new medicine from discovery to marketing is typically now more than 10 years, whereas the figure for the early 1960s was more in the order of three years. Of course legislation is not the only factor in this development. The drugs being developed have shifted from active chemicals that combat specific diseases, to drugs that alleviate long term conditions, so obviously some of these will require longer testing; however, the existing regulations ensure that even those products that do not require such timescales are tested for an artificially long period.

The legislation was also felt by consumers. The laws were designed to minimise the risk of new drugs for consumers. This they undoubtedly did, but they also minimised the availability of new and potentially beneficial

products. In the United Kingdom in 1970, £30,000,000 was spent on research and development, with the introduction of 22 new chemical entities onto the market. In 1990, however, £1,082,000,000 was spent on introducing 24 products. What we see here is an enormous increase in development costs, with little greater development of life-enhancing products.

There is no doubt that the goals of legislation were noble. The statute books were reached for in order to protect the innocent consumer from the risk of harm from untested drugs, and this is a goal that we as consumers all endorse. Indeed, it is also in pharmaceutical companies' interests to ensure that the adverse effects of their products are minimised. This onus on product safety applies to any industry.

We can see then that when it comes to the safety of the consumer, governments and pharmaceutical companies tend to agree. Indeed, governments and companies do not differ even in the matter of degree of safety: along with national governments pharmaceutical companies wish to minimise the adverse effects of their products *as much as is possible*. Consumers of course, being consumers, subscribe to this goal as well: they want the drugs they take to be as safe as possible. So it seems that when it comes to product safety, we have agreement. Governments, companies and consumers all agree that the new drugs coming out on the market should be as safe as possible.

But of course these are not the only goals subscribed to by the sectors involved, and this is where the consensus breaks down. Running the risk of simplifying what is complex, I will attempt to characterise the goals of the three parties:

The consumers:

To be treated effectively with new drugs that are as safe as possible.
To have access to new improved products that are as safe as possible.
To pay as little as possible for the new drugs.

The companies:

To produce new drugs that are as profitable and as safe as possible.
To exploit the patent as much as possible.
To reduce the development time and expense as far as possible.

The governments:

To register new drugs that are as safe as possible.
To encourage the indigenous pharmaceutical industry.
To minimise state expenditure on drugs as far as possible.

All three sectors agree that the new drugs people take should be as safe as possible. Each sector however has other goals of equal or overriding importance, and each will wish to maximise these goals as far as possible. Taking for a moment the utilitarian view that the goal of any political system (and the pharmaceutical industry is such a system) should be the maximisation of happiness for all involved, and accepting that the maximisation of goals brings with it a kind of governmental, corporate or individual happiness, then the best of all worlds would see the maximisation of all of these goals. I for one can see a way forward such that each

one of these goals can be maximised.

The key lies in the degree of legislation. Taking the utilitarian viewpoint, we can see that most governments' reactions to the drug disasters went over the top by pursuing the one common goal overzealously, thus blocking the other important goals of each sector. Legislating that a new product be thoroughly tested before being made available to the public was an honourable move, and it certainly did increase the protection of the consumer. But did it go too far? The length of time imposed by European governments varied from six to ten years for the testing and development of new drugs. Taking eight years to be typical, is such a length of time appropriate? Taking the utilitarian stance, such a period seems way over the top, for in going so far, the legislation hinders the attainment of every other goal I have listed:

> Firstly, testing is inordinately expensive. To get a new drug out from the laboratory and into the pharmacies can cost companies in excess of £120,000,000. A sizeable chunk of this goes on testing. Every year spent on testing lessens company profits.
>
> Secondly, as has been the case in the past, if a patent runs for twenty years, every year spent testing lessens the time available to exploit the patent monopoly.
>
> Thirdly, because of the expense of development and testing, medium sized indigenous companies are unable to develop new products other than generic drugs in the highly competitive post patent market.
>
> Fourthly, the expense of development and testing is off-loaded onto the consumer and the state.
>
> Fifthly, the consumer is denied access to new potentially beneficial products.

Each of the goals of state, government and consumer is sacrificed in pursuit of consumer safety. Do we really need this amount of testing? Take for instance an eight year period — about average in Europe. It is common knowledge in the pharmaceutical industry that a period of half that length is all that is needed to test a product such that it could for all practical purposes be called 'safe' in the sense that an adverse reaction to the drug would occur in less than one in 10,000. The extortionate expense of testing for another four years, while meaning an increase in testing and development costs of close on 100 per cent could only result in an increased safety factor of 10 per cent.

Of course it is a lunacy that multinational pharmaceutical corporations are willing to play along with, as the profits on patent monopolies are still good, however it is a lunacy that not only hits company profits, but also restricts the freedom of the consumer and inhibits the activities of medium sized corporations, who must go cap in hand to the multinationals to do the required testing for them. The pursuit of safety is as good as done after four years; pursuing it for another four years does little to further this goal, but does much to strike at the availability of beneficial drugs to the consumer, and much to keep the pharmaceutical economy as a two

tier system.

It is time for governments to strike a blow for the consumer, and to stop patronising those who would benefit from new improved products. Government bodies are pursuing safety in the pharmaceutical industry to a point that would be unthinkable in the automobile or tyre industry, both of whom produce potentially life-threatening products. To attempt to eliminate all risk from drug taking is impossible. A balance must therefore be struck. To pursue the goal of safety after the point where tiny increases in safety cost inordinate amounts of time and money means that one begins to ride roughshod over individual and corporate liberties.

That all drugs hold some risk for the consumer should not be something that is left unsaid. It should be accepted by consumers, companies and governments alike. We live in a culture in which drugs are perceived to be risk free, once they have been through the prescribed testing. They are not, and never will be. New drugs will always have undesirable effects upon the few. Such unlucky consumers should be empowered. They should be informed of the minimal risks, and given a clear and efficient route to compensation should the worst come to the worst. If companies had clear comprehensible compensation schemes for such mishaps, and paid out promptly, the image of pharmaceutical companies as self-interested and misleading might disappear. The money saved from four years' further testing would easily cover the costs, the product would be available to the consumer four years earlier, and — who knows? — medium sized companies might even enter the race.

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A MANCHURIAN MEANDER

by Sarah Newman

'WHAT have you come to Harbin for? There is nothing to see here. You are interested in history. I am not!' This was the greeting from our first guide in Manchuria, in the industrial city of Harbin.

Our flight from Beijing had taken just over the hour. Harbin, a railway centre, of about four million people, developed in the late 1890s following Russian pressure on China to build up the railway system in the region. Many Russian revolutionaries lived in the area then; in the inter-war years it was the haunt of White Russians, of whom a residue remain; today Russians cross the border to trade in this comparatively affluent area. American tourists after a visit to Eastern Siberia were stunned by Harbin's relative prosperity.

Our guide told us it boasted two three-star hotels; we stayed at The Swan, the worst we experienced during our visit. The carpets were stained, the bath dubiously clean. Although superficially as well-appointed as the hotel we had enjoyed in Beijing — TV, air-conditioning, en suite bathroom, telephone, laundry service are standard in these hotels — the ultimate effect was depressingly shoddy. We tried asking the floor staff to sweep the carpet, they produced a vacuum cleaner and used it on the central area of one bedroom floor, to no obvious effect.

Yet the hotel was clearly international. The Russians were there, though fewer than in cheaper hotels nearer the station. In the bar we met a French-Canadian working for a Belgian firm, a Dane employed in North China, a worker from Gateshead, recently injured in an accident at his new enterprise. In an effort to cater to the strange tastes of the Westerners the English-speaking barmaids were dressed like Christmas tree fairies, hovering in the gloaming in white gauzy material, to take orders for drinks.

The other three-star hotel, the International, houses the offices of the Harbin Travel Service. Our local guide was clearly unwilling to have us cross its threshold. She was unimpressed by meals in the Swan, and clearly afraid we would complain about the hotel, and her unhelpfulness, if we entered the portals of The International.

Fortunately our national guide joined us in Harbin. He had always lived there, so on day two of our two night stay he was able to take us around in a way the local guide seemed reluctant to. During a Chinese tour it is usual to have a national guide to escort you throughout your visit, and a local one in each area in which you stay. As there were only six of us (teachers of history, biology and Chinese, an architect, an actuary, and a businesswoman) we were paying extra for the national guide: the basic assumption is that groups are of a minimum of ten.

I was the sole history teacher in the group, so the modern Manchurian lack of interest in the Russo-Japanese war, 1904-5, was disappointing only to me. Many of the guides were only too ready to take us to memorials

of the 1931-45 struggle against Japan. Earlier troubles were clearly of far less significance. And any chance in Harbin of finding the Yiddish theatre for which the city had been famous was out. Neither local nor national guide knew about it.

Our group turned down the chance to see the notorious germ warfare centre. We went instead to the Provincial Museum: displaying scrolls, bronzes, saddles, swords, the information was in Chinese only and our local guide allowed little time for us there. She wanted to get to the Monument to the Martyrs of the Resistance to Japan before it closed at four. But even here her lack of interest in history was apparent, she would only respond to direct questions — such as on the role of women against the Japanese, when she could at least bring herself to translate the material provided on that topic.

Nonetheless Harbin was worth a visit. Through it runs the Songhua, a tributary of the River Amur; in winter, when the temperature falls below minus twenty degrees, lorries drive over it. In summer it is pleasant to walk through the Stalin Park along its banks; it is hard in the heat to imagine the ice sculptures, ice lanterns, for which the city is famous. Near the river is a monument commemorating the work of the people against floods, which had been bad in 1932 and 1957. It was good to be in an area where you could see the Chinese relaxing, strolling, boating, sucking iced lollies.

Then, like 'normal' tourists, we were taken to a workshop area, where we admired the delicate hand-sewing of tablecloths and the carving of intricate jade and agate ware before visiting the attached shop, to spend sterling, and more important, dollars on the resultant products.

As elsewhere in China, a Manchurian tour is all too likely to become a continuous shopping spree. Our group proved heavy spenders on clothes, cotton and linen as well as silk, on tablecloths, teapots, even on works of art. Screens, lacquerware, porcelain are displayed for the more adventurous transporter. For bargain-hunters there are delights galore in this relatively unexplored region of the People's Republic. Postcards pose a slight problem, there are many of the main tourist delights, but sold only in sets of ten, to buy individual postcards is almost unknown, to buy scenes of Manchuria as opposed to more obvious centres of European and American tourism is difficult. There seems scope for free enterprise to develop still further.

As well as spending hours in Friendship Stores, where only foreign exchange currency, as opposed to local Chinese money, can be used, we patronised food markets, free enterprise and government, both offered plentiful supplies of fruit, vegetables, fish, snakes, meat. In one, in Shenyang, I saw a dead rat, nowhere a live one, and there were few flies or other insects. In Harbin we visited the Russian market, where they come to auction goods before stocking up in the food, clothes and department stores. Here numerous offers were made for our watches and cameras; none of us felt like parting with these.

Harbin too has its temples. The group did not share my enthusiasm for

these, and even I was forced to acknowledge a certain sameness about the majority, so here we restricted ourselves to visiting a Buddhist one of the 1920s. Devotees were numerous, and we were rebuked for treading on the threshold, rather than carefully stepping over it, as we went into one of the three halls. Just outside sat a disabled man, the only beggar I was aware of during our stay in China.

The visit many of us enjoyed most was a brief call to a small village on the way to the airport. Here, among the maize fields, we admired the pigs, geese, cows, dogs and cats of a small apparently cheerful community, and were very pleased to be spontaneously invited into the small home of one family, where on the bed-table over the heating system, the TV, radio and family photographs were triumphantly displayed.

Then we flew to Shenyang. Again the flight lasted about an hour, this time the plane left about an hour late.

Shenyang is the fourth biggest Chinese city, (after Shanghai, Beijing, Tianjin). Its population of nearly six million live in an industrial centre, said to be the world's second most polluted; it is rich in coal, iron ore, natural gas: certainly it was more brightly lit than Harbin. Shenyang is served by road, rail and air transport, has a new Industrial Exhibition Centre, and is an important manufacturing area.

We arrived there on All Souls' Night. Everywhere small fires burned, creating a feeling of activity in the area. We drove straight to the Jin Cheng Hotel, having our evening meal in the neighbouring restaurant. As we watched the proprietor stamp on the head of an escaped fish, we felt glad we had asked for vegetarian food: marks of the killing were still on the floor when we left.

The first rulers of the Ching dynasty set up their own Forbidden City in Shenyang, before supplanting the Ming in Beijing. The palace area was built about 1625; from 1644 it was used only when the Emperor made his way to the Eastern Mountains to venerate his ancestors. It is now a museum. The gold tiled roofs are edged with green, to remind the rulers of the hills, and, as at first the newcomers had to be a shade less autocratic than their predecessors, in a large courtyard are pavilions for each of the eight banners (clan chiefs) as well as two for political leaders.

There are tombs to the first two Ching Emperors in Shenyang. That of the second, Huan tai ji, includes an avenue, lined with paired statues of horses, camels, elephants, like that leading to the Ming tombs near Beijing, and shows how the new dynasty imitated their predecessors. The gold that decorated the marble terrace floor has been removed, leaving small pock marks in the surface, but the site is well worth a visit.

So too is the house of the Young Marshall. Young Chang, son of the warlord Zuolin, took power in the area when the Japanese assassinated his father. At first, obeying KMT orders, he did nothing against the invaders, but this was against his better judgement, and after touring seven European countries, he acted in the Xian incident, kidnapping Chiang Kai Shek in an effort to persuade him to unite with the Communists against the invaders. Chiang agreed but then arrested Xue-liang, eventually taking

him with him to Taiwan. There he still lives. His house has been turned into a museum telling the family story of the past 70 years. His neighbouring office has become the Provincial Library.

Choosing from a wealth of temples in the area, we visited a Taoist one, now in use once again, where an elderly environmentalist inhabitant cornered us, taking us to his bed-sit to urge us to write to the UN about the dangers of environmental pollution in China. We admired too a dagoba (stupa) in the area of a Tibetan Buddhist temple and an elaborate pagoda, this had been rebuilt in 1984 after its collapse in 1956. We saw too a small museum devoted to the neolithic period, 7,200 years ago, sited next to an excavation of remains from a thousand years ago.

We admired the Memorial of the 18 September Incident, the Japanese bombing of Shenyang in 1931, this dramatic modern architecture houses an exhibition dealing with the Japanese intrusions into the area. Here we were the cause of a minor incident ourselves: the local guide had asked the museum staff if we could use the lavatory there; this had been agreed, but other visitors literally attacked the attendant for allowing foreigners a privilege she did not grant to her own people.

We visited too the computing department of the technical university, ranking among the top seven of its kind in the country, as well as an excellent art shop and a very satisfactory friendship store. It was in Shenyang we enjoyed one of the best meals of the tour, at Bein's dumpling restaurant. Dumplings seemed a local treat in both Shenyang and Dalian.

From Shenyang we went for a day to Fushan, after which we were very glad the original idea of spending two nights in that town had been changed. We had four nights altogether in Shenyang instead. In Fushan pollution was palpable, the worst we had ever experienced. Though an earlier visit of mine to Datong had prepared me for it!

We saw the huge open-cast mine, the largest in China, before visiting the prison where the last Emperor had been held after the Russians handed him over in 1950, until his release in 1964, and where many Japanese war-criminals had stayed, some till 1956, others till 1964. Outside is a small monument they donated as a sign of repentance for their offences. Mao's widow was also there for a time. There are still prisoners there, though the part where the last Emperor lived is now the museum area, telling of his stay and that of the Japanese war criminals, their offences and their later relationship with their warders.

From Shenyang we made an overnight train journey to Dalian, our last stop in Manchuria. Here we stayed one night in the Nanshen hotel, in a really attractive residential area. Dalian has a population of five million and a history going back 100 years, 40 of them under Japanese occupation. Its centre is dominated by buildings of Russian, West European and Japanese styles.

It is China's third largest port, and a centre for many joint venture enterprises, boasting its own development zone, patronised by capitalists from Japan, America, Australia, Taiwan and Hong Kong. This enjoys great tax concessions, and few effective restraints on pollution.

We went in a lift for a superb view of the harbour, and then to a panorama of the town from the TV centre. The small aquarium is not much to the taste of English visitors; Tiger Beach Bay, a bird sanctuary, the natural history museum, and a shell decorating workshop provided more pleasure.

From this prosperous town we left Manchuria, travelling by train, though we could equally well have made a shorter journey by boat, to flourishing Tianjin. Once again the train, in which we were to be for 18 hours, left early.

Manchuria seems a thriving part of China. As few American and fewer European tourists visit it, hotel breakfasts are not geared to westerners. For later meals often too much food is provided. Starters include sugared tomatoes and cucumber, the main vegetables seem to be beans and rice, followed by sea-cucumber, carp, prawns, pork, chicken, soup, water-melon, or occasionally peaches. To have the midday meal literally at midday, supper at 6pm is something tourists need to get used to. But each hotel bedroom contains a thermos and tea, each hotel a well-stocked bar. Foodshops and street markets flourish; and for most the food on offer is both unusual and part of the pleasure of the tour.

My advice would be to visit this North-East area of the People's Republic now. Although one of the most developed and rapidly developing centres it is largely unexplored by British travellers; it boasts a wealth of historical and of architectural interest, has good transport, marvellous shopping facilities, a population keen to practise their English. No China tour goes exactly as planned, but one here, despite our greeting in Harbin, could be of interest to many.

Literary Supplement

MULTUM IN PARVO

The Concise Dictionary of National Biography (3 vols). OUP, 1992. £95 the set.

G. M. Trevelyan described the Dictionary of National Biography as 'the best record of a nation's past that any civilization has produced'. In the spring of 1992, the Oxford University Press announced that it proposed to revise and update the 22 volumes that make up the original *DNB*: a task that will take 10 years and be, by its very nature, Sisyphean. And it all began in 1883 when its first editor Sir Leslie Stephen posted a list on the noticeboard of the Athenaeum, inviting suggestions and contributions from its members. Presumably he reasoned that their views on their late colleagues would take him a long way to a list of 'The Great and the Good'.

Alongside the remarkable achievement of the *DNB* (from Abbadie, Jacques 1654?-1727, to Zuylestein, William Henry, Fourth Earl of Rochford 1717-1781) stands its even more remarkable twin, *The Concise DNB*; its first edition, an index and epitome of the first volumes of the original, appeared in 1903; part two, covering 1901-70, appeared in 1982; this new, heavily revised edition, includes concise biographies covering 1971-85, as well as the immortals from the past.

The price of this achievement is high, and not only in moneyed terms. Revealing quotes, self-verdicts, almost all adjectives have had to go. What emerges is a work of reference notable for its accuracy and even more for its restraint. Moreover, the recently deceased, denied all revealing glosses and all letters in tribute, lie alongside the famous men of the past, and are thereby still more reduced in stature. Women are strikingly few, but those that are here are treated royally. Thus Grace Aylward is rightly seen in heroic terms, and merits a reference both to Alan Burgess's biography and to the film *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*. There are no assessments, no mention of biographies on the illustrious, rarely a reference to wife or family. This is so even when a wife's letters about her husband are the sole and revealing source of most that we know about him: as with Robert Liston, Britain's second ambassador to the United States, whose wife, Henrietta, wrote more revealing letters than her husband. (Incidentally could his assignment have been to 'Washington DC' in 1796, when the country's capital was still Philadelphia and the future federal capital was still an undrained swamp?).

Politicians do not, on the whole, come out of this assessment very well. Herbert Morrison would have wanted more tribute than 'a great leader of the London Labour Party and LCC and a fine parliamentarian'. Attlee shines by contrast because he is spared such adjectives. Soldiers do better, and the book is a vivid reminder of the role here of heredity: witness the Sidneys in Penshurst, the Brookes in Ulster, the Lovats in Scotland. Some writers, not always the most distinguished, are picked out for praise: Gilbert Frankau, 'his characters larger than life, heroes dashing and tough, his sympathies with the extreme Right, his narrative style compelling and his research meticulous'. Such praise, indeed any praise, is denied Byron, Scott, even John Buchan. But such, it seems, is fame. Some get it, some not. The record, short and blunt, is here. Add your own ketchup.

ESMOND WRIGHT

COMMONWEALTH DIPLOMACY

Twelve Years of Commonwealth Diplomatic History 1979-1991. Stephen Chan. Edwin Mellen Press.

Mr. Chan's austere title and chapter headings are belied by the contents of his book. 'Obstinate, bloody-minded, insulting, obstructive, intransigent', may well be epithets applicable to Mrs. Thatcher, but their generous use smacks more of polemic partiality than academic detachment. Indeed, the whole book tells the story of the transformation of Commonwealth gatherings from informal meetings of like-minded friends to a kind of strident and partisan mini-UN. This was particularly so since the creation of the Commonwealth Secretariat in 1965. Mooted by Ghana and Tanzania, it was a deliberate counterweight to the British centred organisation and marked a change from a functional to a politically motivated body.

The designer of this body was long term Secretary-General Sunny Ramphal, a man of the south and a Third World activist. He carved himself a growing empire, to the repugnance not only of Mrs. Thatcher, but Lord Carrington and others: Robert Muldoon of New Zealand, notably, who once growled at the hyper-active Sunny, 'a secretary's job is to take minutes'. This was never Sunny's idea. Muldoon was often Maggie's best friend at Commonwealth Conferences. The present writer remembers him at Melbourne, case stuffed full of dossiers on African infringements of human rights and Australia's appalling record on aboriginals, which punctured Malcolm Fraser's pose as a liberal statesman. Edward Heath was never noted for agreement with Mrs. Thatcher, but at Singapore he, and later she, clung alone to the British right to make its own foreign policy, even if Africa beleaguered them.

With the departure of Sunny Ramphal and the ending of South Africa's position as his main target for Commonwealth unity, it may be that the Commonwealth will revert to a practical functional consensus with less high flown propaganda. It might even don what Mr. Chan disapprovingly calls the 'comfortable cardigan of middle age'. Some may breathe a relieved prayer in Chesterton's words:

> From lies of tongue and pen
> From all the easy speeches that comfort cruel men
> From sale and profanation of honour and the sword
> From sleep and from damnation
> Deliver us good Lord.

MOLLY MORTIMER

THE POWER OF THE MEDIA

Ethical Issues in Journalism and the Media. Edited by Andrew Belsey and Ruth Chadwick. Routledge. xii + 179pp. Hardback £30, paperback £10.99.

In the wake of the controversies surrounding *Spycatcher*, the Maxwell affair, coverage of the Falklands and Gulf wars, repeated invasions of privacy by the tabloid press and so on, issues of media ethics are high on the agenda of public debate in Britain today. For anyone wishing to take his thinking on the subject beyond the level of instant outrage or approval, this book provides a stimulating, accessible and reliable guide.

Topics covered range from ethical issues in war reporting to the way in which women are presented in the press. There are discussions about the

relationship between newspaper owners, editors and journalists, about privacy, publicity and politics and about the usefulness or otherwise of codes of journalistic conduct. Other chapters focus on reporting terrorism — where the whole question of the 'oxygen of publicity' is explored; honesty in investigative reporting; freedom of speech and the law; and objectivity and bias.

The book's eleven contributors offer a usefully varied range of perspectives on some of the key issues in the current media ethics debate. And the book as a whole is given a sense of coherence both by the authors' agreement on some fundamental points — for instance that a free and vigorous press is essential for a healthy democracy and that statutory media controls are, very largely, undesirable — and by an excellent opening chapter by the editors. A select bibliography provides ample suggestions for further study, suggesting something of the dimensions of this increasingly important subject without daunting the reader with an exhaustive listing of sources.

It would be inappropriate in a short review to try to summarize in any detail so rich a collection as that assembled by Belsey and Chadwick. Beyond commending the editors' choice and organization of material, the generally high quality of the individual chapters and the timeliness of a publication which addresses this vexed area of public debate, it is perhaps worth noting two often overlooked points which are made quite forcefully in the book.

First, it is very easy to formulate codes of media conduct in a wholly negative fashion, simply listing what journalists ought not to do. But might it not be more useful to supplement any such approach with some indication of what we actually want to see on our screens and read in our papers? Should codes of ethics not contain, for example, 'a positive emphasis on the role of the press in a democratic society' (p.90)?

Secondly, it is important not to confine a discussion of media ethics simply to those cases where particular outrage is caused, but to look at the normal everyday cargo of images and information carried by the media, a cargo to which we have all grown accustomed and towards which we tend to be uncritical. Yet, 'in the light of the problems the world faces', it is arguable that 'the typical daily content of an American television channel or a British tabloid newspaper is not just a shame but a crime' (p.4). As George Bernard Shaw once remarked, journalists sometimes seem unable to discriminate 'between a bicycle accident and the collapse of civilization'. Given the power of today's media, such lack of discrimination ought to be a matter of concern for us all. Books like this one can only help to correct it.

CHRIS ARTHUR

NO PLACE AT THE TABLE

By Heart: Elizabeth Smart, a Life. Rosemary Sullivan. Lime Tree. £17.99.

Someone remarks in this book that Elizabeth Smart is worth reading for the name alone. There was a glamour about her, not only because of her beauty. She attracted attention before making her name as a writer by her extraordinary pursuit of the poet George Barker by whom she bore four children. Their affaire is one of the great romances of history. Of course it is tragic. Barker would not marry her, nor would he leave her alone. This both made and ruined her.

Her fictionalized account of all this is the masterpiece *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*, its intense prose revealing layer upon layer of artless feeling to the core of her sensitive spirit. Tambimuttu published it in 1945 when it was well-received, especially by Cyril Connolly (who thirsted for

such literature in wartime and wrote in *The Unquiet Grave* his own *cri de coeur*). A promising literary career had begun.

More than thirty years were to pass before Elizabeth Smart published another book. The final years of her life saw a late-flowering of her talent which seemed to have gone underground for ever. Her poetry, journals, and another novel, *The Assumption of the Rogues and Rascals*, articulated concerns which caught the mood of the times, although Smart herself was not a feminist. She became an international literary celebrity, returning in triumph to her native Canada where she was published at last. Her distinctive voice is an uncompromising aesthetic of female sensitivity. The failure of literary culture to capitalize half a century ago on her abilities may be said to have impeded the progress of the novel. *Grand Central* still reads not only well but with an originality amid the sea of conformist entertainments.

Her beauty combined with her touch of genius damned her, perhaps. Or was it simply that the demands of raising four children alone were too much for her? She was not, incidentally, as rich as people thought, although she did have a little private money. To house, feed and expensively educate her brood she worked hard in the missing years. These times are well-documented here. They were not years of regret and obscurity, but of success as an advertising copywriter, then as an editor of *Queen*. She had social success also in what remained of 'Fitzrovia', the legendary bohemia of mid-century London.

Yet one does regret what might have been, not only for Elizabeth Smart's sake, but for literary culture. Britain in 1945 was desperate for new voices and had to look to France, then the United States, for year after year. All this time there was Elizabeth Smart. 'They would speak to me one on one,' she told Rosemary Sullivan, 'but I had no place at the table'. Yet she did live her life without too much rancour. Professor Sullivan in her sympathetic and compelling book recounts the story in like manner. And that is how one must respond to this true story of what a woman's patience can endure, and of what her resolution can achieve.

GEOFFREY HEPTONSTALL

THE ECOLOGIST AT WORK

Aldo Leopold. Curt Meine. University of Wisconsin Press. 638pp. £16.95.
The River of the Mother of God and Other Essays by Aldo Leopold. Edited by Susan L. Flader and J. Baird Callicott. University of Wisconsin Press. 384pp. £18.50.

The first of these books leads to the second, and both make considerable, as well as enjoyable, complementary reading.

Curt Meine's biography brings into clear focus the life of Aldo Leopold, ecologist and philosopher, whose thought evolved to produce the famed 'Land Ethic' which included the human being as a member of the community of land, neither apart, nor above it. *The River of the Mother of God* traces the evolutionary development of the thinking behind the Land Ethic from when it was first mentioned in 1935 to the time of its appearance in *The Sand County Almanac* in 1949. Similarly with the equally much quoted essay, 'Thinking Like a Mountain'. The acceptance by Oxford University Press of *The Sand County Almanac*, in which both appear in final polished form, came just before the end of his abbreviated life in 1948, caught as he was by a heart attack while fighting a neighbour's spreading fire. He was 61.

Meine's evocation of the breathtaking beauty of the wild, untamed land, without saying so, brought the tragedy of the fate of the Apache and other

original Redskin inhabitants to mind with an overwhelming sadness. Leopold noted that the Red Indians had not disturbed the land, or the diversity of species. Meine shows clearly what Leopold found with descriptions of the prevailing destruction of the land by a population explosion of deer, and the indiscriminate grazing by cattle and sheep, which John Muir before Leopold had described as 'horned locusts'. Leopold actually implored the forest to speak out against the deer; and in a sense it did by its silence, and disappearance, as the young forest shoots were consumed by the ravaging deer, which were there only for man to take his pleasure with by killing them for sport. But not as skilfully as the wolf. Meine's superb descriptions are supported by detailed coverage of Leopold's life with copious excerpts from letters and family papers, as well as by continuous reference to his published and unpublished writings, almost all of which appear, if not in *The River of the Mother of God,* in *The Sand County Almanac.*

In 1920, Leopold read Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum* and was deeply influenced by it, as is evidenced throughout his writing. An important essay, 'Some Fundamentals of Conservation', written in 1923 was not published in his lifetime, but appears in *The River of the Mother of God,* and discloses the platform on which was based his later 'Land Ethic' and 'Ecological Conscience'. There he says, 'Possibly, in our intuitive perceptions, which may be truer than our science and less impeded by words than our philosophies, we realise the indivisibility of the earth — its soil, mountains, rivers, forests, climate, plants, and animals, and respect it collectively not only as a useful servant but as a living being'. Ouspensky talks of the mind of the mountain, which Leopold transposed into his essay, 'Thinking Like a Mountain'.

Ouspensky was concerned with mankind's possible evolution, and Leopold's changing attitudes in his writing confirm an evolutionary advance in his thinking, but in one respect was not supported by his actions, unfortunately. Leopold himself having been brought up to hunt, his attitude towards hunting may have changed far more radically than it did, as he was brought straight back by the eagerness of his two growing sons. But he changed to bow and arrow. With no sons he might have stopped altogether, and become a lasting influence on behalf of the health of the land.

Susan Flader (one of the editors of the essays) suggests in her own fine book, *Thinking Like a Mountain* (University of Missouri Press, 1974) that in 1935 Leopold's thinking 'had turned 180°' in relation to the wolf, which Leopold called 'the only precision instrument known to deer management'. This new view, Meine tells us, came to arouse great anger from the Wisconsin hunting fraternity. One Roy Jorgensen edited a news-sheet which represented the views of the rabid hunters, and made Leopold personally the butt of his vicious abuse from 1944 until Leopold's death in 1948. Meine does not suggest the degree of venom in the air, but examples are given in Susan Flader's book. Two sentences will suffice to suggest why Leopold was badly affected. One, in a letter to the Wisconsin Conservation Commission of which Leopold was a member, ended, 'Perhaps the big mistake that has been made is the fact that we do not have an open season on experts'. And in 1945 the Trego Rod and Gun Club asked darkly, 'Do you like the wolf better than the man?' They were out for the kill, and a fire was to do it for them.

Leopold was growing more unpopular, and was suffering severely — physically as well as mentally. But for news that OUP had accepted his book, *The Sand County Almanac,* which filled him with joy, he might have died a deeply

disappointed man. Meine's description suggests Leopold's ease of mind as he settled himself to lie down, knowing he was about to die, as flames swept over him.

The River of the Mother of God provides a step by step explanation of the process by which man's livestock and management of deer were ruining the land by stripping the soil of every vestige of natural covering, which was to cause fearful erosion, and desertification. Page after page of Leopold's essays is a damning of the effect of livestock on the health of the land, and he explains clearly 'the penalties of over-utilization'.

Finally, the 1924 essay which gives its name to the title of the book of essays, makes a plea for the saving of wilderness areas, which he called, 'the wealth to the human spirit'. He foresees the arrival of widespread use of technology, and suggests the effects that the motor car will have, with its voracious greed for roads. The note of despair and abnegation of the future way of American life is possibly why *The Yale Review* declined to publish the essay, and it has remained unpublished until now. Leopold declared bravely then, 'There is No God but Gasoline and Motor is his Prophet!' In the final sentence, he warns that by failing to 'stand still' and recognise the danger looming ahead, 'it seems to me we fail in the ultimate test of our vaunted superiority — the self-control of environment. We fall back into the biological category of the potato bug which exterminated the potato, and thereby exterminated itself'.

RODNEY AITCHTEY

A PRIESTLY VOCATION

Undiscovered Ends. Bruce Kent. HarperCollins. £15.99.

Bruce Kent often seemed Britain's most militant pacifist, though he would probably prefer to be called a vigorous campaigner in the peace movement. He made his mark as secretary and then chairman of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. If the test of pressure-group leadership is to secure prominence, inviting angry criticism without incurring derision, Bruce Kent passed with some distinction.

He also almost invited (and frequently received) the hackeyed description of 'turbulent priest', for his controversial public eminence clearly displeased the English Roman Catholic hierarchy long before the public break and his resignation from the priesthood, followed a year later by marriage. Kent had moved a long way from his role as an influential staff officer favoured by the high ecclesiastical command. The book suggests, however, that he incurred the displeasure of Cardinal Heenan on practical matters long before any conflict on matters of principle with Cardinal Hume. There was a misunderstanding at a party in Moscow and awkwardness over somebody's anti-Irish joke in India. Such at least were symptoms of the trouble. But after Kent's two years as the Cardinal's principal secretary he had the dubious asset (when he became a controversial figure) of the foreign-sounding title of 'Monsignor'.

This autobiography adds a good deal to the public perception of a strong personality, but in unexpected ways and not mainly in the areas that might seem most important. It is a lively book about the man, but it throws only a little dull light on the movement. Historians of CND will find it as valuable as an anthology of votes of thanks or a précis of a decade's annual reports. There is little fresh reflection on times past. The risks of nuclear disaster and the causes of nasty and ever-more-thriving little wars tend to be discussed in slogans. The only internal difficulty given any prominence is a successful

defence against Trotskyists, though there are hints that even CND found the ladies of Greenham Common hard going. There is not much about orthodox Communists or Soviet manipulation of large sectors of the 'peace movement'.

Yet the reader emerges from the book better informed and often surprisingly well entertained, whether about a mixed-marriage family background, Stonyhurst and its Jesuit masters, National Service, Oxford, the hazards of inviting Evelyn Waugh even to Roman Catholic undergraduate occasions, seminary life, or the pastoral complexities of being a university chaplain in a secular age. There are also some cautiously worded but significant comments on strains in the priestly vocation. Mr. Kent admits to having fallen in love long before the days of his prominence, but he does not say with whom.

He now sits, perhaps none too comfortably, in a pew on the left of the Labour Party and still attends Mass, though not as a communicant and apparently unsure of his 'canonical status'. He is also president of an International Peace Bureau.

R. D. KERNOHAN

ABANDONED CHILDREN

Fallen Angels: Stories of Los Gamines. Robin Lloyd-Jones. Canongate Press. £12.95.

'If you want to know what poverty and injustice are really like only fiction can give you the truth.' In *Fallen Angels* Robin Lloyd-Jones proves this with unsurpassed mastery. Fiction and truth both blend and contrast. The effect is the same. A compassionate, deeply moving rendition of some disturbing tales based upon reality. Robin Lloyd-Jones has done his research in the back streets of Bogata.

The use of fiction indeed sharpens-up the truth. Dolls may be the stuff of play and fantasy. But Angel and his sister, Angelina, must make a hundred and fifty 'crying dolls with real hair' a week for the price of two glasses of fiery aguardiente, while waiting in their one bedroom shack in the barrio, on one hand for their mother, to sell enough bananas to be able to give them rice and beans rather than coffee mixed with flour, or, on the other, for a drunk stepfather who will beat them for being behind schedule. Their only alternative is to run away. Angel shouts roughly at his sister when she cries for her mother, wishing she could have her, knowing she cannot. He tells her the story of a ragged girl magically transformed. Using fiction as the contrast, reality is highlighted with a jolt, 'The shriek of the train's whistle broke the spell. The beautiful clothes became rags again and the pearls in her hair turned back to nits; amethysts around her neck once more became purple bruises'.

So the dolls are not for playing with, nor is the Pop-Up edition of *The Book of Classic Fairy Tales* to be enjoyed. One of sixty boys seated along wooden tables, Nelson, whose father has been blown up in a mine, is contracted to work in a factory assembling these books. Eyes smarting with glue fumes, spine aching from the whip of El Capitan, Nelson must watch the effects of glue on his friend Muneco, who is shaking, convulsively. Again it is a sharp message that blends fantasy with reality, 'A wolf jumped out of Muneco's page, trying to break down a shack in which three little pigs were hiding. The whole bench trembled with Muneco's shaking'. But then fantasy also gains Nelson the respect of the gang when he tells them the story of *Snow White,* South American style ('Like so many of the girls in his barrio, this girl [Snow White], too, had been forced into prostitution'), and has them spellbound.

Then there is the fiction within the fiction, the puppets within the 'Miracle

play' — who tell the bitter truth. It is about, they say, the wonderful economic miracle experienced by their country, 'The miracle is the survival of poverty. It is the wonder of the modern world. Amongst all this wealth, this new technology, this record productivity, it bears a charmed life'. Rather than disguising reality, the play is a colourful device sustaining only the illusion that we have been spared reality, while really accentuating its horror, 'Well, there you are then! it's much easier to get rid of the poor than to get rid of poverty! The perfect solution!'.

Chinche, a small nine year old, a forest Indian, whose forest has burned, has worked twelve hours a day for the past five years in plastic greenhouses, a sort of suffocating bubble without protective clothing, spraying pink and red carnations with toxic pesticide. How vivid and bright are the colours of these carnations. Yet they are the same colour as the blood and bits of lung that his friend has started coughing up. It is reality, Busca says while inhaling marijhuana, that is the dangerous stuff, the killer. But a deeply distorted fantasy, the author has shown, is the price of substituting this reality. For where poverty is so devastating, even fiction, fantasy, play and innocence are corrupted; the sacred place of innocence and fairy tales invaded and made utterly vulnerable.

But while the ugly can be mixed with the sublime, so can one be changed into the other, and there is hope — Paco, the priest, gives the tragic street children the ugliest name, los gusanos, maggots, because, 'even maggots can turn into creatures with wings'. Carmen Helena, who has used poverty as the 'in' topic for her thesis, loses her 'blindness' when she 'sees' the truth. From a mound of garbage Angel flies a kite that he has made.

Lloyd-Jones's children may be fictional but the truth is sinister, '... there's no end to the natural wealth of this wonderful country of ours — tin, zinc, copper, tropical timbers, kidneys, hearts, livers ...'. And the fact remains that children are locked up, 'Press cameras and street kids were a recipe for bad publicity. So they had to be rounded up and tidied away out of sight'. Paco's is the voice of one challenging this fact, 'Is not the death of six children out of ten, when it could be prevented by a government that really cared, is that not a slaughter of the innocents?'. Paco's is the voice of the other truth, 'how can we love our neighbour and not struggle against the injustice which dehumanises him?'.

Paco tells Carmen Helena that the kids have changed his life. Lloyd-Jones' device of using fiction to tell the truth for me has worked. Having read *Fallen Angels* we may all find it hard to put the children out of our minds, heeding Paco's suggestion that Carmen Helena take one of the children home for the night. Not literally, but in her heart and thoughts. 'When you're having a meal, ask yourself what that child will be eating; when you are safe in bed, ask yourself where that child will be — that will be a kind of prayer, a prayer for these little maggots who scavenge out of the dustbins and off the dumps.' And what if there is not, in reality, a man like Paco to help or rescue the occasional street child?

Subject of Desmond Wilcox's 1991 BBC documentary, *The Visit: The Lost Children*, a man named Jaime Jaramillo has made it his life's work to rescue and rehabilitate the abandoned children who live in the sewers of Colombia. In the same year a charity was set up in this country, called 'Children of the Andes'.

MARYANNE TRAYLEN

'AND I MUST WEEP ALONE'

Edgar A. Poe, Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance. Kenneth Silverman. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1992. £25.00.

The real Edgar Allan Poe emerges from this biography as a very different and altogether more virile and tempest-tossed individual from the Poe of legend — tale-teller of gothic horror stories, macabre, and mournful. He was all of these, of course, but his own life-story is as vivid as any of his fictions, in places a horror story in itself.

Professor Silverman's massive study — 450 pages fortified by a further 100 pages of notes — is likely long to remain the definitive portrait. Poe was orphaned when he was two, and brought up in the Richmond, Virginia, home of a cold unsympathetic businessman, who never showed the boy any affection — or any spare cash. Poe was the reverse of effeminate, a powerful swimmer and a clever boxer, with a taste for the martial arts. He had to leave his school in Richmond and the army because of his poverty; he stayed less than a year at the not-yet-completed University of Virginia in Charlottesville and was dismissed from West Point for the same reason. He was already a poet and a savage reviewer — when criticism was a risky business indeed. He trained his guns on the established 'giants' of his day — Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant and notably Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Despite his skill and assiduity as editor, he never stayed long in his various jobs: with the *Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond, as editor of *Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine* in Philadelphia, nor in editing *The Broadway Journal* in New York. It was an age when literature was still the preserve of men with private incomes, not a career for poor lads, whatever their varied, many-sided and turbulent talents.

Silverman does not confine himself merely to chronology, fascinating though his story is. He pauses at intervals to examine Poe's style, and his literary techniques, his taste for gothic horror and for detective stories, and for cellars rich with coffins and stacked with instruments of torture. For the Paris murders he drew shamelessly on press reports of bodies found in the Hudson. This is a painstakingly detailed, yet engrossing and sad tale. Poe was the victim of his times: richly imaginative but desperately poor in this world's goods; unlucky in his endless quest for love and warmth, in the end alcoholic and unbalanced after the death of his child-wife Virginia (a first cousin who was only 13 when they married); dying in a drunken stupor at the age of 40 in Baltimore in 1849, to be buried in a pauper's grave. This is a splendid record of his talents, his trials and his torments.

ESMOND WRIGHT

WHAT PRICE CHURCHILL?

Churchill, the End of Glory. John Charmley. John Curtis — Hodder & Stoughton. £30.00.

To tackle yet another biography of W.S.C. marks any writer as brave to the point of being rash. But John Charmley has been teaching and researching the subject at the University of East Anglia for some fifteen years, and he brings to his theme special knowledge of political detail, and a rare command of 'who wanted what' — until 1945. His weakness is that he stops with victory in 1945. His biography is thus a story of one bold spirit in a group of men like-minded with him in capacity, intrigue and in ambition. Even Clemmie caught the tone: she described David Lloyd George as 'the direct descendant of Judas Iscariot'. It is a telling of the familliar story of the solitary youth at Harrow, of the

River War, of the war correspondent who himself made news, of the quest for escapades and for newspaper articles about them and of the high reward of adventure and self-advertisement, of the Dardanelles, Gallipoli — and of the politician in World War One whom few could totally trust.

The style of his writing follows that of A. J. P. Taylor; he is similarly heavily political and biographical, he has a cast of hundreds splendidly marshalled, and he brings a sharp cutting edge to his prose. Charmley's verdict on Churchill is harsh: the victor of 1945 was the product of decades of political plotting and of a vigorously pro-Imperial and anti-Nazi stance; yet the declared hater of Bolshevism for some 30 years in fact allowed Stalin's evil regime to dominate central and eastern Europe, with consequences we still live with. But much of this would call for a second volume: it would be a less glamorous and a more melancholy tale, and harder to tell. This volume is a splendid account of Churchill's 'Walk with Destiny', with many fresh twists and turns in the story.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SHORTER REVIEWS

Mozart's Europe: The Early Journeys. (The Book Guild. £14.95. pp271. 0 86332 737 0.) Mozart's travels with his musical family began when he was six, in 1763, and continued intermittently until 1791. The early diaries and notebooks concerning concert engagements, in which he soon began to take part and out-class Leopold, his father, and his gifted brother and sister, Wolferl and Nannerl, are necessarily those of Leopold and other adults. Iwo and Pamela Zaluski have written an engaging, carefully researched book using contemporary accounts of Wolfgang's progress across the palaces and concert halls of Europe. Based on the familiar eighteenth century Grand Tour, the itinerary the authors followed has a familiar ring. But they have provided new maps and accounts in satisfying detail, of the experiences of astonishingly determined seekers after European culture in major cities. It makes pleasant reading for travellers and musicians alike.

Tracing It Home: Journeys Round a Chinese Family. (Secker & Warburg. £16.99.) Lynn Pann has written a delightful account of her work in tracing the 'buried history' (i.e. 'recent history') of her Shanghai family who left China in the dangerous wake of the Mao fall-out. Whilst a student at Cambridge she became aware that her English friends enjoyed a 'continuity of life' which she lacked, because of recent events in Chinese social and cultural experience. Back in Shanghai, she not only found her own story but was able to draw interesting comparisons between life there and in Britain.

The writer of the nineties will need as his/her essential *Vade mecum* (if such a term is still p.c.?) Henry Beard and Christopher Cerf's **The Official Politically Correct Dictionary and Handbook** (Grafton Books — Harper-Collins. £4.95). He will learn that it is *de rigeur* to use 'chemically inconvenienced' rather than 'drunk', and 'experientially enhanced' rather than 'old'. This is a valuable and amusing handbook, with useful sources appended. But is it the whole truth to define 'The Middle East' as a construct devised to steal Egypt from the continent to which it clearly belongs? Not only Eighth Army veterans will feel that such a definition omits much.

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MAY 1993

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WESTERN ASIA IN TURMOIL AND RIVALRY BETWEEN IRAN AND TURKEY — Part Two

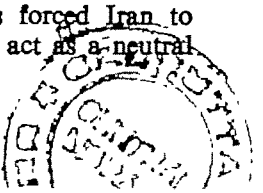
by Keramat Poorsoltan

LAST month the first part of this article examined the origins of the rivalry between Iran and Turkey in the highly volatile region of Western Asia. One cannot conclude such a survey without looking at the support Turkey receives from the West. With the increasing unrest in Yeltsin's Russia, the outlying republics of the old Soviet Union will step up their search for outside support.

In dealing with the region, Iran is being driven by two factors, but at the same time, it is being restrained by a third concern: first, it has an emotional urge to re-establish close ties with a region that, not too long ago, was part of the Iranian empire. According to an Iranian journalist, Iranian and Islamic values are so powerful in these countries that no special efforts are needed to attract the republics. They would naturally turn to Iran. At a press conference, the Iranian Foreign Minister while emphasizing the importance of non-interference principle, reiterated historic, cultural, and religious bonds with the republics in Central Asia and Transcaucasia. Responding to these sentiments, he became the first foreign minister to tour the entire region late in 1991. As stated by George Mirsky (a scholar at the Institute of World Economy and International Relations in Moscow), an Iranian deputy foreign minister toned down a rivalry between Iran and Turkey in Central Asia by saying: 'Turks have nothing in the area but local idioms close to Turkish. History, civilization, culture, literature, science — everything is Iranian'.

Second, the revival of Islam has given an impetus to Iran for playing a dynamic role in the region. In the ruins of the Soviet Union, where state, class, and party have deteriorated to this extent, few other frames of reference are left to give any identity to people. One of them is religion. Islam is the dominant religion of the people of the region. In fact, it may be considered a common denominator. As the eight years of war with Iraq showed, what kept Iran's military machine running was Islam.

Third, Iran is a mixture of various ethnic groups, although mainly from the same Indo-Iranian ethnic stock (Baluchis, Kurds, Tajiks, and Azerbaijanis share one common root with other Iranians). The fear of the rise of separatist feelings among its ethnic groups has forced Iran to mute the ethnic issues, claim no political ambitions and act as a neutral mediator between Azerbaijan and Armenia.



Turkey is pursuing the goal of reinvigorating a Turkic-speaking federation that would possibly cover a land between the Balkans to a point a thousand miles inside China. Turkey envisions a 'Turkish Common Market', and is planning to facilitate free travel and business activity by introducing one single identification document in the republics. Of course, it shares common borders with none of these Turkic people, but the small territory of Nakhjevan. Turkey is counting on its seemingly more appealing secular model of government. Obsessed with the need to solidify Turkey's grip on the region, Frans Andriessen, as the EC's external affairs commissioner, once suggested that the EC should lend money to these republics to buy goods from Turkey, as a way of tying them to 'secular' Turkey rather than 'fundamentalist' Iran. However, according to a US official, it was Turkey that initially approached the EC to back major programmes in the Central Asian republics. But the Europeans were not interested. In any event, Turkey is eager to expand its influence, and the West is aware of this intense desire. Hence, both have found benefits in co-operation.

American officials are hoping that Turkey's reconciliation of modern Western culture with Islam will provide an attractive model for the republics. Ambassador Richard Armitage, Deputy to the Co-ordinator for US Assistance to the CIS, said 'Turkey is an ideal counterpoint to Iranian influence'. American officials say they might eventually help finance the Turkish efforts. Turkey has been open about its collaboration with the West, and especially the United States. As reported by the Turkish embassy in Washington, the US and Turkey are planning to launch a joint technical assistance programme for the region. 'The programme is designed to complement US Department of State efforts to forward democratic and market reform in the region. The programme will include the assistance of US financial advisors to assist ministries of finance and central banking institutions with financial sector reform and institution building'.

In the race for regional supremacy, Turkey has not refrained from blocking or by-passing Iran. As an example, President Turgut Ozal in a Turkish-US Business Council meeting held in the US in April 1992, expressed his country's willingness to offer alternative routes and possibilities to the republics. He correctly pointed out that for the Central Asian republics, every road goes through Moscow, while there are cheaper and closer alternatives available, such as going through Iran. 'It is possible to establish connection to Turkmenistan through Iran ... [but] ... if the problem between Azerbaijan and Armenia is solved, there is another short connection through the Caspian Sea via ferry boats either for rail or trucking ... This is 600 kilometers shorter than the Iranian road'. However, most probably, any attempt to exclude Iran will result in grave consequences for the region. Some observers even believe that Turkey should act as a facilitator to link not only the republics but more importantly Iran to the West.

The secular democracy of Turkey is also a more acceptable model to

the elites formed by the Soviet system than any kind of theocracy. President Karimov of Uzbekistan in a gathering of US business executives and academics in Switzerland in January, 1992 stated 'we very much welcome the Turkish model of development'. An Uzbek journalist maintains that 'History will force these people together because we know each other much better than we know the outside world. It will take ten to fifteen years, but then there will be some sort of Turkic federation of Central Asia'.

There are other manifestations of such a pro-Turkish bias elsewhere. In the headquarters of Azad (free) — a small nationalist Kazakh political party — in Alma Ata, one may observe a picture of Ata Turk (founder of the modern republic of Turkey) hanging on the wall. Also written on the wall is the national anthem of Turkey. The editor of the party's newspaper says that they have invited people to participate in a competition for composing a Kazakh national anthem, although he believes that the Turkish anthem would inspire the participants in the contest. In Azerbaijan, Turkey could win over Azerbaijan in changing its script from the Cyrillic to the Roman. Also, the election of Elchibey to the presidency of Azerbaijan ought to be taken as a gain for Turkey, and a loss for Iran. He has repeatedly made anti-Iranian statements. Once he said 'Iran is as much a heterogeneous empire as Russia and is thus doomed to fall apart if democratic reforms and voluntary confederation do not occur'. A member of the Iranian parliament has accused Elchibey of being a politically immature individual, and unaware of the customary and proper diplomatic manners.

In escalating their competition, Iran and Turkey have taken some extraordinary steps that may endanger the already fragile conditions governing the region. According to one report, retired Turkish generals are training Azerbaijanis to form their own army. Their first attempts have been to make military ranks, uniforms and procedures of the two armies identical. Similarly, Robert Legvold (director of Columbia University's Institute for Soviet Studies) believes that Turkey is selling arms to the Azerbaijanis. On the other hand, as stated by Iran's Majahedeen Khalq, Iranian leaders have allocated the equivalent of 130 million dollars to send missionaries and political and religious propaganda mainly to Azerbaijan.

The competition between Iran and Turkey has not been well received by some of the lesser powers of the region. For instance, Armenia has made it clear that it is pursuing balanced relations with all countries, because, as they understand, only a geopolitical balance can guarantee the security of Armenia. Also, as expressed by a high ranking Azerbaijani official, Azerbaijan did not get its independence from Russia to place itself under the dominance of Turkey or Iran. Likewise, notwithstanding the attempts of Turkey to sell the idea of Western democracy, some republics' leaders have expressed their reservation about this concept. President Niyazov, of Turkmenistan, once told reporters that he does not believe that the region is ready for multi-party democracy. Ismailov, the editor of *Independent Kazakhistan*, in an article that reflected the president's views,

wrote that the return of the Latin alphabet, very much desired by Turkey, will be disastrous for Kazakhistan. Such a switch would permanently hinder access to the national archives.

Kazakhistan is trying to balance the influence of Iran or Turkey. In implementing this strategy, it strives to maintain its previous relations with Russia, including having open borders for trade, using the ruble as common currency, and co-ordinating military and foreign policies. President Nazarbayev is against the break-up of the former Soviet republics into Slavic and Turkic-Islamic camps. He believes that such a break-up would spell catastrophe for Kazakhistan with its sizeable and educated Russian minority. It is a possibility that if the Kazakhs want them to leave, they will secede and split the country, taking their half and join the Russian Federation. In a move to appease the Russians, President Nazarbayev announced that among the alternate oil pipelines that are under consideration, he prefers the one that passes through Russia and reaches the Black Sea. He said that his decision is based on Kazakhistan's desire to continue its friendship and co-operation with Russia. However, Kazakhistan is not willing to stay too close to Russia. An indication of this attitude is a very significant oil agreement between this country and the American oil company — Chevron. Perhaps with this agreement in mind, a Western diplomat in Kazakhistan has pointed out that Kazakhs are more pro-Western than anybody else except the Poles. Apparently, the West sees Nazarbayev as a counter-balance to the growing influence of Iran in the region.

It will be many years before the rivalry between Iran and Turkey to control Western Asia is ended.

[Dr. Keramat Poorsoltan is an Associate Professor at Frostburg State University, Maryland, USA. Notes to this article are available from K. Poorsoltan, F.S.U., Frostburg, MD 21532.]

THE SERBS: A WARNING FROM A PAST CONTRIBUTOR

by Jonathan Helmreich

MORE than a few readers have recently searched atlases to locate suddenly newsworthy spots such as Bosnia, Kosovo, Scutari, and Krajina. The assertion that the world has become smaller and more intimate is traditional in conversations on international affairs. Yet popular Western knowledge of the Balkans in the decades since World War II is probably more circumscribed than eighty years ago. The Balkan Wars of 1912-13 caught the attention of the world. Concern focused even more sharply on the Balkans in June of 1914 when the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Hapsburg throne, was assassinated by an irredentist nationalist Serb. But the topics of headlines quickly shifted to the travails of the Western Front, the issues of reparation and depression, the rise of Hitler, and then the plunge once more into the maelstrom. Lost to the Communists at the close of World War II, the Balkan peninsula north of Greece soon became lost also to much of Western memory and concern.

Now comes news of strife in Bosnia and Croatia. Dismal predictions abound of international warfare if Serbian policies of 'ethnic cleansing' spread to Kosovo with its predominantly Albanian population. What are these rivalries about? Why can not Serb, Croat, Slovene, and Albanian live together? What of Bulgars, Romanians, Greeks, and Montenegrins?

The holdings of most university libraries instruct us that the animosities are centuries old. Among the many scholarly works are a few of a more popularizing nature by a past contributor to this journal, written years ago in an effort to alert the British public to the richness and the tensions the Balkans offer. Dated as they may be, these works still inform and attract the current reader.

The author of these somewhat garrulous accounts was Mary Edith Durham. As an adult, she never employed more than the initial of her first name. When the residents of Scutari honoured her by naming a street 'Mary Durham', she was privately both annoyed and puzzled that somehow the name she never used would be immortalized, while 'Edith' would be forgotten.

The eldest child of Arthur E. Durham, a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Mary Ellis Durham, born in December 1863, Edith Durham attended private schools, Bedford College, and the Royal Academy of Arts. Her artistic talents, especially in the realms of portraits and animal representation, were sufficient to enable her to exhibit both oils and watercolours at the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute, and elsewhere. She illustrated several books, including the Cambridge Natural History volume on reptiles. But her interests were wider than just art. She loved to travel, and travel she did at times and in areas where British consuls warned even the most experienced male journeyers to cancel their plans. The *Times* in her obituary of 16 November, 1944, described her

as 'a strong and fearless woman' who 'explored remote parts of Europe moving freely among wild tribesmen whose respect she gained and kept'.

Above all, she enjoyed roving the Balkans, by train, by donkey, and on foot. She apparently had a gift for leading others into conversation and an extremely retentive memory. Hugh Seton-Watson, the noted British historian of Russia, considered Edith Durham an 'uncritical' observer. She may not have held the advanced degrees of some fellows of the Royal Institute of International Affairs of which she also was a member; but her ability to take in so much enabled her to portray the Balkans with a breadth of vision that enlightened her readers. Nor did she lack for opinions, though these she muffled somewhat in her published writings. Privately, she was outspoken in her strong views. The Serbs she labelled 'shameless liars' and obviously disliked them. Above all, she was a friend of the Albanians. She championed their cause and performed significant relief work among them in their 1912-13 conflict with the Serbs. Upon her death, King Zog wrote in *The Times* praising her generosity, open-mindedness, aid and devotion to his people.

Rebecca West, in the prologue to her monumental work on the Balkans, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, noted that vying accusations regarding the perpetration of atrocities in the Balkans disturbed many Western readers. 'English persons, therefore, of humanitarian and reformist disposition constantly went out to the Balkan Peninsula to see who was in fact ill-treating whom, and, being by the very nature of their perfectionist faith unable to accept the horrid hypothesis that everybody was ill-treating everybody else, all came back with a pet Balkan people established in their hearts as suffering and innocent, eternally the massacree and never the massacrer.'

Miss West cites Edith Durham as one of these idealists of humanitarian passion who, led by her anti-Serbian views, claimed that Serbian officers she had met asserted they had castrated the Austrian consul Oskar Prochaska. Much furor developed over this report until Professor Seton-Watson, the proclivities of whom were anti-Austrian rather than anti-Serb, claimed he had special information from Prochaska denying that any such mutilation took place. The entire hullabaloo demonstrated, as Miss West aptly pointed out, how the conundrums of Balkan violence swept all liberals completely off their feet and forced unusual taking of sides.

Edith Durham contributed to such journals as the *Fortnightly Review*, *Contemporary Review*, *Current History*, the *Progressive*, and the *Nation*. She also provided political surveys and travel articles to *The Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the London *Daily Chronicle*. Her explorations resulted in seven books, ranging from *Through the Land of the Serbs* (1904) and *High Albania* (1909) to *Some Tribal Origins, Laws and Customs of the Balkans*. Published in 1928 when Edith Durham was sixty-five, this volume bears witness to her deep interest in folk practices. A member of the Folklore Society, she was a fellow of the Royal Anthropological Society and for a time served as its vice-president. She would publish no additional books, but in the sixteen years remaining until her death in

November 1944 she offered advice and encouragement to many persons pursuing a study of the Balkans.

One such scholar was a young American writing a doctoral dissertation that became the definitive account of the diplomacy of the Balkan Wars. Miss Durham allowed Ernst C. Helmreich to work in her extensive personal library, and the two corresponded on a few occasions over the next years.

Three of Edith Durham's lengthy letters survive. Six decades later, her observations and opinions both demonstrate and vibrantly warn once again that the ethnic and religious problems of the Balkans are not new, nor more likely to be settled in our times than in hers.

July 10, 1930

My dear Mr. Helmreich

Your letter of 5th reached me today. I am in a Convalescent Home... I have long been of the opinion that nothing but hatred of Italy kept Croatia and Serbia together. It has been extreme folly on Mussolini's part. Had he made favourites of the Slavs annexed by Italy, and posed as friend of the Catholics, he could have won the sympathies of Croatia. But his insane policy of forcible Italianizing has driven Croatia and Serbia together...

I am not surprised that you found it difficult to get Croats to speak freely. I expect the land swarms with spies. The object of the Serbs has always been to create Great Serbia. In this object they murdered Alexander Obrenovitch and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. This idea of 'liberating' the South Slavs has always been 'stamping out every trace of non-Serb culture'. That they are employing very brutal methods there can be no doubt. They and the Montes. [Montenegrins] used to tell me they meant to kill off all who disagreed with them and made no concealment of it. The Montes. now are in the position of 'the biter bitten'. They too find it unpleasant to be Serbized. They were a proud and independent people...

About the Methodist Church in Serbia I'm interested. When I went to Serbia first in 1902 I was taken for an American Missionary at first and told I 'must not do any work here'. I could not understand this till I met the American Missionaries in Macedonia who told me they were only allowed to travel across Serbia on condition that they held no meetings. In Bulgaria they were welcomed and hence you find in Bulgaria many better educated people than in Serbia and more English speaking. The American Missions did much work there.

Of course the Serbs are bound by the 'Minority' treaties to permit the creeds of the annexed people. But in fact they are doing all they can I believe to strangle them by making difficulties. For to the Serb, Great Serbia must be Serb-Orthodox. The Church is purely political. I gather from various sources that all possible is being done to make things difficult for the Catholics. Endeavours are being made to get the Croats to insist on Slavonic and not Latin in the services. Mussolini has lost a very great opportunity.

The Croats in fact before the war had great freedom. In 1902 I found Zagreb hung with Croat flags and emblems; even the beer pots were red white and blue... And they had their Parliament. All that the mass of the people wanted was a larger autonomy and this they had every chance of obtaining. The riots — chiefly by students — were all fomented from Belgrade. After the Great War I have been told that a strong reason why Croatia accepted union with Yugoslavia was that the Croats feared being treated as a conquered nation and having to pay reparations. They have however not escaped that fate by being 'freed' by Belgrade. I fancy they pay heavily and the Serbs take it all...

Your account of Albania sounds as though things are going fairly well. You are no doubt right in thinking that the pro-Italian tendency is one of political expediency rather than 'true love'. Albania is in fact between two dangers — Serbia and Italy. Occupation by Serbia would be a bloody extirpation of the best of the Albanians and forcible Serbizing. An Italian occupation is improbable I think. I have little belief in Italy as a military power. Moreover if Italy began to fight the Serbs France would support the Serbs. So Italy cannot move. If the Serbs get an excuse for entering Albania France would support them heartily. To maintain the status quo is Albania's only chance.

With all good wishes
I am yours very sincerely
M. Edith Durham

36 Glenloch Road
London N.W.3
February 20, 1931

Dear Mr. Helmreich

Under Belgrade's rule it appears that the American Missions' work has ceased. It is a strange fact that there was more religious freedom under the Turk than there is under the Serb.

When I was in Macedonia in winter of 1903-4 it was to Russia alone that the Bulgar population looked to for help and in whom they believed. I remember the blank dismay caused by the outbreak of the Russo-Jap[anese] war, when the Russian army went off to the Far East and the Macedonians realised that all hope of its marching to their rescue was gone.

By 1913 Russia's Balkan plans were completely changed. It had been decided that the real road to the Russian domination in the Balkans lay by way of the destruction of Austria. And I believe that if the Bulgars had accepted Russ. arbitration it would have gone against them. They might not have lost as much as they did by fighting, but no Big Bulgaria would have been made. The French Yellow book [of diplomatic documents] on the Balkans at that date makes it pretty clear Hartwig [Nicholas Hartwig, Russian minister in Belgrade] meant to get all he could for the Serbs and was pretty sure of success.

I continually receive information from Croats[,] Macedonians and Albanians about the cruel tyranny and injustice of Belgrade. Also from

an English source I have interesting news about Bosnia. My informant knew Bosnia in pre-war days well and from 1899 onwards visited it and saw with interest its development from a wretched Turkish province to a European standard under Austrian rule. Now for the first time since the war — though now very old — she has revisited the land and says in dismay she could not have believed that in 12 years it could have been so completely wrecked and ruined. All Austria's roads, schools, agricultural institutes, and works in general gone — or falling to pieces. Roads full of holes. The small hotels which were in every town and were excellent of this kind, now so verminous and filthy that all tourist traffic is ended. No more Cooks' and other agencies go there.

She found a poverty-stricken people — empty bazars, no more the former beautiful handicrafts and only cheap foreign and very inferior goods for sale.

When she asked for the once well known inlaid work she was told that now they had no money to buy the silver and no foreigners now come to buy it. The only one of the former Austrian schools for local industries left is the carpet factory. Even in the two capitals — Sarajevo and Mostar — the hotels are filthy and the food bad. She met some old friends who were very miserable and said that everyone except the conquering Serbs wished they had Austria back. A great many Muslims have left either because their lands have been taken or because of general oppression. The Catholics complained of injustice and the only 'improvements' the Serbs have made is to build Orthodox Churches in mainly Catholic districts. Altogether a melancholy tale.

It is always cruel to put a *more* civilized people under the rule of a *less* civilized.

I wonder what the future will bring? We have slavized a large part of Europe. Given the Slavs control of lands which they could not have obtained unaided for a century at least. And behind the whole movement has always been Russia silently working and pulling wires. Russia herself has had a temporary set-back but the forward march of the Slavs has succeeded and when Russia has put through her five years scheme and is flooding the markets with cheap textile and other goods, it will be a bad look out for the rest of us. I am too old to live to see much of it and am not sorry. You are safe on the other side of the water and may see interesting developments.

But I must not bore you with speculations. I wish your work success and am yours

very sincerely
M. E. Durham

36 Glenloch Road
London, N.W.3
May 9, 1936

Dear Professor Helmreich:

Your researches . . . go a long way to explaining the sad fate of Austria.

That Austria was right all along, in emphasising the fact that the Serbs were an imminent and increasing danger, no one who has studied the question can doubt.

Personally I feel sure that had Austria refrained from declaring war in 1914 she would *in no way have ensured peace*. The Belgrade gang would have looked on such action as a sign that Austria dared not resort to force and would have redoubled their revolutionary work within the Dual Monarchy. Having murdered the heir to the throne, it is very possible that the old Franz Josef would have been selected as victim. That both Serbs and Montenegrins had the lowest estimate of the Austrian army I had many opportunities of learning. E.G.: my own guide would say, if the question came up 'The Schwabs! Let them come. We will run our bayonets into their bellies and see the beer run out!' And after filthy insults had been heaped upon the unlucky consul Prohaschka [Prochaska], the Secretary General Vokotivich went into fits of laughter when describing to me how the Serb officers had rolled him on the ground, made water upon him and ended by saying 'You can do what you like with Austria. Austria dare not fight. They will never dare tell the world how we treated their consul'. [The Serbs' complaint against the consul was that he had encouraged Turks and Albanians to fight against them. The Austrians protested the treatment of the emissary, and eventually the Serb government apologized and approved ceremonial raisings of the Austrian flag over consulates in Pritzen and Mitrovitza.]

...In August 1912 trouble began breaking out on the Turco-Montenegrin frontier — sharp fights in several places and some Turkish blockhouses were burnt. As great secrecy was kept about this, I went at the request of the British Minister [at Cetinje, Montenegro], Count [J.F.C.] de Salis, to see what was really happening. The only news officially given out was that Montenegro had been attacked by the Turks. I found that on the contrary, everything possible was being done to annoy the Turks and make them declare war. Turkey made strong protests by diplomatic channels but showed no intention of going to war.

When I got to Andrijevitza on the border at the beginning of September, I found military preparations in full swing. Turkish subjects from over the border being armed, small arms ammunition being dealt out to the villages, road for guns finished, etc. And plenty of troops already gathered. The Colonel in command told me that he had vainly tried to force the Turks to fight and that as they would not, he was going to attack a neighbouring blockhouse and cross the frontier as soon as the ovens for baking bread for troops were ready. I was surprised to find things so far advanced and said that they were mad. 'Austria will reoccupy the Sanjak [of Novibazar, a strip of land separating Serbia and Montenegro] if you do this. You will be cut off from Serbia and will be helpless.'

He and his colleagues — among them Jovan Plamantz who was then Minister of the Interior and who 'happened' to be there, assured me vehemently that there was no danger of any such event. 'We know for certain that Austria will not move.'

There was a singular ignorance in Europe about the strength of the Balkan armies. I was quite sure that the Turks would be beaten. Sure too that war was imminent. I returned in haste to Cetinje and informed the British Minister of the state of things. He too thought the situation very bad. The only course to pursue was to call the Balkans to order and put on pressure. Russia and France would do nothing and so we did nothing.

Austria did not enter the Sanjak — and it was soon clear that the Turk was beaten.

When Essad Pasha the treacherous Albanian first murdered the Turkish commander of Scutari and shortly afterwards sold Scutari to the Montenegrins, the Austrians would stand it no longer. When the allied naval force was to come to the rescue, it was kept waiting doing nothing for days on the coast by incessant delays made by Russia and France who wanted the Montenegrins to be firmly established in Scutari before taking any action. To show their contempt for this fleet the Montenegrins made a lot of paper boats and floated them out to sea. The Russian military attache said to me 'Faced with a fait accompli, the Powers can do nothing!' I replied, 'Pardon Sir. They can accomplish another "fait".'

Finally Austrian pressure succeeded and the allied naval Powers entered Scutari by boat up the river and at the same time the Montenegrin army marched out over the bridge. It was one of the most tense moments of my life. The Montes had already burned and looted half the bazaar and had not the navies arrived in time I have no doubt there would have been a massacre of Albanians.

The Serbs though ordered to depart from Albanian territory in October behaved with great insolence and did not do so. They left Durazzo it is true and withdrew from the coast. But they maintained an outpost at Oroshi in Mirdita and it was joined by telephone to their base inland. The head of the Mirdites, Prenk Bib Doda had been bought by the Serbs. They promised he should be ruler of an independent Catholic state if he gave them free right of way through it to Alessio and the coast.

In Scutari there was much alarm about the presence of the Serbs at Oroshi. Admiral Burney sent them a note ordering them to quit and they took no notice. I was told at the time that the Serb commander tore up the note and spat on it. I wanted to go to Oroshi and see for myself what was happening but was begged not to do so by the Albanians of Scutari who feared that I might meet with 'an accident'. [. . .]

very sincerely

M. Edith Durham.

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FRANCE AND ANTI-AMERICANISM — Part One

by Henri Astier

'ONE definition of Frenchness has come to be non-Americanness', *The Economist* recently observed, describing Paris as the United States' 'prickliest and most difficult ally'.[1] In fact, France's reputed prickliness is such that many Americans are convinced it is not even a NATO ally.[2] The recent French election will almost certainly increase the tensions between Paris and Washington.

It must be stressed at the outset that common criticism of the United States, in France as elsewhere, is not necessarily a sign of anti-Americanism. Disputes between states, like private quarrels, are not always based on prejudice — although they often feed it. De Gaulle was indeed obsessed with the 'Anglo-Saxons', but some of his diatribes against Washington sprang from legitimate differences of perspective. The conflict over nuclear strategy in Europe in the early 1960s is a case in point: with American cities targeted by Soviet missiles, the threat of massive reprisals was no longer a credible deterrent in case of a small-scale Soviet attack on Western Europe. But from the allies' point of view, the new doctrine of 'flexible response' meant that America might be ready to fight a limited war on their territory. The French *force de frappe* — based on the old doctrine of all-out nuclear retaliation whatever the level of aggression — was defended on the grounds that France was fighting at or close to home. Equally understandable was Washington's unease about France's go-it-alone strategy.[3] 'A so-called limited war in Europe would not have had limited consequences for West Germany', Raymond Aron observed in retrospect. 'A doctrine which *seemed* to increase the chance of local conflict in order to reduce the risk of a war between the superpowers was consistent with American, not European interest'.[4]

Complaints may arise from the obvious fact that partners, however close, do not always share the same perception of their common interest. But even not-so-honest complaints should not be ascribed to irrational passion. The recent row over EEC farm subsidies unleashed a spate of xenophobic outpourings in France, with angry farmers burning American flags in front of McDonald outlets and spokesmen urging the government not to 'cave in to American dictates'. Although the protests were couched in ideological terms, the whole movement was driven by self-interest rather than ideology. It may be irrational to risk wrecking a global trade deal to maintain subsidies which cost the average French household £900 a year, but from the point of view of the farmers at the receiving end, the hostility is perfectly rational and striking up the 'American bully' theme makes perfect sense.

In some sections of the population, hostility towards the United States is rooted in a well-defined ideology which happens to be incompatible with the values America has come to stand for. We could call this type of antagonism 'rational prejudice'. It is perfectly logical for a Marxist

or a fascist to vilify American society. The reason for their disapproval is crystal-clear: they don't like it, and why should they? There is no intrinsic, insuperable reason why everyone should admire individualism, a liberal economy[5] and 'formal' liberties.

These two rational forms of hostility are both easy to grasp and hard to refute. This article centres on a third type of anti-Americanism which is just the opposite: elusive, irrational, often contradictory. Because it is not based on clear self-interest, it is unfocused and spread thinly over a large part of the population; because it does not primarily rest on principles, it is inconstant and switches from one field to another.

This pure form of anti-American prejudice appears in countless conversations with intelligent, liberal middle-of-the-road people: in discussing, say, American films, your interlocutor says that Hollywood is in the business of spreading the gospel of American capitalism — 'But', you object, 'studios are more interested in their balance sheets than in the moral salvation of the public'. 'Precisely', the answer comes, 'they are after profits and this is why they want to spread the ideology of big business'. America will be in turn materialistic and over-religious, oppressive and permissive — the only clear conclusion is that your French friend desperately needs to denigrate the United States.

Pure anti-Americanism can borrow material from the interested and principled types already mentioned, but unlike them it is adaptable and protean. Because it evolves with the shifting grounds of fashion and public opinion politicians are often quick to espouse it, especially in France. The first three parts of this article analyse the manifestations of this gut-level hostility, focusing on French objections to America's military, economic and cultural influence in the past half-century; the fourth part attempts to trace the psychological roots of this hostility.

Opposition to American diplomatic and military influence

French objections to the United States' role in world affairs in the past fifty years have developed along two parallel lines: one can be called the 'neutralist line' and the other the 'Yalta syndrome'.

'Neutralist' charges are based on France's claim to be a great power in its own right. This claim was at the heart of de Gaulle's action during the Second World War: driving the Germans out of the country was an all-important objective but it derived from France's assumed right to greatness. Given de Gaulle's dependent position, this claim had to be forcefully asserted against the Anglo-Saxon allies. The General liked to say that to get due respect from his powerful partners at a time when the country was on its knees, a lone man personally embodying eternal France must be uncompromising. When Churchill once asked him to humour Roosevelt, de Gaulle snapped back: 'You can do so because you have a stable state, a united nation, an empire, and great armies behind you. But what have I got? Still... I am in charge of the interest and the destiny of France. This burden is so heavy and I am so helpless that I cannot afford to bend'.[6]

This unwillingness to compromise with France's partners may have

contributed to restoring the country's status in 1945, but it didn't make for good Franco-American relations during the Cold War. At the heart of this attitude was an obsession with 'independence' and a rejection of 'blocs'. While neutrality was unthinkable and alliances unavoidable during the war, after 1945 the denial of an insuperable East-West conflict was at least a possibility, and a flattering one to any power wishing to play the major role of an arbiter on the world scene.

The tendency to reject 'blocs' and assert France's independence against its Western allies was evident in de Gaulle's first diplomatic initiative as head of the Provisional Government. By signing a friendship treaty with the USSR in December 1944, de Gaulle recognized the Oder-Neisse frontier and pledged not to enter a Western alliance hostile to Moscow. 'England never asked us to form a bloc with her', de Gaulle said after the conference. 'We've never asked her either'. He furthermore assured Stalin that 'while there is no object of direct contention between France and the USSR, with Great Britain there has always been and always will be'.[7]

Although it was Churchill, not Stalin, who doggedly defended French interests at Yalta, de Gaulle continued to see the 'Anglo-Saxons' as the main threat to France's standing. In opposition he lobbied for a strong anti-German, anti-American stance. He was by no means alone. Although the creation of the Kominform and the Prague coup jolted France into supporting Britain's effort to seek American protection, the Atlantic Pact and the setting up of NATO unleashed more opposition in France than anywhere else in Western Europe.

The calls for neutrality were not confined to communists and fellow-travelling pacifists. *Le Monde*, the most prestigious of all French post-war dailies, waged a fierce campaign against the pact, arguing that it might lead France to fight another country's enemy. Throughout the 1950s, many Frenchmen shared de Gaulle's feeling that Germany, rather than the Soviets, was the most immediate enemy. In 1954 a coalition of Gaullist and communist deputies scuttled the EDC — the European Army that would have included German forces — at the risk of breaking with the United States.[8]

De Gaulle, back in power (1958-69), once again asserted France's 'independence' by lashing out at the 'blocs'. The main neutralist argument, however, no longer consisted in advocating real non-alignment but in claiming to be both *inside* and *above* the Western alliance. France stayed within NATO but its defence was pronounced *tous azimuts* (pointing in all directions). During a trip to Moscow, de Gaulle said to Khrushchev: 'We are happy to have you to help us resist pressure from the United States. Likewise, we are happy to have them to help us resist Soviet pressures'. In fact, as the journalist André Fontaine and many other observers noted, the two blocs were not equally threatening in the president's mind: 'Seen from Paris, the main danger came from the West'.[9]

De Gaulle did not only see France as an arbiter between the East and the West, but also between the North and the South. Criticism of

American involvement in the Third World became fiercer after the 1965 intervention in Saint Domingue, and culminated in the famous Pnom Penh speech in 1966. De Gaulle enhanced his position as a representative of the South by following a pro-Arab line after the 1967 war. The premises of this policy are clearly anti-American: 'If, around this Mediterranean, cradle of great civilizations, we are to build an industrial civilization which is not based on the American model and where man will be an end rather than a means, then our cultures must open up to one another'.[10]

The desire to stand above the 'blocs' while remaining within NATO was also a main feature of Giscard d'Estaing's presidency (1974-81). Giscard was one of the main catalysts for the 1975 Helsini Conference on Co-operation and Security in Europe (CSCE). Since then, French governments have sought to make this unwieldy body the main forum to discuss security problems in Europe. The price of rising above the 'blocs', however, was futility: with each of the thirty-five member countries holding a right to veto, the CSCE could never secure compliance with the Helsinki accords. Another manifestation of Giscard's belief in the efficacy of bridge-building was his rush to meet Brezhnev after the invasion of Afghanistan, hoping to secure a Soviet pull-out through diplomacy.

François Mitterrand has been arguably the most 'Atlanticist' president France has ever had. At the 1981 G-7 summit in Ottawa, two months after his election, he gave Ronald Reagan the 'Farewell file', named after a high-ranking KGB mole run by French intelligence. Over the next eighteen months all Farewell material was shared with Washington. Tensions within NATO arose over economic co-operation with the USSR in the wake of the 1981 coup in Poland, but the disagreement was between the US and Europeans as a group.[11] France's tendency to pose as an independent arbiter has been largely in abeyance over the past 12 years, but it briefly surfaced during the run-up to the Gulf War, with Paris invoking its 'privileged links' with the Arab world and negotiating with Iraq on its own. In early January 1991, a presidential envoy was still in Baghdad, trying to get Saddam Hussein to sign a plan that had been largely rejected by other allies.

The second line of criticism, called here the 'Yalta syndrome', is the reverse of neutralist bridge-building: it consists in accusing the Americans of making deals with the enemy and leaving the allies in the lurch. This attack is rooted in de Gaulle's view of the Crimean conference as a cynical carve-up of Europe by the superpowers. Although logically incompatible, both charges are often voiced together: opponents of the Atlantic pact argued that the Soviets were not really our enemies and that the treaty did not contain adequate guarantees to protect the allies.[12] The Americans 'could give up on us because we are useless', wrote the philosopher Etienne Gilson in one of his pleas for neutrality published in *Le Monde* in 1948-50.[13] His central point was that the pact would only antagonize the Russians without securing a firm guarantee from the Americans, and thus was much worse than nothing.

Throughout the 1950s, American disapproval of France's efforts to

keep its empire gave rise to a colonialist variant of the Yalta syndrome. True, after 1950 Washington saw the conflict in Indochina as an East-West struggle and bankrolled France's war effort. But to the dismay of most French leaders, the US continued to view the conflicts in North Africa as purely colonial. 'Behind the Tunisian and Moroccan nationalist movements you'll find the communists', President Auriol warned an unimpressed John Foster Dulles in 1952.[14] Four years later, the American reaction to the Anglo-French operation in Suez led to fresh recriminations, with Paris accusing Washington of conspiring with Moscow in support of the Algerian National Liberation Front (Nasser's support for the NLF was the main reason for France's participation in the raid).

The belief that both superpowers were in league to rob France of its overseas influence was widely supported by the French public. While Suez led to the replacement of Eden by a new British prime minister who quickly restored good relations with America, Guy Mollet's popularity remained intact after the debacle. Even de Gaulle, who was later to take up the cudgels for the victims of American imperialism throughout the Third World, accused the Kennedy administration of supporting the Algerian nationalists.

But in the 1960s the 'Yalta syndrome' reappeared in its original form — suspicion of Moscow and Washington reaching out over the allies' heads *in Europe*. Again, it emerged side-by-side with neutralist charges. 'De Gaulle's mistrust is extreme', noted the French Ambassador in Washington in 1963. 'He fears both the hegemony and the disengagement of the United States'.[15] Détente and the SALT talks did nothing to allay those fears: in 1973 Michel Jobert, Pompidou's Foreign Minister, blasted the American-Soviet 'condominium' resulting from the Nixon-Brezhnev talks.

To sum up, through the Cold War French hostility to the United States as a superpower has involved various beliefs concurrently or successively held:

- — France won't be drawn into America's dogfight with the USSR.
- — France can ease Cold War tensions by reassuring the USSR that the West has no aggressive design.
- — France must resist American attempts to accommodate the Soviets at the expense of Europe.
- — France, as a friend of developing countries, must help the South resist American influence.
- — Washington's policies, whatever they are, are dictated by self-interest only.
- — France's interest is to resist American pressure (since the US is a superpower its wishes always involve 'pressure').

Opposition to American economic influence

Like the United States' military protection, American financial help was both desperately sought after and hotly debated in France. While the Marshall Plan[16] was generally welcomed as a vital lifeline throughout a continent on the verge of collapse, it was viewed with deep distrust by most Frenchmen.

Again, part of this suspicion can be explained by the strength of the French communists, who had excellent reasons for opposing the plan — the Kremlin had said no and that was that. But part only: at the height of its electoral appeal in the autumn of 1947, the Communist Party got 30 per cent of the votes. A survey conducted in July 1949, when the European Recovery Programme (ERP) was in full swing, shows that only *a minority* of French people supported the plan.[17] The French non-communist left — unlike most left-wing Labourites in Britain — genuinely felt that Washington's attempt to 'buy French blood with dollars' was just as imperialistic as the Soviet takeover of Eastern Europe. *Le Monde*'s editor, Hubert Beuve-Méry, who commanded as much respect in France as Walter Lippman did across the Atlantic, spoke of American aid as if it was a massive blow to the recipients' sovereignty; 'Europeans accepted it', Beuve-Méry bitterly noted, 'with resigned submission rather than revolt'.[18] The fierce debate around the European Recovery Programme inspired some of Raymond Aron's finest articles in the *Figaro*. 'Is it fair to criticize equally American imperialism and Russian imperialism, and to refuse to choose between the rich country which distributes wheat and coal and respects freedom and the poor nation which brings with it the political police and lower living standards?' Aron asked in late 1947.[19]

The advocates of the Marshall Plan were up against the combined forces of Moscow's propaganda, anti-capitalist fervour and special interest agitation, all playing on the fears of an exhausted nation. Such a coalition was at work in the Coca-Cola battle of 1949-50, when wine-merchants, communists and various defenders of French cultural sovereignty attempted to stop the alien beverage from flooding French cafés and flushing Chablis and Beaujolais into oblivion.

In the end the French had their Coke, along with $2.6 billion worth of Marshall aid over four years (20 per cent of the ERP total). But it was accepted out of desperation rather than reasoned choice: the dollars, and the liberal economic policies that went with them, were not seen by most as benefits in themselves, but as unavoidable concessions. What carried the day was apathy, and a vague feeling that beggars cannot be choosers, not Aron's arguments. The fact that a 1952 official report on investment in the previous five years does not once mention Marshall aid by name, underscores the fact that it was accepted by default.[20]

To this day few French people would recognize the Marshall Plan as anything more than a takeover bid by Washington; the more economically literate might say something about America's need to clear its surplus production as the underlying motive for the aid. American investments are still generally viewed as a threat to sovereignty and Coca-Cola as a symbol of the deleterious influence of US-style capitalism — in the winter of 1986 students all over France demonstrated against a government plan to institute private funding in state-run universities chanting *'Non aux universités Coca-Cola'*.

A connected theme is American exploitation of the Third World. Throughout the 1950s Washington's anti-colonialist stance was condemned

in France as self-righteous nonsense designed to dress up America's effort to wrest colonial territories from their European benefactors. Countless newspaper articles and diplomatic reports explained that Americans, like the British in their heyday, rejected the thankless burden of direct administration and advocated a frontier-free world where the dominant commercial power could rule on the cheap and extort unchallenged.

From the mid-1960s onward the charge of 'neo-colonialism' no longer served to justify old-style imperialism — the French, after two decades of rear-guard struggle, had surrendered their empire. The contention, in its new form, owed more to Lenin than Kipling: multinationals were in the business of despoiling poor countries to satisfy America's gargantuan need for raw materials. This fitted nicely with the anti-industrial ethos of the 1960s. With only 6 per cent of the world population, it was pointed out, the United States accounted for a third of the global energy consumption.

To those who replied that a leading industrial power is bound to consume more energy than others, the critics had ready answers. 'The gap in technology and in management methods is real', Claude Julien wrote in his 1968 best-seller *L'Empire américain*, 'but it is infinitely less than the gap between the ability of the United States and other countries to exploit to their profit the raw materials of the world'.[21] The idea that poverty in the south was due to exploitation by the north reached its zenith in France in the early 1970s. But right up to the 1990-91 Gulf crisis it provided many French intellectuals with a ready-made framework of analysis: the main purpose of American security policy was to make the world safe for plunder.

Unlike 'anti-neo-colonialism Mark One' (1950s-style defence of imperialism), 'anti-neo-colonialism Mark Two' (1960s-style 'third worldism') was more popular with intellectuals than in government circles. A major industrial power itself, France had its multinationals and most of them, unlike American conglomerates, were state-run. The dollar's supremacy, on the other hand, provided a suitable focus for official castigation of American economic power. De Gaulle rarely missed a chance of stressing the iniquities of the Bretton-Woods system of fixed parities. Since the system's collapse in 1971, the dollar's fluctuations, whether up or down, have provided successive governments with handy explanations whenever they were faced with a financial crisis. In the winter of 1982-83, advertisements on French (state-run) television exhorted the citizenry to save on fuel with a jingle that went *'dollar inflation — dollar addition'*, suggesting that the country's troubles had nothing to do with the recent nationalisations and spending rounds, and everything to do with American interest rates. Around the same time, a minister proclaimed 'the United States' credit policy more threatening to the West than one hundred Soviet divisions'.[22]

To sum up, French hostility to America's economic and financial power is based on similar premises as objections to the United States' political role:

— American involvement abroad serves the United States' interests.

— Self-interest is the only motivation for this involvement.
— This involvement reduces the hosts' independence and hurts their own interests.
— As a result, pointing to a benefit derived by an American firm or the United States government as a result of aid or investments abroad is enough to brand it as purely selfish and detrimental to the host country.

Behind all these political and economic tensions lies a strong opposition to American cultural influence which we will look at in the second part of this article.

FOOTNOTES

1. 'France and America — the Odd Couple', *The Economist*, 14.11.92.
2. As learned a scholar as Paul Hollander expressed this widely-held belief by mentioning in his most recent book 'de Gaulle's assertion of French political independence culminated in France leaving NATO'. *Anti-Americanism, Critiques at Home and Abroad, 1965-1990*, Oxford: Oxford UP, 1992, p.384.
3. Walter Lippman used a driving metaphor to explain this unease: the allies are in the same car hurtling down a dangerous road. They should trust one driver rather than grab the wheel.
4. Raymond Aron, *République Impériale*, Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1973, p.107.
5. Throughout this essay the adjective 'liberal' is used in its original sense of 'pro-market'.
6. C. de Gaulle, *Mémoires de guerre*, III, Paris: Plon, 1954, p.339.
7. Quoted in Alfred Grosser, *Les Occidentaux*, Paris: Seuil, 1978, pp.58-9.
8. In December 1953 John Foster Dulles had threatened an 'agonizing reappraisal' of America's commitment in Europe if the French Assembly failed to ratify the EDC.
9. Quoted by Jean-François Revel, *Comment les démocraties finissent*, Paris: Grasset, 1983, pp.241-2.
10. Grosser, *op cit*, p.271.
11. At the 1982 Versailles summit the United States tried in vain to get the allies to end cheap loans to Moscow.
12. In the early 1980s, a time of tension reminiscent of the early 1950s, the same two arguments were used concurrently by those who opposed the modernization of NATO forces. Witness these lyrics from a 1985 hit-song called 'Russians', by Sting:

    Mr. Reagan says he'll protect you
    I don't subscribe to this point of view
    Believe me when I say to you
    That the Russians love their children too.

13. 'Un peuple juste', 25.12.48. Quoted by Raymond Aron, *Mémoires, 50 ans de réflexion politique*, Paris: Julliard, 1983, p.257.
14. Grosser, *op cit*, p.180.
15. Grosser, *op cit*, p.269.
16. Or European Recovery Program: free aid to Europe (1948-1952) on condition that recipients organise to receive it.
17. Twenty-three per cent disapproved of the ERP and thirty-two per cent didn't know what to think; Grosser, *op cit*, p.98.
18. Quoted in G. Bossuat, *L'Europe occidentale à l'heure américaine*, 1945-1952, Brussels: Complexe, 1992, p.91.
19. 'Fiction et réalité de la troisième force', *Le Figaro*, 19.11.47.
20. The author of the report was Jean Monnet, then head of the Coal and Steel Community and a key supporter of the ERP. Grosser, *op cit*, p.105.
21. C. Julien, *L'Empire Américain*, Paris: Grasset, 1968, p.223.
22. Housing Minister Roger Quillot, quoted in J. F. Revel, *Comment les démocraties finissent*, pp.79-80.

A NEW DEAL FOR SOUTH AFRICA

by James Hamill

IN the first half of 1993, South Africa tentatively moved towards an outcome which had seemed highly improbable — even absurdly unrealistic — in the fierce political heat of 1992. That is a year which has now come to be regarded as the nadir of the country's post-1990 development. Paradoxically, President de Klerk's welcome referendum victory over the far-right Conservative Party (CP) in March of last year actually served to trigger a deterioration in government-ANC relations as the State President, misinterpreting the meaning of that victory, appeared to seek tighter control over both the pace and content of the reform process. This produced its almost inevitable response with the ANC's 'mass action' campaign designed to demonstrate to de Klerk that his hegemony in white politics should not be confused with national dominance.

Consequently, the period from June to September was characterised by 'megaphone diplomacy', demonstrations, industrial stayaways, civil disobedience and an unacceptably high level of political violence (there were over three thousand politically-related deaths for the year as a whole). Despite these events, or perhaps because of them, the National Party (NP) government and the ANC managed to keep open channels of communication and, albeit hesitantly at first, shift ground towards more pragmatic positions. Although there have been cries of protest from a range of aggrieved parties, that process continued into 1993 and by March the broad contours of a 'historic compromise' were visible. The NP and the ANC, or at least the leadership elite of those organisations, had concluded that, while their electoral rivalry was likely to remain intense, some form of practical co-operation was necessary to steer the country towards calmer waters.

The nature of the 'new deal'

The essence of the deal which emerged from a tortuous series of bilateral negotiations from September 1992 to February 1993 is the adoption of a 'national unity' option (the ANC preferred description) or a 'power-sharing' arrangement (the term favoured by the NP). Under the terms of this agreement both sides have accepted that the first post-*apartheid* election — provisionally scheduled for April 1994 — will be followed by the establishment of a government of national unity drawing its personnel from all parties acquiring in excess of five per cent of the national vote. The ANC, however, has sought, and appears to have secured, NP acceptance that parties will be allocated portfolios within a new government in proportion to their electoral support. This was seen as essential by the ANC if 'national unity' was not to become a convenient euphemism for minority veto and political paralysis. Moreover, the NP has also conceded that this arrangement will be neither compulsory nor permanent but will instead last only until 1999 in a bid to ease in a more conventional

form of majority rule. The term 'sunset clause' — suggesting the gradual phasing out of white rule rather than one dramatic handover of power — has been popularised in the South African media to describe this short-term arrangement.

Neither the distance which the parties have travelled to reach this destination nor the risks encountered en route should be underestimated. For the ANC this acceptance of a programme of democracy by instalment represents a clear dilution of its commitment to straightforward majority rule which has, hitherto, been an article of faith within the movement. As a result, the political risks are considerable and the personal stature of the ANC President, Nelson Mandela, is likely to prove crucial to the acceptance of this compromise project by the rank and file. The concessions made by the NP government are, however, much more sweeping although the, at times acrimonious, debate within the ANC over the national unity option has tended to obscure this reality. In fact, the NP has now retreated from most of the supposedly core principles contained within its constitutional blueprint of September 1991:

- *The proposal for a constitutionally-entrenched, permanent power-sharing arrangement, which would secure NP influence into the foreseeable future, has been abandoned in the cut and thrust of negotiations when it was recognised that the ANC would never endorse such an idea.
- *Opposition to the principle of an elected constituent assembly or Constitution Making Body (CMB) has been dropped. This is an implicit acceptance of the majority-rule model even if, within such a forum, the NP will seek to modify the practical impact of majoritarianism. The NP has even accepted, after prolonged resistance throughout 1992, that the CMB should conduct its business on the basis of two-thirds majorities.
- *The commitment to a rotating Presidency, to be occupied for a fixed period by the leaders of the major parties, has been quietly shelved.
- *The NP's belief in the merits of an upper house with disproportionate representation for minorities and with the power of veto over the decisions of a popularly elected assembly — the so-called 'house of losers' — has now been revised.
- *The NP is no longer insisting upon an ANC commitment to a federal South Africa in advance of the deliberations of the CMB which will have the final word. That said, the NP continues strongly to advocate federalism and is working hard to ensure broad cross-party agreement on the regional question prior to elections.

These are historic concessions from a government which in September 1991 appeared to be digging itself into heavily fortified positions and they have been made in return for a guaranteed place in government for a five-year period only. This has produced a tangible sense of unease at the party's grassroots and a marked decline in de Klerk's overall white popularity reflecting the widely-held perception that the government has been pushed too far and is apparently abandoning the solemn undertakings

about a permanent power-sharing future made during last year's referendum. The State President's contention that he has 'not abandoned a single principle' in negotiations is deeply unconvincing to increasing numbers within his white constituency. Whilst this is an unwelcome development for de Klerk, compensation is to be found both in the fact that he will never again have to face an exclusively white electorate and in the knowledge that he is making some inroads into non-white sources of support. The mixed-race or 'coloured' community is responding particularly well to the NP's electoral overtures now that a largely black government is more than a theoretical possibility.

Explaining the 'historic compromise'

Given the intense ANC-government hostility which disfigured South African politics for the bulk of 1992, how is this embryonic 'historic compromise' to be explained? Its roots lie in a series of disparate events occurring throughout 1992 which, taken collectively, helped concentrate the minds of the leading players. Indeed, it might be argued that, in the final analysis, the utter despair engendered by last year's events was instrumental in prompting a rethink and a genuine desire on the part of the principals to draw back from the edge of a potentially apocalyptic conflict. The massacres at Boipatong in June and Bisho (Ciskei) in September were a warning of the shape of things to come if both sides insisted on an all or nothing, 'zero-sum', approach to politics instead of seeing it as a complex process of bargains and trade-offs. The result would be a 'scorched earth' South Africa effectively written off by the international investment community, a development which, in turn, would send the country into a downward spiral of economic decline and endemic violence. In short, there was a recognition that an all or nothing approach would inevitably lead to precisely that — nothing. From the moment that was understood — in approximately mid-September — the basis for a more productive relationship was re-established. Two further developments, influencing the thinking within the ANC and government camps, are also worth noting.

The ANC and the Slovo proposals

In October 1992 Joe Slovo, a leading member of the ANC's National Executive Committee (NEC) and chairman of the South African Communist Party (SACP), floated some proposals designed to break the political log-jam. The proposals — 'Negotiations: what room for compromise,' — were carried in the SACP journal *The African Communist* and were essentially a sobering call for the movement to face certain realities and to abandon the politics of rhetoric and self-deception. Slovo argued that, unpalatable though the fact might be to many within the ANC, the South African regime had not been routed on the field of battle and, although weakened, its power base in the security forces, bureaucracy and economy remained largely intact. The ANC should, therefore, face this reality and do one of two things: either abandon negotiations and return to the armed struggle, with a view to weakening the regime still further, or frame a realistic yet creative negotiating strategy which took the existing

balance of power in the country fully into account. Given the implications of the former option for lives, time and resources, Slovo viewed the latter to be the only practical possibility. Consequently, he proposed that the ANC should accept the need for a post-election 'government of national unity' for a fixed number of years (five years now appears to have gained general acceptance); that the ANC should indicate its support for a general amnesty for the armed forces, i.e. no 'Nuremberg trials'; finally, it should declare its intention to honour existing contracts of employment within the South African Defence Force (SADF), the South African Police (SAP) and the civil service or, alternatively, provide adequate retirement compensation. In return, the government would accept that 'power-sharing' was a short-term device and that an elected body would have ultimate authority in the drafting of a new constitution.

For Slovo, the attraction of these proposals was threefold: first, they sought to address white fears and insecurities by demonstrating the ANC's interest in a reasonable compromise and would, therefore, hopefully lay to rest white suspicions that the movement was only interested in a seizure of power. Second, they would reduce, although not altogether remove, the likelihood of elements of the existing power elite being recruited for the purpose of anti-government destabilisation. Third, while the immediate outcome for the ANC would be less than perfect, compromise would 'bring about a radically transformed political framework... which will result in the liberation movement occupying significantly more favourable heights from which to advance'. The road to 'democracy in its full connotation' would thus remain open whereas the regime's initial proposals would have permanently closed it off. Naturally, this has sparked off a heated debate within ANC ranks with accusations of defeatism, appeasement and collaborationism being routinely bandied about. Nonetheless, Slovo's proposals have secured general acceptance, if not overwhelming acclaim, within the ANC and, with minor modifications, were adopted as official policy at a November 1992 meeting of the NEC in Durban. The formal deal with the government was then ratified by the ANC National Executive on February 18, 1993.

The government perspective — de Klerk changes course

Government thinking since the reforms of February 1990 has been dominated by one issue: how best to handle the legalised ANC and reduce the influence it would exert in any post-*apartheid* government. Different approaches to that problem have been developed over the ensuing three-year period. Between February and July 1990, the attempt was made to draw the ANC into a partnership with the, always rather optimistic, aim of by-passing an orthodox majoritarian outcome. That was jettisoned in August 1990 when it became apparent that the ANC was not prepared to do business on that basis. This ushered in a more aggressive phase in which the destabilisation of the ANC was actively pursued in an attempt to weaken the movement, undermine its morale and shatter its unity. The hope was that this would deliver a more accommodating movement to the negotiating table and that the spectacle of a confused, debilitated move-

ment would drain away ANC support ahead of elections. This was the period in which government hopes were raised that it might be possible to construct an anti-ANC 'Christian Democratic Alliance' — embracing the NP, the Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP) and a cluster of homeland parties — which could actually triumph at the polls.

This approach continued into 1992 although it was punctuated by a series of public relations disasters ranging from the defection of members of the security forces, and their subsequent disclosures of state involvement in violence, to revelations of covert government support for Inkatha. By late 1992 the wisdom of this strategy was being increasingly questioned in the higher echelons of the government, particularly by a group of NP 'Young Turks' such as the government's chief negotiator, Roelf Meyer, the Minister of Public Enterprises, Dawie de Villiers, and the Minister of Manpower, Leon Wessels. They argued, first, that while destabilisation had clearly hurt the ANC, particularly in its membership drive, it had not eroded its mass support, a fact borne out by the success of the mass action campaign in August 1992 and by surveys of black opinion placing ANC support at between 60 and 70 per cent with the IFP in single figures. In view of this, reliance upon an electoral victory over the ANC became rather a high-risk strategy.

Second, it was argued that destabilisation was proving to be a double-edged sword. Whilst there was a political need to weaken the ANC, the turmoil which that entailed was the ultimate deterrent for foreign investors and the return of international business confidence was a central plank of the de Klerk platform. It is this inability to synchronise political and economic objectives which has been such a fatal flaw of government in the de Klerk era.

Finally, this pragmatic faction argued that while every effort should be made to maximise the NP vote in elections, a largely ANC government was an outcome which could be satisfactorily managed given the NP's ability to extract constitutional concessions from the ANC and its access to more indirect levers of control such as the largely Afrikaner civil service and the armed forces. When the continuing white dominance of large-scale economic activity is also considered, it is clear that the ANC's room for manoeuvre in government might well be severely restricted.

The State President appeared to become increasingly receptive to these arguments in the closing months of 1992 and opening months of 1993. Hitherto, de Klerk had attempted to straddle the various factions within his Cabinet which only resulted in him sending confused, and often contradictory, signals to the NP grassroots, the ANC and the international community. Three events since late September 1992 have demonstrated that de Klerk now appears to view destabilisation as a tactic which has achieved as much as can be expected and has now outlived its usefulness. First, he was prepared to accede to ANC demands that Inkatha should no longer be permitted to bear lethal weaponry during political rallies and that Inkatha hostels, notorious launching pads for aggression in the Transvaal, should be sealed off and effectively policed. Following this, in

December, de Klerk purged the senior ranks of the SADF dismissing or suspending 23 officers, including six generals. The purge was concentrated upon Military Intelligence which has emerged as the 'nerve-centre' of anti-ANC operations since 1990 — with Inkatha as its cutting edge — and the chief obstacle to a government-ANC deal. Finally, in February 1993, a Cabinet reshuffle witnessed the eclipse of the hardliners with the retirement of former Defence Minister, and P. W. Botha strongman, General Magnus Malan as well as Gene Louw, the serving Defence Minister. As these developments dovetailed neatly with similar trends in the ANC, all of the ingredients now seemed to be in place for a compromise deal even if the expectations which each side had of that deal differed greatly.

Conclusion: the hazards ahead for national unity

Before a date can be set for an election, and a government of national unity finally formed, there are still a host of transitional problems to be resolved. These range from the precise role of the interim Executive Councils, overseeing the work of government ahead of elections, to the creation of a climate of tolerance conducive to the holding of such elections. These remain highly problematic issues. Assuming they can be resolved, and the national unity option takes shape, the road ahead still looks certain to be a bumpy one. There are no shortage of critics — on the right and left — waiting to deride the experiment should it hit difficulties, as seems likely. On the right, there is the so-called Concerned South Africans Group (Cosag), an umbrella body covering Inkatha, a number of old homeland parties and the white supremacist Conservative Party. These are all politically weak groupings who feel marginalised by negotiations which they are unable to control. The credibility of their frequent threats of civil war will ultimately depend, however, upon attitudes within the security forces and, more specifically, how far the military has been defanged by de Klerk's December purge. For the present, that remains unclear but it is certainly true that the ability of Cosag to recreate Yugoslavian-style conditions in South Africa remains crucially dependent upon the sponsorship of the SADF hierarchy.

Within the ANC there is a body of opinion which regards the national unity option as a betrayal of long-standing principles. Winnie Mandela has only been the most vocal of these critics with her accusation that 'the NP elite is getting into bed with the ANC in order to preserve its silken sheets and the leadership in the ANC is getting into bed with the NP to enjoy this new-found luxury'. The dissenters also include Pallo Jordan, the Information Secretary, Harry Gwala, the ANC leader in the Natal Midlands, Tony Yengeni, a Western Cape leader, and the bulk of the ANC Youth League. These will doubtless seek to act as the conscience of the movement seizing upon every compromise as a vindication of their position. There is also a question mark over the health of Nelson Mandela and the widespread fear that if he departs the political scene then the ANC's commitment to national unity may well falter.

What these critics seem entirely incapable of offering, however, is an alternative to power-sharing which does not send South Africa hurtling

towards the 'devastating war' which de Klerk has warned of. Neither pseudo-revolutionary calls for the ANC to seek total victory nor demands for a return to *apartheid*, in either its classical or reform mode, are even remotely credible options for South Africa in 1993. The obvious political emptiness which lies at the heart of the various critiques of national unity has left the way clear for the implementation of that option almost by default. That, of course, does not guarantee success. The internal politics of a national unity government may well be highly complex with the two main players frequently pulling in different directions as they seek to satisfy different constituencies. Nor is the southern African experience of such 'grand coalitions' between old adversaries a particularly happy one. A similar experiment in Angola has now degenerated into violent conflict on two separate occasions — in 1975 and 1992. While it is to be hoped that South Africa can avoid such an apocalypse — and that is clearly the wish of the two main players — there are forces at work for whom the Angolan and Yugoslavian experiences are an inspiration rather than a warning. The Concerned South Africans Group (Cosag) comes immediately to mind. Should they continue refusing to work within the structures currently being devised, they may have to be faced down or else the 'new South Africa' will be strangled at birth.

[James Hamill is a lecturer in the Politics Department, Leicester University. He researched and wrote this article before the outbreak of violence which followed the murder of Chris Hani, the Communist Party leader.]

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The June number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Moldova: Independence, Unification, Disintegration?* by Charles King and *Thackeray the Sentimental Sceptic* by Donald Bruce.

LYING AT ANCHOR

In 1553 Captain Thomas Wyndham, a Tudor pioneer of the West African trade, died of fever in the mouth of the Benin River.

I

Lying at anchor in that estuary,
that beleaguered haven in the mangrove swamps
where he would find an end of voyaging,
he suddenly felt uneasy, then afraid.

It seemed a distant whisper came to him
across the mudbanks at the forest's edge,
a soft and soothing whisper, yet somehow
frightening and somehow meant for him alone.

And as he listened on that moonlit deck,
beneath the ancient pageantry of stars,
he felt a sense of utter isolation,
forlorn with all of Africa about him.

II

Somewhere beyond the creek the usual drums
(how often he had heard and hated them)
sent hostile warnings through the alien night,
telling the hinterland of his arrival.

How sinister they seemed, those frenzied drums.
But yet perhaps tomorrow he would find
their message friendly, and would lade at last
the precious pepper which had lured him there.

But now tomorrow seemed so far away.
He felt that he would stay becalmed for ever
there in that quivering night, that night so tense,
yet so caressing in its whispering.

III

Then from behind the coastal fringe of palms
he suddenly could hear the ocean breaking
upon the yellow fever-stricken shore,
hissing sometimes with sly insinuation.

And being long a mariner, he heard
a strangely plaintive burden in that hissing.
He knew the seas were bidding him farewell,
that he had reached at last his final moorings.

He was quite certain now about that whisper.
He knew, beyond all doubt, that it was Death
who was waiting in that forest, beckoning
gently to him from far across the mudbanks.

Raymond Tong

NEUTRALITY IN THE NINETIES

by Peter Johnson

IN each of the years 1988 and 1990 I tried in these pages to assess the position of neutral states in the polity of Europe and to formulate ideas about the future role of the concept of neutrality in the continent.

In 1988 Mr. Gorbachov, although widely criticised within the Soviet Union, had attained a degree of popularity and influence abroad which had never before been reached by a Soviet leader. Among the rather vague generalisations with which he was wont to bombard the West was a suggestion that Afghanistan be neutralised after Soviet evacuation. This gave encouragement to the idea that an extension of neutrality among states lying between the super powers could be used to reduce tensions and stimulate the process of arms reduction to which Mr. Gorbachov had proclaimed himself dedicated.

When the second article was written in the winter of 1989-90 the immense strength of the Soviet super-power was still the prime factor in the European situation although its satellite states were discarding Communism and the Warsaw Pact was looking increasingly fragile. It still seemed that there were two constants which would continue to obstruct any dream solution of European security. The first was that while the Soviet leader was preaching democracy it was clear that he either would not or could not loosen the hold of the Communist Party on absolute power in the USSR. Democracy, Gorbachov style, merely meant the lifting of some restrictions on private property and a good deal of window dressing in the Byzantine hierarchy of Soviet representative bodies. The second constant was what seemed implacable Soviet opposition to the unification of Germany except on terms which were certain to be unacceptable to the Federal Republic and its Western allies. In the circumstances of 1988 and 1990 it seemed that the best security outcome which could reasonably be foreseen for Europe was the establishment of the largest possible area of neutrality, even perhaps ultimately extending to a united Germany, which would form a permanent barrier between the forces of the two hostile super powers.

At that time the ending of the Warsaw Pact could be seen as a possibility but no one foresaw the collapse of Communism and the dissolution of the Soviet Union, followed by declarations of independence in all its constituent republics. Within a year not only had all this happened but Germany was unified and allowed to remain in NATO. One of the many consequences of these great events has been a tendency to question the future of permanent neutrality which has, through all vicissitudes, been maintained in Europe by a number of states. According to the Hague Convention the term neutrality applies only in time of war but in practice those states who in peacetime have refused to take sides in the bi-polar military confrontation have been classified as either neutral

or non-aligned. Now that bi-polarity no longer dominates Europe it is legitimate to ask whether permanent neutrality has any meaning as a primary foreign policy orientation.

With the unity of Germany settled, the problem area of Europe has shifted to the East. Although the Republic of Russia is clearly the main successor state of the defunct USSR and has been accepted as such in the UN Security Council, the instability which followed the splitting up of the centralised union of fifteen republics is little, if at all, less than it was after the collapse. Among the many questions which remain unanswered that of security arrangements for the whole of Europe is among the most prominent. The West, however, has been so preoccupied with economic problems and with what it sees as the inadequacy of control over nuclear weapons and the dispersal of under-employed nuclear experts that it has scarcely been able to devote thought, let alone action, to the subject of the long term relationship which the Western powers need to build with Russia and the other newly democratising states of what was the Communist bloc. These new nations have widely differing problems but all share the determination to cherish the newly won independence which gives them responsibility for their own security, a field in which they have virtually no experience and in many cases very slender resources.

The present phase of indecision bears hardly on the ring of states which were bullied or tricked into the Communist bloc after the war and were then coerced into the Warsaw Pact. Some, perhaps all, of them have cherished hopes that their release from Soviet control would make them candidate members in the Western institutions of the European Community and NATO. Those dreams have faded and these nations, inevitably weak and disorganised after their years of Communist bondage, have some reason to feel that they have been rejected by the West. This, together with the slow pace at which material benefits are transpiring, has engendered a tendency to disillusion with democracy, reinforcing the endemic instability of the area, suspended between the East from which it has escaped and the West to which it has not been made welcome.

In contrast to the shifting scene in the East, NATO stands as a pillar of stability, but even here the wind of change is blowing. The historical fact that an alliance needs an opponent to justify its existence has not been lost on the Western Powers and NATO has been issued with a 'New Strategic Concept' designed to give the organisation credibility at least while the military build-up in the East remains in being.

This new brief gives no green light for reckless disarmament but it does acknowledge profound changes in the situation NATO has successfully faced for so long. It emphasises that the military capacity of the East is still the most significant factor in any strategic assessment of Europe and that therefore the maintenance of adequate military capacity, including the nuclear deterrent of the great American ally, remains central to the security of the members of the Western Alliance. The modification of, and changes to, the military stance are considerable and a significant novelty is the admission that the Alliance must now concern

itself with social, economic and environmental elements as well as with the politico-military slant which has been its brief until now.

This important development is exemplified by the formation within NATO of a North Atlantic Co-operation Council (NACC) which has been joined by all the States of the former Warsaw Pact and has been given a wide and interesting 'work plan for dialogue, partnership and co-operation' in subjects ranging from defence planning to air traffic management. It is unfortunate that the 'old' neutral states of the West seem to have been deliberately excluded while states who were in the Warsaw Pact have been given places. It is believed that the neutrals would have been willing to take part and much of the content of the Council's Work Plan certainly concerns them as closely as anyone else.

The attitude of accepting change but exercising caution in reacting, has communicated itself to the neutrals. Although all share the stance of neutrality, their options for change vary since some, (Austria, Finland), are bound by treaty, while others can, if they wish, unilaterally change their whole orientation. Each can of course adjust the practical measures employed in furtherance of neutrality and it may be assumed that all are likely to be pondering what security attitudes may be available to them in the future within their present legal undertakings and according to how the situation in Europe develops.

The precarious security which Europe has enjoyed for nearly half a century was based on a balance of power whose foundations lay in the confrontation between the ideologies of democracy and communism. Security derived from the rough balance between the military forces of the rival alliances which at least ensured that a rapid or decisive victory was not available to either side. Invisible to the world but high in everyone's consciousness brooded the huge strategic nuclear arsenals, each capable of destroying the other's country but not his power to retaliate. Thus was 'peace' assured . . . Now that that confrontation is suspended there is a security vacuum in Europe and the instability engendered seems likely to increase and certainly shows no sign of going away. While the likelihood of a great war, never considerable, has further decreased, events in former Yugoslavia and in Nagorno-Karabakh and Georgia demonstrate how absolutely essential it is that a new security system be constructed to fill the vacuum and pre-empt at least some of the dangers.

There are two general forms which such a system is likely to take and the time to choose between them is not to-morrow or the next day but NOW. The neutral powers have as much interest in the choice as anyone else because their security policies and their place in the future world depend directly on what evolves in the rest of Europe.

The first option is to rely again on some form of balance of power. This would have to be based on a renewed, if less rigid, division of Europe and therefore on a modified resumption of the confrontation between East and West. The other possibility is the formation of an institutionalised system of co-operation, in effect a security alliance embracing the whole region.

The balance of power option would entail neutral status for the ex-satellite states of central and Eastern Europe, Poland, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria and the Czech and Slovak Republics, to which should be added the three Balkan Republics of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. The position of the successor states of the Soviet Union which lie to the West of Russia would be equivocal in the extreme since they would likely be under pressure to renew their security relationship with Russia but, being drawn to the West, might also be inclined to neutrality. To accede to the desire of all or any of these states to join the West could only be seen as provocative to Russia and it is highly unlikely that they would wish to renew a security relationship on the lines of the Warsaw Pact. Neutrality therefore would be their only option and while there would be some benefits in this extension of neutrality, these effects would almost certainly be offset by a renewed tendency to the isolation of Russia and a high degree of instability in the area surrounding her. The prospects for peace and disarmament would not be enhanced.

The alternative would be the construction of a Grand Alliance based on a West-East Security Treaty which, like the North Atlantic Treaty would take care of the security concerns of all its members. Like the North Atlantic Treaty, the West-East Treaty would take account of political realities but would not envisage any specific political or economic ties between its signatories. It would, however, include provision for close co-operation between them in the new non-military fields of security as well as in the maintenance of traditional military deterrents to aggression.

The Treaty, like the North Atlantic Treaty, would require an operational arm, let us call it the West-East Treaty Organisation (WETO) which, by including the successor states of the defunct Soviet Union and the ex-satellites and neutrals searching for a role, would fill the glaring security hiatus in the new Europe.

An institutional framework is essential within which the nations which have emerged from the shadow of communism can take their proper place in the democratic world. The sense of isolation and frustration which is overtaking them and pushing them back into separation from the West can only be dispersed by welcoming them formally into the democratic family. Since the restrictive nature of the European Community and its onerous regulations rule out entry in the foreseeable future for any of the Eastern group of states, a security organisation is the only basis for that partial fusing of East and West which will lead on to further and closer co-operation in other fields. Security now has many concerns as well as the military and has to deal with such matters as terrorism, population movements, international crime, drug rings and environmental degradation. Belonging within an institution which covered these non-military concerns would have immense moral as well as practical effect in stabilising the dangerous situations which are evolving in many countries in the real, larger Europe with which we now have to deal. Here is the chance and the method to help these territories to begin to take their proper place in the democratic world.

The tasks of WETO will be much wider than those of NATO which until lately has been preoccupied with the now redundant defence of Western Germany. It is important that Eastern viewpoints and skills have full weight in the organisation and nothing should detract from the necessity to build a strong integrated East-West military presence. The continued existence of NATO in spite of its lack of obvious opponents has been and is a powerful influence for stability in Europe. All must hope that it can remain so until an efficient WETO (owing a great deal to NATO) is equipped and qualified to deal with the variegated security problems facing us as the twenty-first century looms.

The new Treaty will have to carry a stipulation that all members are bound together to consult and assist one another in all forms of security, military and civil, and that a security threat to one shall be considered as a security threat to all. The possession and training of an efficient force of all arms will be essential for the maintenance of the confidence of its members and the respect of the world and in spite of the obvious difficulties of administration inherent in the number of its members and the diversity of its cultures and languages, it will need the active participation of all. This force should be available to support the increasing security concerns of the UN and respect for the principles of Chapter VII of the UN Charter would be written into its brief.

The Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe (CSCE), which came into being in 1975 to address certain specific issues, has grown to be an institutionalised body with a Secretariat and specialised agencies including a Conflict Prevention Centre. It is accepted as the most important forum for security contacts between the nations of Europe and the North American partners. Since all the territories of Europe, including the neutrals and the Republics which formed the defunct Soviet Union, are members of the CSCE it seems that that body is admirably qualified to initiate and conduct the preliminary discussions.

The 'old' neutrals, closely incorporated economically and ideologically with the West, have been active members of the CSCE, whose roots are in Helsinki and Stockholm, since its first meetings. Some of them are already accepting the possibility of a new, wide, security system for Europe. In 1990 the Swiss Federal Council noted in a report to the Federal Assembly that 'it remains to be hoped that sometime in the future a collective security system for all European states will evolve, offering security and protection. Switzerland is prepared to contribute to this end . . .'. Provided that their special status is recognised there is little doubt that the neutrals will play a full part in the foundation of a new security system such as is envisaged above.

WETO will have members of widely differing circumstances and background and consequently will have to be flexible in what it expects from its members. NATO has shown that in an association of democratic nations this is possible without seriously detracting from the effectiveness of an Alliance. Denmark, France, Iceland, Germany, Norway and Spain have all declared to NATO that circumstances and the democratic wishes of

their peoples entail different contributions and different reservations within the Alliance while they continue fully to subscribe to its objects. Bearing in mind the wide responsibilities of the new Alliance little adaptation is required of the principle established in NATO to ensure that there is no bar to the 'old' neutrals being welcome and efficient members. It can give them what they have long desired and was impossible in a bi-polar confrontation, a formal collective security system which can absorb them without conflicting with their principles.

The threat to which WETO will be responding is wider and even more important than that which faced NATO. Basically it is the threat of world wide instability and there is very little chance that such a threat will not be with us for some long time. Subsumed in this generality are the new security concerns like terrorism, international crime, drug peddling, population movement and environmental degradation. It is not yet time, alas, to dispense with military precautions but it is primarily in response to these other dangers that WETO will establish its stability and become an essential security tool whose writ will stretch from Lisbon to Vladivostok. The participation of the 'old' neutrals will give it a pacific and impartial dimension and a slant towards disarmament.

The ending of the Cold War has brought talk of the Death of Neutrality. It has been said, with some reason, that the interdependence of states leaves no room for a concept which requires for its existence at least the probability of war and which predicates a degree of independence in its practitioners incompatible with the realities of the new century.

In the previous articles, written before the collapse of the Soviet Union and the end of the communist dream, the extension of old-type neutrality could be seen as a positive factor helping the world towards the abolition of war and the rise of disarmament. Now, although it is not impossible that such a scenario may confront us, it can only be seen as second best. If confrontation is allowed to resume, at however low a level of intensity, there will be signalled the loss of the greatest opportunity for stable peace the world has ever seen. That opportunity starts with the building of a new, wide security system for Europe, incorporating all the states of the region, however poor, unstable or threatened they may be, into one great security family in which the American super power and the Russian adversary it has confronted for so long will be equal members.

The neutrals, with whom may be included any or all of the new states of the East cannot, will surely not wish, to stand aside, but they will make their best contribution if they remain true to the principles of their neutrality. They will make available, as some of them always have, trained and experienced personnel for conflict prevention and peace-keeping forces. They will continue to offer the traditional mediating and humanitarian services in which they have so much expertise. It may be that, after the first growing pains of the New System have subsided, these specialities of neutrality will prove the most important functions of the Great Alliance. If that comes to pass men will talk in the future not of the Death of Neutrality but of its Triumph.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE CZECH SLOVAK SPLIT

by Leo Muray

FOR several months now Europe has had two new states right in its centre. The Czech Republic and Slovakia. Both have elected their presidents and their choice is significant. The first Czech president is the last president of the deceased Czecho-Slovak Federal Republic, Vaclav Havel. He is the well-known dissident writer, a real Liberal, who represents the many centuries old basic liberal and dissident attitude of the Czechs. The Slovaks, in their parliament, elected Michal Kovac, a veteran former communist official, who served as a banker. There is a similar difference in the choice of the premiers of the two new countries. In Prague, the Czech capital, it is Dr. Vaclav Klaus, a Thatcherite economist, who is directing his country forcefully into the Western economic zone. In Bratislava, the Slovak capital, it is Vladimir Meciar, a former boxer and seasoned former communist party official, an instinctive authoritarian.

The two countries were to co-operate in the monetary field, but after 38 days the currencies were split. When new different banknotes were printed thousands of Slovaks rushed across the Czech border to have their old notes stamped as Czech. From the beginning it was known that the Czechs would do much better than the Slovaks. Everyone knew too that there would be much more unemployment in Slovakia so it was good to be able to claim Czech citizenship based on residence in the past. There is also the same awkward problem for thousands, as in former Yugoslavia, of mixed marriages, of Slovaks and Czechs, Croats and Serbs, of Muslims and Christians. This is why the new borders and their control have an embarrassing significance. Another delicate problem is the sharing out of the assets, and the debts, of course, of the old republic between the two new ones. Symbolically the Czechs, to the annoyance of the Slovaks, kept the old flag of 1918. And in the background there is the feeling that the people were not asked about the split and a majority would have turned it down if there had been a referendum.

The difference in the history of the two, the Czechs and the Slovaks, must not be ignored in Western Europe, as that fatal difference between Croats and Serbs, Muslims and other Bosnians, was ignored. One should not forget that Bohemia, the Czech heartland, was the industrial centre of the Hapsburg monarchy, itself a prosperous entity. Earlier it was a key unit of the Holy Roman Empire. Prague could boast one of the earliest universities of the Middle Ages. It was the country that produced John Hus, the forerunner of the Reformation, whom the Czech people defended in a merciless war that lasted for 30 years and which they lost.

The Slovaks, for their part, are an ancient Slav ethnic group. For centuries they were under Magyar (Hungarian) rule being part of that kingdom. They were surrounded by Magyars, who claimed their country, in the south-east, and by the Ruthenians, fellow Slavs related to the Ukrainians, in the north-east. Their borders with the Czechs in the west

and the Austrians in the south-west were theoretically in the Hapsburg Empire. Their borders with Hungary and Ukraine are new, unproven by history, one can argue, and the Hungarians do, sometimes forcefully. Their capital, Bratislava has two other names, a Magyar one Pozsonyi and a German one Pressburg. It was once the capital of Hapsburg Hungary when Budapest was under Turkish rule.

Slovak nationalism awoke only slowly and it was the adoption of their cause, and identity, by the famous Czech leaders, Masaryk and Benes, in the First World War that freed them from Magyar rule. But in the Second World War the extreme nationalist faction sided with the Germans who set up the first independent republic under Father Tiso, a Roman Catholic priest. The ancient Jewish community was largely exterminated. Some Slovaks fought against the Russians. Father Tiso has left a bitter memory among the Czechs. This made it easier for the communist party to seize and maintain control after 1944. Since Stalin had given the Ruthenian part of Slovakia to Ukraine, it had a border with the Soviet Union until the break-up while the Czech lands themselves had not.

There are crucial emotional differences between the Czechs and the Slovaks. The power that ruled the Czechs was German since their last king, Ottokar, was defeated by the Hapsburgs some 600 years ago. The power that dominated the Slovaks, down to the smallest detail, was Magyar. The strong German minority in the Czech lands, the Sudetens, were eliminated by 'ethnic cleansing' in 1945, sent to Germany. There are still 600,000 Magyars living in Slovakia. In 1938 Britain and France abandoned the then Czechoslovakia to Germany. But that was hardly felt by the Slovaks. They were worried by their Magyars. They still are. The Meciar government, like the Quebec government concerning English, has removed all Magyar place names and road signs. It has banned Magyar on TV and radio.

Premier Meciar has to govern forcefully because it is felt that the majority of Slovaks would have preferred to stay with the Czechs because of their living standard, which would have been more stable. The figures suggest that they were right. The gross domestic product per head among the 10.3 million Czechs, annually is 7,200 dollars, among the 5.3 million Slovaks it is 5,960 dollars. Unemployment among the Czechs is, significantly, two and a half per cent. Among the Slovaks it is 10.3 per cent. As for the trade balance, the Czechs have a plus of 6.7 per cent and the Slovaks a minus of 6.9 per cent. Again, after the disintegration of the Soviet bloc the inflation rate in what was then the outgoing Czech-Slovak Federal Republic was 1.5 per cent in 1989 and its foreign debt 5.8 billion dollars and the per capita income reached 70 per cent of that of prosperous Austria. The comparable figures for Hungary are 18.8 per cent for inflation and 19.5 billion dollars foreign debt while Hungary reaches only 52 per cent of Austria's income.

The Czech Republic thus remains an advanced industrial country with an experienced work force going back for generations. It came second, after the Soviet Union, as an arms producer in the Soviet bloc. Even the

Germans used Skoda tanks in the last war. Even this year they shipped tanks to Syria. Their trainer jet aircraft are sold widely and, of course, they have produced Semtex, that dangerous explosive. The present government has cut arms exports to a mere £45 million for 1989-91.

The Czech Republic is drifting discreetly into the German-Austrian sphere of influence and its leaders feel that their country would make a proper and quite successful member of the European Community. Investments by EC firms in key industries are growing.

Slovakia is quite different. In essence it is a rural country. Its industries, steel and armaments, were started in the north, close to what was then the Soviet border, during the Breshnev regime, in the extravagant Breshnev style, a hundred plants, employing 140,000 workers. The sale of the Soviet designed and licenced arms has dropped and Premier Meciar has lifted all sales restrictions. The trend in Bratislava is to cut welfare and the funding of universities while purging TV and the newspapers to keep control of the disappointed 'intelligentsia'.

This explains why Slovakia is now engaged in a desperate struggle with Hungary over the big power station at Gabcikovo on the Danube, right on the Hungarian border. In the Breshnev days, when the word 'environment' was not known, the then Hungarian and Czecho-Slovak governments agreed to build the power station to cut down imports of oil. The Soviets were keen on selling their oil to the West for hard currencies. As the Soviet bloc disintegrated the Hungarians withdrew from the operation that diverted the Danube for more than 10 miles and ruined the villages in the neighbourhood on both sides of the river and of the border. The Slovaks are pressing on with the dam and the power station. They can hardly afford oil imports. The Russians are now demanding hard currencies. It is significant that the Austrians, who are annoyed that the Czechs insist on building their power station at Bohunice near the Austrian border, have been warning the Slovaks very discreetly to be cautious in their handling of the power station and the Magyar minority.

Slovakia is rather like one of the members of the former Soviet Union in its social and industrial structures as well as regarding that new nationhood. It really has nobody to turn to. Like the former Soviet republics and the third world countries that sided with the Soviet Union, their political establishment expects the West to help now as the Soviet Union once did. With Hungary an important trading partner there is no point for any Western country to take risks for the sake of Slovakia. The Meciar regime is turning to Ukraine, the friendly Slav state in a similar situation.

One gets the feeling that the Czechs are now quite happy that they are rid of the burden of helping the Slovaks and, of course, they see what a burden it is for the West Germans to look after their real brothers in what was East Germany. The Slovak ruling establishment is therefore likely to be more and more tempted to devote their dwindling resources to the Slovaks and discriminate against their Hungarian minority. In both countries nationalist factions watch every action and utterance on the other side of the border.

'WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?' WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SIR WALTER SCOTT?

by R. D. Kernohan

THE golden age of railways recalled earlier nineteenth-century victories at Waterloo or Austerlitz. Scotland's capital chose to honour triumphs of another sort by 'the author of Waverley'. The rail traveller still arrives in Edinburgh at a station called after Sir Walter Scott's romantic novel of the 1745 Jacobite rebellion.

The traveller emerges from the station depths to see the Gothic pinnacle of the Scott monument on Princes Street. If he is thirsty, he is not far from the Abbotsford, called after Scott's Tweedside mansion, and the Kenilworth, with a gaudily recognisable sign-portrait of the 'Wizard of the North' swinging above the door. And if the traveller knows where to look, or arrives there inadvertently, he will find a homelier pub dedicated to *The Heart of Midlothian* heroine, Jeanie Deans, at the back door to the main police lock-up.

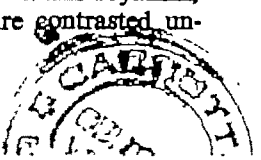
Scott's aura lingers in Edinburgh, and in the Borders he loved and romanticised. Across the country, on the Firth of Clyde, a *Waverley* paddle-steamer still survives, last of a long line bearing the names of his books, heroes, and heroines.

So it should be. He set out to introduce 'Scotland's natives in a more favourable light than hitherto', and succeeded beyond his farthest-fetched hopes. He made Scotland fashionable in ways whose potential was developed in the later age of Balmoral, Landseer, sporting estates, and first-class railway travel.

He also profoundly influenced European as well as English cultural tastes and fashions, not only in his direct impact but through such derivatives as Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Among other things, he shaped the historical novel, an art-form often imitated, sometimes debased, but by no means yet extinct. Scott's influence in America was so extensive, particularly on the Southern mind, that Mark Twain cited him as a cause of the war between the states.

He was the most famous Scotsman not just of his time but of the centuries since John Knox. He was phenomenally productive as well as successful (in literary ventures, though not in business ones). No-one in English literature, or perhaps any literature, has ever matched his dual success as poet and novelist.

Yet in many ways Scott is today a prophet with only rather superficial honour in his own country, a tourist-board hero rather than a popular one. Occasionally he is mentioned, if only to be derided by media columnists or modern writers of nationalist inclinations. 'Sir Walter Scott it was who turned us into a joke, and an especially bilious one at that', wrote one during this year's annual Robert Burns festivities. His royalism, romanticism, restraint, and reverence for social order are contrasted unfavourably with the roystering radicalism of Burns.



A far more serious matter may be that Scott remains much honoured in a distant and formal way, but is little read. Sixty years ago his biographer John Buchan was lamenting a falling-off in interest compared to the days when uniform editions of the Waverley Novels filled even cottage bookshelves. The process has gone much farther. The English-speaking world has not only lost the taste for the narrative poems on which Scott first built his reputation — from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* onwards — but neglects his novels in a way that happily remains untrue for Dickens, Thackeray, or Fielding; and the neglect extends even to Edinburgh. In the city's best-stocked bookshop, a short walk from Scott's house at 39 North Castle Street where most of the Waverley Novels were written, a check on the Classics and Scottish Fiction sections revealed a combined total of nine of his novels and a collection of short stories — a long, long way short of The Collected Works.

Unfortunately there is one plausibly glib, if not ultimately convincing answer to the question 'Why is Scott now so little read?'. It is that he is unreadable — or at least unreadable without a readiness on the modern reader's part to make many changes in pace and mood, and extravagant concessions to unfashionable tastes and assumptions.

Such changes are not impossible. If they were, Jane Austen (born only four years after Scott) would neither retain her popularity nor induce readers to accept conventions and contexts even farther removed from most twentieth-century fiction than are those of Scott.

But Scott does make these necessary changes of attitude difficult. Take *Waverley*, the book that not only set a style and a fashion but gave the name of its rather pompous and very foolish hero to the series of two dozen or so novels. Its languorous opening chapters were (perhaps deservedly) tucked away for years in a drawer. But even to get to those chapters in a conventional edition of Scott's works means hacking a path through considerable undergrowth.

The Everyman edition, for example, follows tradition with Introduction, Dedication to George IV, Advertisement, General Preface, Appendix to General Preface, Second Appendix to General Preface, Third Appendix, Introduction to Waverley, and Preface to the Third Edition — all before the reader comes on page 63 to Chapter One, itself headed 'Introductory'. This is surely the literary equivalent of the reputed extract from an old-fashioned Scots sermon: 'Seventhly, and lastly in conclusion of the first part . . .'.

However, if Scott is not just to be honoured but to be read, where can the modern reader begin? The traditional school approach to him starts with *Ivanhoe* (also the one Scott novel to have stirred much interest in film-makers and TV producers) and *The Talisman*, though Scots schools sometimes hoped for the best with the broad but gentle humour of *The Antiquary*, one of the books missing from the bookseller's shelves. But this approach risks condemning Scott to be essentially a children's adventure writer, to be put away with childish things — however unfair that is both to the author and to aspects of *Ivanhoe*, for example the sub-plot

about the plight of the Jews. Scott was not as unrealistic and undiscriminating about matters medieval as he is sometimes assumed to have been.

There are at least three rather better introductions to Scott for the modern reader.

One is to start not with the novels but with the life of their creator, whether in a relatively modern version such as John Buchan's or in the classic short life by Scott's son-in-law J. G. Lockhart, widely read long after its own time because of its inclusion in the first 100 titles of Everyman's Library.

Lockhart's family piety went with many other virtues and a restraint both of style and emotion, admirably suited to describing the consequences of the financial mess that Scott got himself into through the partnership with the publishing Ballantynes.

Lockhart was not infallible and could not be objective, for example in his account of the financial catastrophe. He also has some odd omissions. For example, his assessment of Scott's religious views fairly sums up the reasons for the novelist's Episcopal inclinations without mentioning the years spent as a Presbyterian elder or his even longer and significant personal ties with the artist-minister of Duddingston under the shadow of Arthur's Seat — John Thomson, the friend (and informal pupil) of Raeburn as well as of Scott. One of Thomson's favourite themes — with variations in a number of paintings — was the 'Old Mortality' whose nickname gave Scott the title for his most controversial novel about Scottish history. The most notable modern historian of art of Scotland, Duncan Macmillan, also links Thomson's work closely to that of Scott: 'In spite of the part that Scott played in the inspiration of Turner's Scottish pictures, in a way it is Thomson's painting that is closest to a pictorial expression of Scott's own interpretation of landscape'. Lockhart notes the Turner connection but ignores the far closer Thomson one. Yet with all his limitations, Lockhart's book is a marvellous introduction not only to Scott as a man but to an appreciation of his fame and standing.

A second introduction to Scott is to start with one of the more modest of the novels, especially one which stands on its own to display Scott's gifts as story-teller and scene-setter without being too heavily sugared with his romanticism. One possibility would be *The Pirate*, the delayed legacy of the voyage to Shetland and Orkney in 1814 with the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners, when his immediate concern was with Hebridean background for the narrative poem *The Lord of the Isles*. It is another book missing from the Edinburgh bookseller's shelves. But its setting on the wild coasts of the Northern Isles may not seem either quite so remote or quite so fanciful to anyone who re-read it while the TV news cameras were fixed on last winter's wreck of a supertanker.

A third approach is to tackle Scott almost head-on, and encounter his most influential work more or less as his contemporaries did, with *Waverley*, subject to one minor amendment. Skip through the preliminaries and start with the drinking-session at Tully-Veolan after which stimulation

the story never flags — and which is a warning against too facile or exaggerated a contrast between the gentility of Scott and the 'unco happy' strain in Burns. In Scott's code of behaviour a gentleman was expected to hold his liquor — rather more of it in the form of claret and port than of whisky — in ways hardly to be learned except from experience.

Waverley also brings the advantage that the reader is exploring the nature of Scott's reputation through the novel which established its author's fame in prose, even when his identity remained a far from open secret.

Jane Austen, thinking of Scott's poetic reputation, greeted his admission of *Waverley's* authorship with the gentle lament: 'Sir Walter Scott has no business to write novels'. But the modern reader may echo her other comments: 'I did not mean to like *Waverley* if I can help it. I fear I must'.

On one plane *Waverley* may appear as some of the most influential nonsense in history, and any apprentice literary critic could no doubt fault its characterisation and construction. But Miss Austen was right. Once the reader is well started it can be hard to stop. The hero may be the victim of his own follies, but we want to know how things turned out. And, though we know how the Forty-Five rebellion turned out, we are ready to suspend our knowledge of history in the hope or — if we are Whigs — in the fear that things may after all have turned out differently. For all his faults, Scott was a great story-teller and one able to create compelling characters even when they were caricatures. He also had a mastery of dialogue in both English and the Scots vernacular which made him, in the most literal sense, a dramatic novelist, comic as well as tragic. Even in books far short of his best, that mastery of the dramatic conversation in print could still be displayed, as in the dialogue of James I and VI with George Heriot in the sometimes tedious *Fortunes of Nigel*.

But on another plane *Waverley* is a presentation of Scott's interpretation of history, an area in which the substance of what he said has ever since been partially obscured and often distorted by the style and emotions with which he said it. The generations which rarely read him have inherited and perpetuated some of the misunderstandings of their predecessors. Scott romanticised the Middle Ages but had no thought of returning to their ways of life and thought. He romanticised the Stuarts because there was no risk of having them back. He romanticised the trappings of medieval religion but his own inclinations ran to the Book of Common Prayer, the 'Moderate' strain in the Scots Kirk, and the mixture of traditionalism and reform in the Church of England.

Would we read Scott with more appreciation if we read him with the assumptions that he shared with most of his original public: a belief in progress? For all his romanticism, he echoes many of the assumptions of the Enlightenment — so influential on the Edinburgh of his youth — and he foreshadows many of those of the Victorians.

His Toryism was not a reversion to Jacobitism but a defence of the established order against the challenge of the French Revolution. It had cavalier trimmings but its political substance came from the fusion under

the Younger Pitt (and later with help from Edmund Burke and the anti-Jacobins) of a Whig inheritance with the Tory tradition. His answer to radicals was to insist how much better things had become than they were 'sixty years since', to quote the sub-title of *Waverley*, intended to point the moral and not just to adorn the tale. That helps to explain why Lockhart claimed for Scott so vast an influence in 'repressing the revolutionary propensities of the age'.

The modern trouble with Scott, in an age dedicated to self-expression both in art and in life, may partly be that he sought to be a moral, even a moralising, writer well before he wanted to be a romantic one. Where better than in his works, claimed Lockhart, 'shall we be taught better how prosperity may be extended by beneficence and adversity confronted by exertion?'.

That is not what most browsers on the booksellers' shelves are most obviously looking for today, and a rediscovery of Scott may well have to be in spite of these virtues and not because of them. But he is far too significant a figure not to be constantly rediscovered: in the history of the novel, of European culture, of Scotland, and of Scotland's relations with England.

Perhaps his reputation and estimates of his significance in his own country inevitably suffered in the generations after his death because, although he anticipated 'Victorian values', his notions of economic and social progress in a society led by landowners and lawyers were superseded when the balance of power, wealth, and population dramatically changed in his own country. Clydeside emerged as a workshop and the shipyard of the world. Scotland came to be dominated by groups whom Scott had neither cultivated nor gently caricatured, for he had not known them, and then by those in industrial revolt against them. Scott had rediscovered and popularised the history of Scotland, sometimes oversimplifying and even distorting it, just before many of his countrymen decided that history really began with the Industrial Revolution.

But he is too great to be forgotten. And at his best he is too good to be left unread. If (quite rightly) England cherishes Shakespeare despite every change in literary taste and dramatic fashion over centuries; if Spain and France still see what is timeless in Cervantes and Balzac; if Dickens remains enjoyable despite his cloying sentimentality and extravagance of caricature; surely Scott should have his due. He would have it more readily if his own countrymen took the lead.

A SPACE BETWEEN YOUR EARS: ON RADIO DRAMA

by Geoffrey Heptonstall

WITH all broadcasting there are always the questions of form. Is radio a mechanism for transmitting work which could exist independently? Is it a matter of art or of engineering? And in a culture so given over to the visual what place is there for sound alone?

When television came it was thought that radio would have no more future than the silent cinema. The automobile has guaranteed radio's survival, of course. 'Drive time' may account for music, the thread of talk, and the news reports, but not for the kind of programming which may be heard on public service networks in various countries.

If radio is no more than a technique there would be no regret were it to disappear should its social function have no future. But if it is a cultural form its loss or neglect would diminish the common wealth of society.

These are far from being abstractions. They affect the working lives of programme-makers, for the discipline of questioning is part of the cut and thrust of broadcasting's challenge. Radio as a technique requires the artisan to fulfil his task as a functionary within a corporate enterprise. He is the hired hand, surrendering freedom in exchange for security. As an artist, however, he remains at liberty to make the time-honoured demands of the artist in pursuit of his vision. The question is who makes the accommodation, producer or maker?

The anecdotal evidence readily concludes that we are considering an art. This may be found in the secret history of high emotions and desperate acts which haunt every corridor of broadcasting in free societies.

Of more substance is the continuing attraction of writers to radio, not only for the talk-shows, but as serious programme-makers also. Some years ago the respected British producer Lawrence Gilliam sympathetically wrote of the radio writer: 'He is impatient of the disciplines, conflicts and delays inherent in collaboration. He hears his programme as he writes it, often with specific voices and effects in mind. Radio can afford the writer-producer. More often than not he comes to radio as a writer and gradually acquires the craft of production'.

The experience of which Gilliam spoke is universal. There is the remarkable case of Sandra Michael in New York who had the determination to transform the popular serial (in the Thirties) by thinking in terms of the 'radio novel'. Her idea eventually won through with sponsorship by Procter and Gamble. Initially ridiculed with the coining of the slang expression 'soap opera', Sandra Michael's work was seen in time as a cultural advance. She gained prestigious awards and high ratings.

The more recent extraordinary success of Garrison Keillor recalls the intentions which drove Sandra Michael. 'The Prairie Home Companion' show spoke of and to Middle America, combining a folksy, settled nostalgia with an undertone of ironic comment attuned to contemporary

feeling.

An English counterpart of Keillor is Stephen Fry, a humorist and comic actor who first attracted attention with his monologues of Dr. Trefusis, affectionate lampoons of English academic life. There is also Peter Tinniswood who writes surreal monologues in which life is a bizarre reflection of cricket.

Developing such ideas depends on the right of access to the medium. To make the most of a good idea the writer must have control of his material. He needs sympathy and space. For his part, he should be available to contribute to the technical shape of the production. Radio is invariably regarded as a writer's medium. In consequence it makes its own demands which require a commitment to the aesthetic of sound.

We must not think of radio drama as theatre deprived of spectacle. It has vision from its peculiar spirit. What is not radiogenic is not radio, and would be served better elsewhere.

Some theatre perhaps can be successful in its own terms, although it limits the capacity for aural experiment. Towards the end of his long career Val Gielgud, responsible for many distinguished productions from London, generously conceded the point. It was an admission which indicates the stature of one whose liberality might continue to serve as an example.

Karl Miller, sometime editor of *The Listener*, has warned of the possible authorlessness of broadcasting in the future. He is thinking — in television as well as radio — not only of the threat to literary broadcasting, but also to the decline of the directorial signature. For some time now there has been a movement urging radio to assess and assert its identity. When the first international conference on radio drama was called in the late 1970s, its title referred to 'radio literature', indicating the direction informed comment had gone. In the light of this the influential critic Peter Lewis devised the term 'radio fiction', with echoes of Sandra Michael's pioneering sensibility. The practice and comment of decades was reaching a natural conclusion, predicted by Louis MacNeice and underlined by Jonathan Raban, John Updike, and many others. It no longer carried conviction to wrestle with inappropriate language.

Arguably, to speak of radio literature is itself misleading, although closer to the truth. We are always at the mercy of language with its nuances and ambiguities, when we seek clarity and precision. Sound has no equivalent term to scenario except script — but a scriptwriter is a journeyman whose craft is for hire. Yet script is a better term than play unless the programme is taken from the theatre. We should not lose sight of the possibility that radio drama is closer to other types of programming than it is to theatre or print fiction.

At this point we must consider the experience of listening. Martin Esslin, now a professor at Stanford, has likened the act of radio listening to dreaming. This is potentially the most radical observation made on the subject since radio began. Consider how in dreams we are both passive onlookers and active participants as we watch and create in the same

moment. In radio the creative force is not of the listener's own making, but the same curious duality exists. When radio works on our imagination we take part. People frequently say how much they identified with something they heard. Radio touches the lives we actually lead, restoring the balance of reason upset by those revenge and/or sexual psychodramas available so insistently elsewhere. Radio literature is an art seeking to encounter our inadequacies rather than engender them.

Radio is humane. At its heart is the human voice. For this reason the motor of radio literature is narrative. This may be formally true with the presence of a guiding voice. The other element of narrative is the listener's endowment of character and situation with a personal imagination. Sound is abstract. It takes on life through communication.

Good talk is a form of literature. The liveliest of the North American rock show hosts continue a popular oral tradition with its origins in the medicine show and the mountebanks of medieval Europe. Another literature is to be found in the radio of Studs Terkel whose Jacksonian democracy enables his discovery of a latent poetry in the testaments of ordinary lives.

Perhaps the master of the English spoken word is Robert Robinson, a London wit whose tongue has drunk at the same fountain as Johnson and Wilde, combining a dandy elegance with the commonality of city life. As a novelist he is a stylish pasticheur. He is also an essayist, honing his broadcast talk into accomplished prose.

The elements of radio literature may include reportage and music as well as narrative and theatre. Generally, the most successful programmes combine two or more of these. Some will resemble documentary, others fiction or the stageplay. All must work as sound.

Esslin, who has a lifetime's experience and is also an influential theorist of drama, compares the structure of the feature programme to folk-song and ballad. There are the repetition of lines, the use of refrain and of an explanatory narrative. The term 'radio ballad' was used by programme-makers in the 1950s, notably Ewan MacColl, a politically-engaged Scots folk-singer and playwright who followed in the tradition of Alan Lomax.

The feature enables the writer to explore an imaginative landscape for its own sake. It may be documentary, though it will be more creative than a journalistic record will allow. If it is a play it will have a poetry of its own. Developed by Columbia Workshop in the 1930s, the feature later took root in the European broadcasting systems, leading to 'Under Milk Wood' and beyond.

The feature is alert, cryptic and complex, often with a sequence of scenes at counterpoint to one another. It is an art which responds to the technology which made it possible, its progenitors including the typographic experiments of Dada poetry and the richly allusive modernism of early Eliot. It has a visual counterpart in the cinema suggested by Mercury Productions in the 1940s, developed by the Nouvelle Vague circa 1960. The feature is also intuitive, extravagant, with a quasi-erotic impulse. The theatrical tradition it follows is the Commedia dell' Arte.

We might take note of the influence radio has had on the stage itself. The experiments in narrative drama conducted by Charles Laughton and Peter Brook are outstanding examples. Contemporary theatre is distinguished by a narrative element. Consider Stoppard's 'New Found Land', Friel's 'Dancing at Lughnasa' — both masterpieces. Narrative in theatre is to be found in more discreet ways, in shows which dispense with the conventional dialogue framework altogether, using dance, mime, music and the explanatory voice.

Radio should inter-act with theatre as it does with other forms — in a spirit of imaginative tolerance. Any suggestion of an artificial opposition between stage and sound should be resisted. There will be those who find the purely dramatic element of radio the most attractive. They must not feel threatened by an enveloping consensus. Radio is a continent, not an island.

Because the radio programme is a hybrid of other forms, it requires of its makers a range of cultural resources. Almost anything is useful, especially that which breaks through the restrictive customs of generation and place. This will help the development of an ironic comment, and will guard against the insular and the obvious.

Whether a writer can attain full stature in a hybrid form is open to question. The usual pattern is for radio to offer access and to nurture confidence before the writer moves into the essential forms, returning to radio with a maturity gained elsewhere. Writing, like living, is a matter of constant revision.

All creative programming needs its guarantors of quality if it is to speak successfully to a living community of free citizens. In art the only social agenda worth considering is the hope that someone will listen. The artist spends a lifetime searching for his Harlequinade, the bohemian carnival of which he catches only a shadow. He knows that he must seek to astonish, not for the sake of being different, but to breathe spirit into the community again.

Addressing an English-speaking audience, I have referred to experience within that culture. It happens that much of the vital work has been in English. Yet much of the argument would be unnecessary in French or German whose radio cultures have been more assured in their artistic integrity. The power of American television and of English theatre have been formidable challenges which have both stimulated and enervated Anglo-American broadcasting.

Perhaps a more radical problem is the decay of the oral tradition. This is especially true of England, a nation once noted for its conversationalists at all levels of society. Verbal wit is now dismissed as cleverness. Cultural reference is seen as pretension. These are difficulties not of broadcasting's choosing and which broadcasting alone cannot remedy.

It is too early to say what effect the significant Asian minorities will have. But England is part of a confederation which includes Celtic nations with bardic and ballad traditions still. It borders upon a nation with a living tradition derived from the trouvères and troubadours. It borders on

another, Celtic nation whose radio can encompass experiments like the reading of 'Ulysses' in its entirety in one continuous thread.

The society of conversation, the reasoned energies of literature, the sensuous essays of music: these elements of oral/aural culture have been with us from time without memory. The problems of administration and accountancy are dull, petty obstacles in the advance of civilisation. When the stenographer is more important than the writer we shall have failed.

HOMELESS

It is a fort-night
the sky is bright
everywhere is quiet
in Kapiolani Park,
Honolulu.

The moon's light
shines through the leaves
of big trees
looks like it has
adroitly tattooed the earth.

Suddenly the silence
broke up
when a police officer
entered the park:

A homeless Hawaiian
jumped up from a corner
and ran away;
when he disappeared
the scream:
"You damn officers
always chase me around"
echoes around
like the cry of a lonely wolf
who howls under the bright moon
on the Appalachians.

Hafizullah Emadi

Literary Supplement

EUROPEAN LEGACY

Visions of Europe: Conversations on the Legacy and Future of Europe. Edited by Richard Kearney, based on the RTE series. Wolfhound Press, 1992, Dublin. 143pp. Paperback £7.99.

This series of talks on Irish television was conceived and conducted on epic lines under the acute questioning by Richard Kearney of a galaxy of gurus, poets, politicians and historians. The questions are not so much about politics and economics, or the changing of old flags and frontiers but rather they go to the very heart of what is meant by Europe. In so doing fundamental questions are raised about sovereignty, subsidiarity, nationalism, federalism, cultural and linguistic diversity within European unity, in a word a debate which searches for the soul of Europe.

In the classical legend *Europa* was borne by her father across the Mediterranean to Greece. Hence in a real sense she has never quite forgotten her non-European origins, or the basic principle of a European civilization, a legacy from the Greek and Judaeo-Christian traditions which in turn had already accepted 'the stranger' as part of its self-understanding. Here is one vision of Europe admirably put forward by at least two of the contributors, Jacques Darras, the French poet and BBC Reith Lecturer for 1989 and the equally celebrated Italian novelist, Umberto Eco. Both see the alternative to pluralism and polyphony in the new Europe as uniformity and intolerance.

Neal Ascherson, European correspondent for the *Sunday Independent,* and author of *Games with Shadows* likewise abhors increasing centralising authority, pleads for a Europe of the regions, and is very much in agreement with what Mary Robinson, President of Ireland, said about the Irish ideal of hospitality; opening doors to strangers as a new hope for Europe. Indeed, hers is the final contribution in the book in which she elegantly shows that the Celtic heritage of so many central and eastern European countries is in effect pan-European. Therefore a full-hearted acceptance of Europe need not entail any sacrifice of cultural diversity.

Marina Warner, novelist and cultural historian and herself of mixed European origins, draws much on personal experience of a scattered European and Catholic upbringing to illustrate the theme of women's legacy through the various nationalistic images of the Virgin Mary; for example, the *Mater Misericordiae* of the Greek and Russian Orthodox Church, Our Lady of Czestochowa, the national figurehead for the Solidarity movement in Poland and the frightening image of Le Pen marching with the Virgin Mary in one hand and Joan of Arc in the other! This contribution ends with a discussion of how one of the great legacies of European social culture is the handshake, the sign of a pact in Roman law, a symbol for Europe.

Two key debates on the nature of European culture, and of nations and Federations are here given by George Steiner, the cultural historian, and Charles Taylor, the political philosopher; their replies to Kearney are among the most acute and interesting in the book. Vladimir Voinovich and Mirsolav Holub, Soviet and Czech respectively, are fascinating on the East European experience since the fall of the Berlin wall. Julia Kristeva, a psychiatrist, searches for a substitute for the lost God in the dehumanization of culture. Paul Ricoeur, a philosopher, sees sovereignty in the people, speaks of the Utopian vision of a

world republic where the sharing of pain and responsibilities will become the cement of unity.

In a world of mass media where we are daily bludgeoned by talks of currencies, economics and politics it is refreshing to listen to these major international figures discuss the deeper and wider visions of what Europe thinks of itself thereby helping all of us towards some understanding of the multi-cultural European ideal.

JOHN MCGURK

A CHALLENGE TO POLITICIANS

The Spectre of Capitalism. William Keegan. Hutchinson Radius. 219pp. £16.99.

The author calls his book *The Spectre of Capitalism* because Karl Marx raised the image of 'The spectre of Communism' as a challenge to the politicians of his time. William Keegan, a veteran writer on economics, has tried the same. In essence it is a boldly sustained challenge to the ideology of the Free Market. After dismissing Communism as an 'inappropriate economic policy', he ends his book by warning that Communists put politics above economics while 'Extreme Free Marketeers' put economics above politics and that Capitalism was indeed a 'dangerous spectre' if people's lives are left to the vagaries of the free market.

In ten forceful chapters he provides convincing evidence that the collapse of the Communist regimes and economies has not produced a triumph and strengthening of present-day capitalism but revealed its inherent, and sometimes new, problems. He traces it back to the adoption of the Free Market as the mechanism for sustaining a long term prosperous society. He shows in detail the victory of that theory, going back to the last war, how the need to defend the West against Stalinist Communism made a rigid Free Market policy appear to be the only safe one and how this led to the virtual elimination of the ideas of John Maynard Keynes, the famous British economist, and of his policies that had proved so successful that they produced the so-called 'Golden Age' of Western Capitalism in the years 1950-73

He enlightens the reader about the role of planning, discredited by Stalin's Central Command Policy, but essential for the Western democracies if applied flexibly and selectively. He is keen to show that there is not one capitalistic system, but several; there is the Anglo-Saxon based one letting the Free Market rule, there are the German and Japanese systems based on guidance and carefully planned, and negotiated, selective intervention by the state. He shows the fascinating differences between the German and Japanese models. There is the Japanese basic challenge to Anglo-Saxon capitalism. Expanding your sales in the market is given temporary priority over profit.

He shows, and he is not the only one, that the extreme subservience to the Free Market idea that academic economists have forced on the unstable new regimes in what was once the Soviet bloc as aid approved of by Western governments has brought dangerous uncertainty as seen now in Russia. That, he observes, has not helped the image of the West and its economic system. He has touched upon, but not exploited, the fact that since there are several differing capitalist systems there must be also different types of markets. Financial market forces, he observes, are impeding the real market economy to deliver. He mentions, of course, the big trading blocs. Its figures show that the free markets are really controlled ones, that show the strength and weakness of individual countries. The total world output was divided up in 1990: US 36 per cent, EC 34 per cent, Japan 19 per cent. Within the EC

Germany has 9 per cent, France 7 per cent, Italy 6 per cent and Britain 5½ per cent.

Keegan passionately and effectively defends Keynesian policies and advocates that they should be applied again as they were in the post war Golden Age. In the 16 leading countries of the Paris OECD (Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development) spending by the governments rose in the Golden Age from 27 per cent of the GDP (Gross Domestic Product), from 27 to 37 per cent and growth to 3.8 per cent, falling to 1.9 per cent during 1973-1987 when Keynesian measures were largely dropped.

He discusses, of course, the essential links between Free Marketry and Monetarism and what is now called the 'short-termism' of the Anglo-Saxon system. Investments are largely determined by the prospects of quick profit. This touches upon the role of the banks. Those in Germany, and especially Japan, accept suggestions by their government regarding investments in long-term initiatives.

The author produces fascinating, well documented accounts of the ups and downs of economic relations in the last years in his effort to prove that Keynesian type policies are essential. He mentions the German insistence on a 'social safety net' and the so-called 'Troika', the regulated co-operation between government, trade unions, employers and the banks.

He deals with former Soviet bloc countries and their problems country by country and it is fascinating to see the differences. He ends by setting out the problems facing us with pollution and immigration.

Contrary to the usual arguments, the author insists that the survival of market economics depends on careful planning. He sees freedom of competition for producers of goods and of services, the allocation of resources based on the signals of the Market and a supporting framework set up by the public as well as the private sector as the main features of the market. How sensitive the Free Market image is can be seen by the 1990 Japanese trade surplus of 62 billion dollars. In that year 45 per cent of cars and 95 per cent of video recorders sold on world markets were Japanese.

In this tensely written book Keegan has provided arguments for the debate on the reform of present day capitalism as well as the equally contentious debate on the nature and functions of the market that has now started in earnest.

LEO MURAY

PROPHETS WITHOUT A PROLETARIAT

The Rise and Fall of the American Left. John Patrick Diggins. Norton. £9.50.

John Patrick Diggins of the Graduate Center at the City University of New York distinguishes between four distinct phenomena in the story of the American Left in this century. The 'Lyrical Left' of the First World War years was the story of the 'Wobblies' and of Big Bill Haywood, of Debs and Bryan; its enemies were Puritanism, capitalism, nationalism, and the frontier. The 'Old Left' was the legacy of World War I and the failure of American capitalism during the Great Depression. Two of its most penetrating authors were Michael Harrington and his *The Other America* and the Trotskyist Irving Howe, editor of *Dissent*. The 'New Left' of the 1960s was the product of civil rights fervour, of the war in Vietnam and of the student demos of 1968; and now, much embattled by 12 years of Republican rule, 'the Academic Left' embraces the causes of women and minorities, but also studies and invokes post-Marxist European political *philosophes* — Antonio Gramsci,

Michel Foucault, Jacques Derrida and the poststructuralists. This is a useful post-Stalinist and post-Leninist lexicon and Who's Who, a guide to the views and careers of yesterday's 'heroes': Eugene Debs and John Reed, Reinhold Neibuhr and Herbert Marcuse, Eldridge Cleaver, Sidney Hook, Max Eastman, Irving Howe and Mario Savio. Whatever the influence on Leftist intellectuals of the Europeans and their linguistic 'turns' in recent years, the American Left until recently has grown from its own native roots; Diggins is almost as preoccupied with the influence of Jefferson and Whitman, of De Tocqueville and Dewey as with the fashionable contemporaries of Paris and London today. This is a fascinating analysis of the characteristics of the recent generations, and of the hothouse atmosphere of American universities and/or think tanks — mainly on the Hudson or in Berkeley or — to a lesser degree — in Chicago today. Now, it seems, the academics live on memories of the past and of what might have been. They lost — or more accurately, never tried to win — the battles of ideas on Capitol Hill or in the polling booths. The American Left never discovered a proletariat. The story of their failure is captured in this splendid study in intellectual history.

ESMOND WRIGHT

CHURCH AND STATE

Gladstone: The Making of a Christian Politician: The Personal Religious Life and Development of William Ewart Gladstone, 1809-1832. Peter J. Jagger. Pickwick Publications, 4137 Timberlane Drive, Allison Park, Pa 15101-2932, USA. 326pp. £14.00.

When John Morley's *Life of Gladstone* was published by Macmillan in three volumes on the 9th of October in 1903, it was widely regarded as a standard work, a status and a prestige which it has largely retained. Memories of Gladstone in the Edwardian era (1901-1910) remained both emotional and influential, and its immediate sales were quite phenomenal. Day after day Macmillan staff struggled to satisfy the demands, 'running up ladders to hurl down the topmost packages to collectors fighting for them at the trade counter'. It has long been recognized, however, that 'Honest John Morley', rationalist and agnostic, while he fully understood Gladstone's political and public life and work, could never be completely in tune with the Liberal leader's religious beliefs: his inner spiritual life, which constantly affected both his personality and his public policy.

Peter J. Jagger, Warden and Chief Librarian of St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, has since 1977 been working assiduously upon the complementary theme, of Gladstone's religious development, especially related to his public life. This present book denotes the publication of the first instalment of these profound and meticulous studies, hopefully to be followed by a second volume, pursuing the same theme to the end of Gladstone's long and controversial career.

Perhaps it is fair to say that Gladstone's Christianity was something of an enigma to his contemporaries — especially to his political opponent, Disraeli — and it has mostly remained so, ever since. The question remains: whether, for Gladstone, these religious convictions helped or impeded the success of his political decisions. Disraeli did not object to Gladstone's Christianity, but he did demur when the 'G.O.M.' seemed to him to keep God up his sleeve as an opportunist supporter. This 'cult of righteousness' in politics could be both irritating and unrealistic. It can be even more so in the different lights of our own secular and materialistic times.

It is doubtful whether this present book entirely clears up the matter of Gladstone's Christianity. Nevertheless, it goes far to elucidate it, and it is certainly an important and decisive contribution to the literature of its subject. One can only admire the Warden's solid and protracted scholarship, as if of another age and truly Victorian in its dedication. His studies of both primary and secondary sources have been omniscient. His search for documentation is everywhere thorough and scrupulous. The book, therefore, supplies a long-felt need in Gladstonian studies. It deals with the full and moving story of Gladstone's spiritual pilgrimage, from childhood until his first election to Parliament: the substitution of politics, instead of the Church, as his career in life, largely in response to the wishes of his formidable father, Sir John Gladstone (1764-1851). So much of the early life of Gladstone depends upon Liverpool and its environs: his father built and endowed St. Thomas's Church, Seaforth, and it was there that Gladstone began his schooling. He met Wilberforce in Liverpool in 1818 and again in 1819. He used to say that he gained his first practice in public speaking by addressing — from the top of a chair — the 'ladies and gentlemen', assembled by his father at Seaforth House (retained by the Gladstones until 1873).

It was a long and lonely trail in politics, between that vision of juvenile and aspiring eloquence, expressed in Liverpool, and the 'G.O.M.' of his last Ministry of 1892-94: when Gilbert Murray listened to him from the Strangers Gallery of the House of Commons — 'I saw a small old man with an unimpressive voice start to speak, and, as he spoke he grew bigger and bigger and his voice became stronger and stronger, until after four hours it died away and there was the little old man again'.

It may be questioned whether Gladstone ever liked being a politician. But he put into politics, for better or worse, the intense passion that also went into his personal religion (perhaps to its detriment). He was very much a 'conviction politician', like some folk of our own times. That ruined him in the end, over 'Home Rule' in Ireland. When young, he shared something of the same characteristics as that Liberal of another generation, Sir Edward Grey (1862-1933), of whom Gladstone said: 'I never knew in a man such aptitude for political life and such disinclination for it'.

ERIC GLASGOW

PORTRAIT OF AN AGE

Partners in Protest: Life with Canon Collins. Diana Collins. Gollancz. £25.00.

Ostensibly, this book is a biography of John Collins — universally known to his contemporaries during most of his public lifetime as Canon Collins — and a very good biography it is. But it is much more than that, for it is also an autobiography of his widow, Diana, so that by the end of the book some readers may feel that they know her even better than they know her husband, John; though that is far from being a criticism. Indeed, in some ways she comes through as the more attractive of the two — remarkably honest, warm, impulsive, courageous, and loving — while John, who started his adult life as fellow, dean, and chaplain of Oriel College, Oxford, seems to have retained something of the attitude of an academic throughout his life, defending his passions, which were both fierce and fiercely righteous, against all comers with an unwavering intellectual conviction of their rectitude, which could occasionally bring him into conflict with others. For instance, he fell out once or twice with Bertrand Russell, who was generally in sympathy with his political ideas but not with the Christian beliefs, from which they sprang,

while — at the other extreme — Geoffrey Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury at the time, shared his beliefs, but was far from happy with what he considered to be his somewhat revolutionary political ideas. But it is invidious to compare John with his wife, for each had their talents and virtues, and they were a rare couple, if initially an unlikely one; and this book is a moving account of their life and work together and their long and lasting love affair.

But, once again, it is much more than that. It is a portrait of an age, a picture of one section of society in this country in the years following the Second World War: a section into which people from very different social backgrounds were brought together, and welded into a loose community of shared — or, anyway, convergent — ideals, political aims, and religious beliefs, rather as John and Diana had come together from different social strata — to the initial dismay of her upper middle class family — to be joined together in a memorable partnership. To anyone who lived through that time and shared some of its hopes and fears — the high summer of the Labour Party, overshadowed, as it was, by the fear of a nuclear holocaust and undermined by feelings of shame at the remembrance of injustices inflicted upon many of our fellow human beings in the colonial past and anger at the continuing injustice of apartheid in South Africa — the picture painted by Diana Collins will be both vivid and painfully nostalgic. It was the age of Protest with a capital P, of Ban the Bomb, of the Campaign for International Defence and Aid for Southern Africa, of Christian Action, and of other similar and generally left-wing movements, many of which were founded by John Collins, and in all of which he and Diana played leading parts, sallying forth from their cloistered and inappropriately conservative headquarters in Amen Court, effectively the Precincts of St. Paul's Cathedral, to wage uncompromising pacific war upon the evils of their world, as they envisaged them. As a result, they were regular recipients of hate-mail and even threats to their lives; they were attacked in and by the right-wing press, by politicians of the same persuasion, and by many churchmen, who regarded them as, at best dangerous dissidents, and at worst crypto-Communists, even though, with almost surrealist improbability, their four sons were all educated at Eton.

But they were also staunchly supported by such people as Stafford Cripps, Trevor Huddleston, Nelson Mandela, Victor Gollancz, J. B. Priestley, Jacquetta Hawkes, Oliver Tambo, Bertrand Russell (most of the time), and many others, who stalk through the pages of this book like actors in a pageant. What future generations will think of them and of the ideals, for which they fought with such courage and tenacity, I don't know; but that future social historians, interested in the aftermath of the Second World War in this country and the ethos of the day, will find this book both a fascinating and an invaluable mine of information is certain. It is a splendid portrait of a — suddenly and rather surprisingly — bygone age.

TONY BRIDGE

COLLECTED ESSAYS OF IVAN ILLICH

In the Mirror of the Past: Lectures and Addresses, 1978-1990 Ivan Illich. Marion Boyars. 232pp. £16.95, $24.95. 0 7145 29 370.

This is a very wide ranging book which may spring-clean the contents of even a broad mind. Illich's thesis, if it may be called that, demonstrates how the roots of the Earth's malaise reach back to the mid-twelfth century. With his eye on the twelfth century he scrutinizes health, housing, schooling, literacy, technology, peace and ethical values. Those 'clear certainties' which guide our

lives, he says, were unknown to people then. As an example, the word 'waste' did not exist. But by the twelfth century, only about a fifth remained of the forests which had covered most of western and central Europe.

Brought down to bare bones, this book is concerned with the restoration of vernacular vision, when peace was peace, before it became tainted with the distorted meaning of the Roman *pax*. *Pax* became *pax oeconomica* and led to absorption of 'subsistence-oriented cultures' by economic development. Illich believes 'that limits to economic development, originating at the grass roots, are the principal condition for people to recover their peace'.

The word 'vernacular', he explains, 'comes from an Indo-Germanic root that implies "rootedness" or "abode" which grew to be a distinction in language'. And he suggests that the vernacular in language should be extended to all aspects of life with *'a vernacular mode of being and doing'*, thus returning it to its golden mean. 'Also', he says, 'peace is as vernacular as speech... Peace is that condition under which culture flowers in its own incomparable way'. And how true of children! Illich is well known for his radical diagnoses in *Deschooling Society*. He says, 'The inapplicability of pedagogical concepts to the learning of vernacular language can be extended to other areas of learning'.

When he asked India's 'planners of the day', in 1978, why they did not follow the simple approach taught by Gandhi, they replied that it was very difficult, and that the people would be unable to follow it. That was because there would be no need for middle-men or a centralised system — which had enabled Nehru to lead India in the way he did. In his speech, 'The message of Bapu's Hut', Illich was adamant that 'It should be very clear that the dignity of man is possible only in a self-sufficient society'. That belief was presumably the essence of what Gandhi had told Nehru. In 1997, it will be fifty years since India became independent of Britain. Between now and then, Illich's premise of self-sufficiency may be becoming a visible reality in pockets all over Britain, with people regaining their dignity. Lau Tzu said, 'By adhering to the Tao of the past you will master the existence of the present'.

In the Mirror of the Past is a book to be cherished for its erudition and stimulation.

RODNEY ATTCHITEY

DEVOLUTION AND ALL THAT

The Battle for Scotland. Andrew Marr. Penguin. £5.99. 0 140 173 676.

Andrew Marr, born and bred a Scotsman and proud to declare himself a 'Home Ruler', earns a living as a London-based journalist with *The Independent* and *The Economist* (inter alia). He gives us here a sharply personal 'reporter's notebook'. There are vivid portraits of contemporaries and of lesser-known near-contemporaries — of John Maclean and Jimmy Maxton, of 'King John' MacCormick, of Roland Eugene Muirhead, of Don Roberto Cunninghame Graham, and, not least, of the poet Hugh MacDiarmid, to name but a few. Apart from a 50-page Introduction from Bannockburn and Robert the Bruce via Walter Scott to Gladstone's Home Rule solution for Ireland and for Scotland, it is in essence a potted history since 1922. When Maxton led his cohort of Labour MPs to Westminster from St. Enoch Station, Glasgow, in 1922, he promised that next time they would go to a Scottish Parliament. They never did. But such an exodus has been talked of ever since.

Throughout the century, Labour and Liberal MPs or candidates, have all been to a greater or lesser degree marked by nationalist or home-rule or separatist sentiments. In the early twentieth century, some prominent literary

personalities joined or were invited to lead the cause, though they were not always active on the hustings: MacDiarmid and Compton Mackenzie and one who was even odder: the Hon. Ruaraidh Erskine of Marr, who 'learned Gaelic from his nanny and his politics from Sinn Fein . . . a fervent Scottish revolutionary and admirer of Lenin, he managed to be a monarchist and a (Protestant-hating) Catholic at the same time'. Few Tories, usually loyal to Throne and Altar, or to Union and to Kirk or Church, have been so eccentric.

By concentrating on some kenspeckle personalities, Marr minimises what has been central to the politics/economics of urban Scotland in the last 60 years: the building of council houses (familiarly 'schemes'), not always well built and puritanically devoid of pubs, which have ensured Labour control of every Scottish city. Add the distinctiveness of Scots law and of the Kirk, and it is easy to see that Scottish nationalism is rooted in history, but is reinforced by present discontents.

Andrew Marr is, however, rightly full of praise of the skill of George Younger and later his successor Malcolm Rifkind as Scottish Secretaries. Despite all the Nationalist and Home Rule ballyhoo of the 1992 election campaign in Scotland, it had as little effect on the result at the ballot box as had its predecessors in the elections since World War II. Wasn't Michael Noble wise to say: 'It's the Scotsman in the Cabinet, and the Scots in the House, who matter?' And wasn't he also wise to say 'Never touch the rates'?

ESMOND WRIGHT

A PASSAGE TO PATMOS

Dreams of Exile: Robert Louis Stevenson — A Biography. Ian Bell. Mainstream Publishing. £14.99. 1 85158 45 79.

High on his Patmos of the Southern Seas
Our northern dreamer sleeps . . .

Thus Richard Le Gallienne's Elegy for the newly-dead Robert Louis Stevenson: *obit.* December 3rd, 1894.

In these past ninety-nine years the biographies of R.L.S. — from Balfour's hagiography through Baildon, Masson and Chesterton to Daiches, Elwin, Furnas, Aldington, Pope-Hennessy and Calder — have risen to a tombstone's height, and 'like a portrait attempted too often, Stevenson has acquired many faces'. Is there space for yet another? Unequivocally, yes. And it was well worth publishing, for Mr. Bell has some very interesting things to say, and says them very interestingly. At a mere 289, well-leaded, pages, this account of the intricate odyssey of R.L.S. cannot afford the expenditure of detail lavished to Furnas by 500 pages and to Balfour with his spendthrift 440. But Mr. Bell's book is not so architected. His is the art of significant selection — the provision of canny insights, bolstered by apt and amply telling quotation — and succinct speculation. It helps that he is himself a precipitous citizen and has walked of natural habit all his days and nights in the footprints of his fellow Edinburgh native. In a sense, the whole of R.L.S.'s life was a long goodbye in a short compass. Goodbye to Victorian Scotland that 'bore, shaped, made aware', the natal cord pulling wherever after he wandered. The granite of the Athens of the North had entered into his soul; his body, too, prolonging the frail string of his existence to 44 years and 3 weeks.

It may be, as Mr. Bell asserts, 'a cliché to say that a writer can be found . . . in a certain place', but many clichés have become so because of their habit of reiterating truths. And there is no denying the Edinburgh presence, scampering, velvet-coated, a Hyde, up the Lothian Road; a not altogether willingly

wigged and robed Jekyll, stalking the corridors of the High Court of Justiciary; a small boy gazing entranced into the penny plain, tuppence coloured little old stationer's shop in Antigua Street, or at desert island play amid the boscage of the deep green ravine garden between Heriot Row and Queen Street; a little child in the old nursery aloft at No. 17 Heriot Row, staring out at a black night sky thick-furred with a dazzle of stars, winking and twinkling high, high above Leerie's street-lamp.

Mr. Bell diagnoses soundly R.L.S.'s position in relation to Scottish life and literature, 'half prodigal son and half deportee; half patriot and half deserter'. An advocate — the lawyers were, and still are, the élite of Edinburgh — he rejected that privileged role. Product of a divided city — Old Town, New Town — his lifelong character was 'a matter of dualities'.

Mr. Bell's *obiter dicta* come thick and fast, stray facts and thoughts pop forth like tempting plums from a pudding... 'His art was a moral argument presented in an entertainer's costume'... 'His illnesses were as prolific as his imagination'... *'The Master (of Ballantrae)* is an ethical hall of mirrors'. He identifies the Cévenol traveller as 'setting out, like some Victorian hippy, to "find himself".' He reports Stevenson's nutshell description of New York as 'a mixture of Chelsea, Liverpool and Paris', and provides the tourist titbit that in the replica of Saint-Gaudens' medallion of Louis for placement in St. Giles Cathedral, Auld Reekie, the cigarette in his right hand is 'replaced with a discreet pen'. R.L.S. himself saw in the Polynesian islands 'that change of habit is bloodier than a bombardment', and Mr. Bell sees the whites 'corrupting the South Seas with Christ and commerce'.

But for the time-tired traveller those Southern Seas lapped Paradise landfall — 'A sheet of jungle streaked with lava flows, worn volcanic shapes rising from the ocean floor, plantations of coco-palms, some houses and churches scattered on the slopes, the surf thunderous on the barrier reef'. Tusitala, the sailor, is home from sea, the hunter home from the hill.

Then... 'a blood vessel exploded in his skull'.

Let us end as we began, with Le Gallienne's elegaic:

> Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,
> Not while a single human heart beats true,
> Not while Love lasts, and Honour, and the Brave,
> Has earth a grave,
> O well-beloved, for you!

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Long Shadow: Inside Stalin's Family. (Little, Brown. pp.308. £18.99. 0 316 90553 4.) In tracing the story of four generations of Alliluyevs from 1860 to 1993, Rosamund Richardson has induced Stalin's family to speak of the harsh treatment which he meted out to many of their number. This intimate account of the damage caused to one family as well as to a whole, enormous nation and its satellite countries by one man with overweening power and a personal death-wish contains the detailed testimony of Svetlana Alliluyeva, his daughter who loved him in her childhood, as did several of her cousins, by their own accounts. Photographs and family trees give substance to a saga full of horror stories but also of insights into Russian family life as it is unknown to most readers in the West.

Travels in the Unknown East. (Octagon. £13.50. pp198. 0 863040 71 3.) John Grant records his travels in the Near and Middle East fifty years after they were made. Each chapter has its own appeal, going from Istanbul, through Turkey and Egypt, out into the unknown desert where even then the emerging dope smugglers had their unsavory networks. He finds that little has changed in many aspects of the desert people's lives although lifestyles have encountered opposition by cataclysmic changes in regime. 'I am convinced,' he says, 'that many Eastern people have a reliable guiding sense of human directions. This beats all the science, the theories and the systems of the West'. His lively prose serves to demonstrate the truth of such observations in relation to timeless human situations in town and desert. But the most telling evidence that his point of view is acquired on a sound basis of knowledge is contained in another book in the same series. It is entitled **Alone in Arabian Nights** (Octagon Press. £11.95. 0 863040 71 3.) The author is an Afghan diplomat, savant and Anglophile, Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah and this is his revised version of a book first published in 1933. Whereas Grant travels mainly by camel, analysing all he sees, Shah goes by whatever means presents itself, picking up tales of Eastern diplomacy around the Khyber from the time of English rule under the Mandate. But both books stress the eternal attitudes to fate, love and death. They complement one another.

The Female Spectator. Being Selections from Mrs. Eliza Haywood's Periodical. First Published in Monthly Parts (1744-46). (Bristol Classical Press. £17.50. 1 85399 209 7.) Gabrielle M. Firmager has made a scholarly study of the writing of the almost forgotten Mrs. Eliza Haywood whose fortune it was, both good and bad, to have lived during the heyday of Defoe, Addison and Steele and of the novelist Richardson. Her bad luck was that it was also the heyday of Alexander Pope, who scorned her not inconsiderable literary achievements. Closely behind her were the rising stars of Jane Austen and Fanny Burney. The first periodical of its kind to be addressed to women readers, *The Female Spectator* was intended to contain 'admonitory essays' like those of Defoe, Addison and Steele. Its chief value rests, however, upon its effectiveness as a medium of manners for ladies of 18th-century England. Her cautionary tales bear some resemblance to those of Mrs. Edgeworth, set in a less practical location. An essay 'On the Distinction Between Good Manners and Good Breeding' tackles the knotty problem of whether a 'lady' should reveal to the Prime Minister her inadvertent sighting of secret official papers indicting a nobleman, named therein, as a traitor. Or first go and tell the man in question of her decision to do so? How, if so, should he respond? Although in the eyes of posterity greater writers have overshadowed her, Mrs. Haywood's popularity in her time was founded on romantic novels of intrigue and the three 'scandal novels' of 1725, 1727 and 1736 which aroused the fury of Pope for they exposed well-known persons, some of them Pope's friends. Thinly disguised political criticism earned opprobrium for her from influential literary men and members of Walpole's government.

Amongst the book reviewers are The Very Rev. Tony Bridge, former Dean of Guildford, and Dr. John McGurk, Lecturer in History and Irish Studies in Liverpool Institute and Liverpool University.

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MOLDOVA: INDEPENDENCE, UNIFICATION, DISINTEGRATION?

by Charles King

THE failed Moscow coup of August 1991 provided the opportunity for the fifteen 'union republics' of the USSR to declare their independence and to set about the task of creating their own independent state structures. Soviet ideologues were always fond of discovering the dialectical moments in history, and the disintegration of the USSR provided the final dialectical irony in the Soviet system itself: the demise of the world's oldest Communist regime allowed the birth of the world's newest republics — Kazakhstan, Tajikistan, Azerbaijan, Belarus, Ukraine and others. Most of these new states were unfamiliar to persons outside the field of Soviet studies; even 'Sovietologists' themselves paid far less attention to the events in the non-Russian republics than to the machinations of the Communist party leadership in the Kremlin.

Of all the former Soviet republics, perhaps the least studied was the Moldovan Soviet Socialist Republic (the present Republic of Moldova), situated in the western Soviet Union on the border with Romania. Often known as 'Moldavia' in the West (an anglicised rendering of the Russian name for the republic), Moldova was distinguished from its fourteen sister republics by several features. Moldova was the smallest of the fifteen union republics, roughly the same size as Belgium. Home to just over four million inhabitants, Moldova had the highest population density of any Soviet republic, some 129 persons per square kilometre. Most of Moldova's population was concentrated in the countryside, and only four Central Asian republics had smaller proportional urban populations.

The high population density and lack of urbanisation were a strain on Moldova's health care resources. According to Soviet figures from 1989, only the Central Asian republics and Azerbaijan had higher infant mortality rates, and the life expectancy among Moldova's rural population (67.6 years) was the second lowest in the USSR. Hence, despite its position on the western border of the Soviet Union, Moldova bore more resemblance to the republics of Central Asia and the Caucasus than to the more developed Ukraine, Belorussia and Baltic republics.

Of all its exceptional features, the most important was Moldova's relationship to Romania. The area of the Republic of Moldova situated between the Prut and Dnestr rivers was a part of the Kingdom of Romania

between the two world wars. The interfluvial region, known as 'Bessarabia', had been a part of the Russian empire since 1806, when Russian troops occupied the area then under Ottoman control. In the wake of the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, the region's ethnic Romanian majority elected to join the interfluve to Romania; in December 1918, following Romania's acquisition of ethnic Romanian lands formerly held by Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary and Russia, the creation of a 'Greater Romanian' state was declared. Unfortunately for the Romanians, however, the incorporation of Bessarabia into Greater Romania was recognised by neither the Western powers nor the new Soviet regime.

In June 1940, Greater Romania came to a tragic end. Encouraged by the German hands-off policy on Bessarabia proclaimed in the secret Molotov-Ribbentrop protocols, Stalin issued an ultimatum to the Romanian king demanding the immediate cession of Bessarabia and other territories. The Romanians had little choice but to accede to the demand. By the end of the month, Red Army troops had crossed the Dnestr river into Bessarabia. Shortly thereafter, the Bessarabian lands were carved up, with portions in the north and the south going to Ukraine, while the remainder was united with a strip of land east of the Dnestr (a region known as 'Transnistria') to form the 'Moldovan Soviet Socialist Republic'.

After the annexation, Communist party cadres set about shoring up Soviet control over Bessarabia. In addition to the mass deportation of ethnic Romanians and the influx of ethnic Slavs into the republic, a major element of this effort was the stress on the existence of a 'Moldovan' language and ethnicity separate from Romanian. Even though the languages spoken in Bucharest and Chisinau (the Bessarabian capital) were merely regional variants of the same standard Romanian, the Cyrillic script was introduced in Moldova and the 'Moldovan' language declared wholly separate from Romanian. Moreover, the term 'Moldovan', originally referring to the entire area of the mediaeval Principality of Moldova stretching from the Carpathians to the Black Sea, was resurrected and applied exclusively to the new Soviet republic. The Soviets thus celebrated 28 June as the day of liberation of the 'Moldovan nation' from the Romanian 'landlord-capitalists'.

Not surprisingly, the issues of language and ethnicity provided the central rallying points for reformist forces during the period of glasnost and perestroika. Under Soviet rule, the position of Moldovans (Romanians) in the republic had steadily declined; while they accounted for over 60 per cent of the population, Moldovans held less than 50 per cent of the top- and mid-level posts in government and industry. Likewise, the number of 'Moldovan'-language schools declined steadily after 1940, and by 1989 only 11 per cent of the republic's non-Moldovan population spoke Romanian as a second language.

The Popular Front of Moldova, formed in the summer of 1988, quickly seized on popular discontent over the position of Moldovans in their republic. The leaders of the Front hoped to engender a renaissance of Romanian language and culture, using the vocabulary of glasnost and

perestroika to unseat the local Communist élite. The demands of the Front were taken up by the Moldovan Supreme Soviet, the highest legislative body in the republic, as it began to assert its own independence from Communist party structures; under its chairman, Mircea Snegur, the Supreme Soviet ceased to be a mere rubber stamp for Communist party directives and began to take on many of the characteristics of a genuine, deliberative legislature. This union of popular discontent with the shift of power from the party to the Supreme Soviet meant the end of Communist rule in Moldova. By the end of 1989, the Supreme Soviet had adopted laws making Romanian written in Latin script the state language of the republic, and semi-competitive national elections were held the following year.

Not all Moldova's inhabitants supported the sweeping cultural and political reforms. The republic's Russian and Gagauz (Orthodox Christian Turks) populations, in particular, protested at the new language laws, arguing that the reforms would render the majority of the population illiterate. When the Supreme Soviet pushed ahead with the reforms, the Russians and Gagauzi made plans to declare their own independent political structures. In late 1989, the Gagauzi and the Russians declared their own autonomous republics within Moldova; by the middle of 1990, these nominal republics had declared full independence.

In the wake of the August coup, Moldova followed the lead of other Soviet republics and declared full independence from the USSR on 27 August 1991. The Moldovan declaration of independence marked a new stage in the republic's inter-ethnic disputes. With the existence of an independent Moldovan state, the Russians and Gagauzi felt more threatened than ever. The separatist republics consistently annulled all reformist legislation coming from Chisinau, and 1991-92 witnessed serious outbreaks of violence between Moldovan forces and the nascent armed forces of the 'Gagauz Republic' (located in five counties in southern Moldova) and the 'Moldovan Transnistrian Republic' (located on the eastern bank of the Dnestr river).

Since its declaration of independence, Moldova has made great strides in shoring up its position as an independent political entity. It is a full member of the United Nations and the CSCE, and many major world powers (including the United States and Russia) have established embassies or consulates in Chisinau. Under Mircea Snegur — elected as the first president of independent Moldova in December 1991 — Moldova has sought to develop trade links outside the former Soviet Union; the country now enjoys most-favoured-nation trading status with the United States, and the republic continues to play a constructive role in the development of the Black Sea economic zone.

However, three serious problems continue to threaten the existence of the independent Moldovan state. First, little progress has been made in placating the separatist Russians and Gagauzi. Both groups contend that the Moldovan government aims at the forced 'romanianisation' of the republic's ethnic minorities. Indeed, the Transnistrian leaders have blamed

the Moldovan government for planning a 'cultural genocide' against ethnic Slavs and Gagauzi. Consequently, they feel that their interests can only be protected within separate states.

The separatists' arguments are questionable on several counts. International human rights agencies, including Helsinki Watch and Amnesty International, have blamed the Transnistrians — not the Moldovans — for major human rights violations, including extra-judicial killings, abductions of opposition politicians, and the forced closing of Romanian-language schools in Transnistria. Many of the top leaders of the Transnistrian republic — including the vice-president, the chairman of the nominal parliament and the defence minister — are all ethnic Moldovans. The Transnistrians' claim to be protecting the interests of ethnic Russians is thus undercut by the existence of several ethnic Moldovans/Romanians in the top echelons of the republican leadership.

Indeed, rather than being a purely ethnic conflict, the dispute between Moldovans and Transnistrians has many political overtones. Transnistria has been described by many Western visitors as the last bastion of 'Sovietism' in the former USSR. All of the old Soviet holidays are still celebrated, including the anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution, and the Transnistrians have adopted the old Moldovan flag (the Soviet hammer-and-sickle with one green stripe at the bottom) as their standard. The Transnistrian leaders, especially the nominal president Igor Smirnov, have expressed great nostalgia for the old Soviet Union, and the Transnistrians have cultivated links with other unreconstructed Communist groups throughout the former Soviet republics. Communist-era politics, rather than ethnicity, has thus been the chief catalyst in the Transnistrian conflict.

A second area of concern to the Moldovans is the fact that the former Soviet 14th army, now under Russian Federation control, remains stationed on the territory of the Republic of Moldova. In the past, the army has channelled significant amounts of men and equipment to the separatists in Transnistria. The army's commander, Major-General Alexander Lebed, sees the Transnistrian republic as the only protection against the 'genocide' of ethnic Russians which he alleges was carried out by Moldovan forces in mid-1992. Lebed's views have been echoed by the highest echelons of the Russian government, especially by Russian vice-president Alexander Rutskoi, who sees the protection of ethnic Russians in the former Soviet republics as one of the central purposes of the Russian military.

While Boris Yeltsin has repeatedly tried to silence the outspoken Lebed, the Russian president has refused to speak of the wholesale withdrawal of the 14th army. Four rounds of talks between officials from Moldova and the Russian Federation have been bogged down by the Russians' refusal to settle on a definite timetable for withdrawal. The Moldovans argue that the troops must be out of the republic by 1994; for the Moldovans, the republic can never hope to consolidate its independence so long as a portion of its territory is occupied by the armed forces of a foreign nation.

The Russian Federation, on the other hand, argues that it does not have the resources to withdraw, re-house and re-deploy the 14th army, particularly since similar withdrawal operations are underway in eastern Europe and the Baltic republics. Yeltsin prefers instead to 'disband' the 14th army to the 'local authorities' in Moldova. However, since the army is stationed in Tiraspol, the capital of the Transnistrian republic, the disbanding of the 14th army would essentially mean the outright transfer of huge amounts of arms to the separatist forces. Clearly, the Moldovan government will not be willing to accept any agreement which provides more military hardware to the separatists.

A third difficulty for the young Moldovan state is that its relationship to the previous 'motherland', Romania, remains problematic. Calling for the reintegration of all the Romanian lands which formed Greater Romania from 1918 to 1940 is an essential source of legitimacy for any political grouping in Romania; without advocating reunion with the 'brothers from across the Prut' (including the former Romanian lands now held by Ukraine), no political party can hope to be taken seriously by Romanian voters. Consequently, parties from across the political spectrum — from the rabidly nationalistic Greater Romania Party and the Romanian National Unity Party, to the centrist National Peasant Party and the Civic Alliance, to the centre-left Democratic National Salvation Front and the National Salvation Front — have all expressed the desire to effect a 'Great Union' on the model of 1918.

By and large, this nostalgia for Greater Romania has received little support inside the Republic of Moldova. Not only do the Moldovans have more pressing economic and political problems of their own to worry about, but the mass of the Moldovan population is extremely sceptical about the national renaissance promised by the Romanians inside an enlarged Romanian state. With trade ties, communication systems and transportation links oriented toward the Soviet successor states, the Moldovans would undoubtedly experience, in the short term, a great deal of economic and social disruption were unification to take place. The Moldovan cultural minister, Ion Ungureanu, has often spoken of the need for a stronger 'cultural confederation' with Romania; while they are perfectly willing to acknowledge the common culture and language which they share with the Romanians, the Moldovans are less eager to cement this 'cultural confederation' with any form of political union.

In addition to the practical difficulties of realising the ideal of Greater Romania, the debates between Bucharest and Chisinau over Moldova's future point to a more fundamental difference between the Romanians and the Moldovans. For the former, the establishment of an enlarged Romania in 1918 marked the acme of Romanian cultural and political development, the realisation of the national ideal of unifying all the Romanian lands into a single nation-state. In this period, Romania became a respected player on the international stage, with strong political ties to Paris and Geneva. Its sometime foreign minister, Nicolae Titulescu, was twice elected chairman of the League of Nations, and interwar Bucharest,

immortalised in the works of Olivia Manning and others, was known as the 'Little Paris'. Writers and intellectuals such as Mircea Eliade, Nicolae Iorga and Emil Cioran were acclaimed both inside Romania and abroad. Today, when Romania is viewed with some scepticism by the European Community and remains one of the very few states in the world to be denied most-favoured-nation trading status with the United States, it is little wonder that the Romanians look with some nostalgia on the period between the wars.

The Moldovans, however, see the period from 1918 to 1940 rather differently. When they voted for immediate unification with Romania in November 1918, the Bessarabian political leaders hoped to enter Greater Romania with a great deal of political autonomy. The leadership of the Bessarabian parliament, the 'Sfatul Tarii', had been active participants in the revolutionary movement in the Russian empire; the parliament's chairman, Ion Inculet, had even been a representative of the Provisional Government after the February revolution. These leaders hoped to use the movement for unification to effect significant political reforms in Greater Romania, such as redistributing the land, enfranchising the peasantry, and reducing the power of entrenched political parties and ruling families in Bucharest. As Inculet himself reflected, 'We thought that if in this corner of Romania [in Bessarabia] we could hold on to the universal vote, if we could resolve the agrarian question, then we thought that this would be a guarantee for the resolution of these questions in the future in Romania as well'.

As it turned out, however, the Bessarabians were swallowed up in the political intrigues and back-room deals which characterised Romanian politics in the interwar period. Their hopes for extensive reforms were never wholly realised, and the regional autonomy they hoped to secure for the interfluve was crushed beneath the centralism encouraged by Bucharest. Politicians in Moldova today are thus wary of moving too closely towards union with Romania, lest the future witness a replay of 1918. The current Moldovan parliament, also called the 'Sfatul Tarii', recently purged its most pro-unification members (including its chairman); the largest group in parliament, the Agrarian Democrats, have repeatedly expressed their desire to steer the newly independent republic between Bucharest and Moscow, wishing to be neither a 'province' (the Romanian term) nor a 'guberniia' (the Russian term) of another state.

It now appears that, contrary to the earlier predictions of some observers, the future will see the continued consolidation of Moldovan independence. While independence and territorial integrity are still threatened by the Gagauzi and the Transnistrians, the Moldovan leadership have begun to take a softer line on the separatists, purging the most radical pro-unification elements from the parliament and government. This new strategy, Snegur hopes, will lead to a political compromise which will keep the separatists within Moldova by playing down the issue of Moldovan-Romanian unification. Recent fault lines which have begun to appear among the separatist leaders indicate that Snegur's plans have a certain appeal to the more

pragmatic elements within Gagauzia and Transnistria.

The scale of fighting in Moldova has not yet reached that experienced in Tajikistan, the Caucasus or former Yugoslavia, and most of the casualties (1,076 dead and wounded on the Moldovan side alone) were registered in the heaviest fighting last summer. For the time being, ceasefire agreements are being honoured, and multi-lateral peace-keeping forces have been deployed in the region. Still, the potential for resumed armed conflict remains high. The 14th army is a dangerous wildcard in the region; Lebed has in the past launched attacks without warning, claiming the 'right' of the Russian army to protect ethnic Russians within the former Soviet republics. President Yeltsin's desire to secure an internationally recognised role for Russian Federation troops as peace-keepers in the successor states only exacerbates tensions in Moldova.

In addition, the Transnistrians have established links with other separatist groups outside Moldova, such as the Abkhazians in Georgia and the Krajina Serbs in Bosnia. They clearly see their struggle as part of a larger international movement for self-determination and will thus be unlikely to accept anything short of a fully federalised Moldovan state. The Gagauzi, while having little of the military and political clout enjoyed by the Transnistrians, are nonetheless used by Tiraspol as a kind of second front against the Moldovans. All things being equal, they would almost certainly settle for the limited regional autonomy promised by Snegur, but they are pushed by the Transnistrians into militating for the creation of a federal Moldova consisting of separate Moldovan, Gagauz and Transnistrian republics. Arms coming to the Transnistrians from Russia, to the Gagauzi from the Transnistrians, and to the Moldovans from the Romanians make the entire Moldovan scenario yet another flashpoint on the shores of the Black Sea.

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POLICE INTEGRITY: THE MORAL DILEMMA

by Leslie James

IT is not surprising that following upon the several quite appalling cases of miscarriage of justice involving the fabrication of evidence by the police, there should be a serious loss of public confidence in the police service. Appropriately, there has been a spate of articles in the press and statements by eminent public figures drawing attention to this unhappy state of affairs and calling for urgent steps to restore the integrity of our police forces.

Lord Taylor, the Lord Chief Justice no less, calls for the injection into the training of police 'the realisation that it is not only immoral but criminal to fabricate evidence'. Kenneth Clarke, the Home Secretary, at a summer conference of the Association of Chief Police Officers did not mince his words. 'Attempts at better management,' he said, 'or improving the quality of police service to the public, could not alone restore the damage caused by miscarriages of justice. The public had every right to expect those who upheld the law to honour the law, and probity was the most important asset a policeman could have. The chief constables, as police leaders, needed to ensure that justice was enforced with the highest level of integrity. The police had to accept the fact that it was a lesser evil for a guilty man to go free than for an innocent man to be convicted, especially for a serious crime.'

Sir Peter Imbert, then the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, who also addressed the conference, was no less direct. 'I would far sooner', he said, 'see a hundred guilty people walk free than see one officer compromise his position and that of the service by interfering with evidence.'

Sir John Woodcock, Chief Inspector of Constabulary, in a statement reported in *The Times* on 18th June, 1992, expressed the view that 'public faith in the police service has been severely shaken by causes célèbres such as the Birmingham Six and Guildford Four cases'. He held that the police service would have to undergo fundamental reorganisation and cultural change to maintain and strengthen public support.

The question immediately arises, therefore, what ethical principles must the police service adopt and what cultural change must it undergo if similar miscarriages of justice are to be avoided in future. Ironically enough, the police officers concerned in fabricating evidence in the particular cases of miscarriage of justice which have shaken public confidence would doubtless insist that they were all acting, as they imagined, in the public interest. By reason of mistaken forensic evidence or for some other reason, they were convinced that the suspects they had arrested were guilty and, therefore, no holds could, in their view, morally be barred in securing their conviction. Public outrage at the crimes perpetrated demanded it, and service and personal prestige were at stake. In these circumstances, observance of the Judges' Rules was a tedious irrelevance and senior police officers and perhaps even judges could be relied upon to

turn a blind eye on alleged irregularities. A conviction would silence all criticism and judicial or service commendations could be confidently expected.

To persuade the police to abandon this self-justifying and cynical contempt for legal rules and service regulations is a difficult proposition. It calls for something of a revolution in police thinking and perhaps in public thinking too. All too often, contemporary crime fiction and drama take police malpractices for granted and morally justified. And it is not unknown for persons in high places to encourage the police, *sotto voce*, to 'give the criminal a lesson'.

The tragedy in all this is that there lies in the whole criminological and penological disciplines an enormous contradiction, a doctrinal incompatibility. On the one hand, the social sciences teach us that the thought processes of man are determined by genetic and environmental factors and that therefore the criminal is no more than the inevitable end product of his own mental development. On the other hand, literature, religion, native common sense, and sheer animal instinct, persuade us that the criminal has a free will outside his mental processes and is therefore 'responsible' and deserving of retributionary pains and penalties equal to the public outrage he has provoked. So the silent majority take delight in ridiculing the social scientists who would advocate a compassionate view of criminality. And policemen, by and large, are part of the silent majority. Indeed, their everyday contact with the sharp end of criminality, with the worst aspects of human nature, reinforces their case-hardened view of crime and criminals. Undeniably, there has been of late an increase in the intake of graduate recruits to the police service, but the great majority of policemen will be modest holders of a few 'O' Levels, and have much in common with their rough and ready opposite numbers in the television series 'The Bill'. The finer points of moral philosophy will be for them a rarified intellectual exercise, often beyond their comprehension.

Not that a scientific view of the criminal mind should be a sentimental, milk and water, attitude. For the process of justice is part of our environment and, insofar as human behaviour can be influenced by disciplinary or reformative penalties, these must often be sharp and unpleasant. Those convicted of the more serious crimes such as murder, manslaughter, rape and robbery with violence, have to be restrained for a considerable period and will have to suffer severe sentences, not primarily to reform or deter them, but to deter the rest of us. But whereas the silent majority may derive some retributionary satisfaction from these severe sentences, the determinist is obliged to regard them compassionately as a painful necessity. Here lies the contradiction and the incompatibility between reform and individual deterrence on the one hand, and prevention and general deterrence on the other. While for the determinist, the vicious criminal does not 'deserve' his exemplary punishment, the well-being of society justifies it.

Since the police service is part of the State's organisation to deal with crime, it should be trained to see criminal behaviour in this light, to

accept that it has a professional duty to arrest dangerous criminals and assist in the process whereby they are both prevented from repeating their crimes, and also serve as general deterrents, but to recognize that this duty must be discharged with a quite massive detachment. If policemen see themselves as satisfying the retributionary instincts of society, or seek to satisfy their own, they will be able to justify any and every departure from the rules and regulations laid down to prevent miscarriages of justice. It is this retributionary zeal which, I fear, is at the heart of much police misconduct.

Of course, what I am recommending, is a revolutionary change in society's attitude to crime and the concept of criminal responsibility which underlies our criminal law. This does not involve departure from the concept of *mens rea*, for the state of a man's mind at the commission of a crime will always be important. Rational intent must always be proved to justify reform or deterrence. But judicial pronouncements often have retributionary overtones and, regrettably, the grounds for determining early release for discretionary life prisoners under the Criminal Justice Act, 1991, require that the demands of retribution as well as deterrence must be satisfied.

Psychological determinism is not some new-fangled idea. It has been the subject of earnest debate for many years. It is an element in secular humanist philosophy and was an ingredient in the teaching of Schopenhauer, Spinoza, Mill, Russell, Hobbs, Ryle and Skinner. Judge Cardozo once wrote, 'The thirst for vengeance is a very real, even if it be a hideous thing; and states may not ignore it till humanity has been raised to greater heights than any that has yet been scaled in all the long ages of struggle and ascent'. Perhaps it is time for the State, through its judiciary and police service, to lift society to these greater heights.

Some writers raise the objection that determinism provides a convenient excuse for every crime. 'If my actions are predetermined, why should I strive to do right?' The answer to this facetious question is that you should do right because the well-being of society requires it.

Police officers, likewise, should strive to observe a strict ethical code and follow their rules and regulations with scrupulous self-discipline. They should do so because otherwise the law they seek to enforce will fall into disrepute and they will eventually become a law unto themselves.

[Leslie James was Chief of Police of the Eastern Region from 1956 to 1963.]

RETURN OF A NATIVE: LIFE ON A CARDIFF HOUSING ESTATE

by Tony Sheppard

'NONE of us goes to town no more. Too violent.' Mark is referring to a fight in a club in the city centre called Panama Joe's, when a man with a cut-throat razor went berserk and slashed several people, seriously injuring them. All of the people injured were from Ely and personally known to Mark and the others.

I am spending Saturday evening with Mark and the others, all young, all white and nearly all conspicuously tattooed, on the Ely estate. We are sitting in Jason's front garden sipping beer and rolling joints. The house is in a small curving cul-de-sac just off Wilson Road where just a year ago there were four nights of serious rioting. It's all quiet now and though there will be several fights, muggings and break-ins tonight, the estate, apart from the gang of teenagers smoking and gambling outside the chip shop, has a suburban peacefulness.

I am here chatting and drinking beer by virtue of having been born and brought up on the estate and, though I've lived away for almost twenty years, I am still considered one of them. I am amazed at how much has changed. Ely has always been a problem estate, but a very British working class one. It would have been inconceivable to sit in the front garden openly smoking a joint and casually calling across the road to the dealer-neighbour asking about E or dope. Not while your five year old daughter played with her friends in the same garden. It would also have been inconceivable to be early twenties, unmarried, and with kids. However, what was beyond comprehension was to be in your early twenties and still at home on a Saturday evening!

It's not just the recession that has wrought the changes, though unemployment and the resultant lack of cash takes its toll, a whole system of social relations and values has been eroded. It feels more like an American ghetto than a council estate. It's not just the easy sex, easy violence, easy drugs, and the anything you order stolen goods. They were always there, (though all are more accentuated now); it's the attitudes to all these things that have changed. They're just a part of life. But to my mind the thing that stuns me is not just that they spend their Saturday nights at home but that they don't seem to mind. 'Well I suppose Saturday used to be special when you were single and looking for some action, but I don't know it's like any other day now. I know my old man likes to have a pint on a Saturday but he's old fashioned.' Jason rolled another joint and Lee chipped in: 'A few smokes, a few cans, we do that every night. That way the missus knows you're not out screwing some bird or some shop. Anyway, who wants to go out, do your bundle, and end up getting your head kicked in?' I shrugged, there's no answer to that. 'We got it all here.' Jason smiled. And they certainly do.

I've always regarded dealers as some kind of criminal lone wolf, a predator that profited from people's troubles and weaknesses. But nowadays they're the neighbours and they give good rates to the street and they're open all hours. And they've got kids of their own to feed. 'They only make a few quid out of it. They're not the big boys and they pass a bit on to the rest of us.' It seems to be the general opinion.

The whole street seems to be populated by mostly young, unmarried couples with kids and when the weather is fine, as it is this evening, there is an air of an informal and discontinuous street party, with people on their doorsteps, sitting on the bonnet of their cars, chatting, drinking, and smoking.

'I'm just going to see Carl about something for a minute. Coming up?' I accompany Lee up the road to a friend's. We pass a young black boy of about twelve carrying a rucksack. He stops and takes it off and asks Lee, 'Want to buy some tee-shirts? Got some good ones'. Lee says he's skint and we continue up to Carl's.

Carl comes to the door dressed in baggy shorts and tee-shirt. He is very large, tattooed and with a No. 1 shaved head. The effect is offset by both his friendly manner and the little girl of about three hanging onto his shorts. Lee wants to see if Carl has the video of 'Lethal Weapon 3'. That's going to be part of the nights entertainment; later when it gets darker and a bit nippy, we're going to go indoors and watch videos and listen to music. Nearly everyone has a video and CD player, whether bought on the weekly or, more likely, bought from a friend who acquired it (apparently there are people who will take your order, model, colour, etc., just like a salesman and get it on the five fingered discount for you). Rampant consumerism, thanks to twelve years of Tory discipline, lives even if employment doesn't.

Carl tells Lee that he didn't get it off his mate but he has another one that he'll bring down later. We pass a skinny nineteen year old with a joke of a moustache and Lee tells me that he's probably the best tea-leaf around. I begin to entertain thoughts of a complete change of wardrobe and an integrated home entertainment system.

It is nearly a quarter to ten when we get back to Jason's and Michelle, his girlfriend, is back from visiting her mother. Also there is Tony, a next door neighbour and his girlfriend. Tony says he can't stay late or get too wrecked as he's got a fiddle in the morning. I express surprise at him getting a day's work on a Sunday, but he just winks and everybody else smirks.

'The off-licence closes at ten, if you want some booze you better get shifting.' Michelle addresses nobody in particular but everyone looks at me. 'Anybody want anything?' I ask and strangely enough I'm the only one who wants more cans just in case. The others order chips and jumbo sausages, crisps and cokes. There's the difference between the drinker and the dope smoker.

Jason accompanies me to the chippy, as much to steer me through the crowd of bored-excited teenagers outside, as to help me carry back the

chips and drinks. The group outside, about fourteen strong, are playing pitch and toss or play fighting or just acting tough. Both sexes give me the suspicious, predatory stare, but nod to Jason and make way. He gives one a not so playful punch in the chest, 'All right Spence?', 'All right Jase'. The pecking order had been established. Mark tells me later that the kids are 'like a pack of dogs, you got to give a slap to let them know who's boss', and that they've got no respect for the older people, beating and robbing drunks on their way home. I watch my alcohol consumption.

The video is on when we get back, so is the CD, and the sweet, heavy smell is enough to knock you over. Someone says I should 'drop a tab' and watch the video as its got some 'wicked special effects'. I decline and open a can. Nobody seems to be concentrating on the video, instead every violent, technicoloured incident seems to remind someone of a violent incident involving themselves or friends. Assaults with spanners, pool cues, tales of pubs being wrecked with hammers, people being deliberately run over and then slashed, merge with the realistic looking violence on the screen, and the stories seemed to be, well, normal. Even the two women hardly turned a hair. The Hollywood brand, so cosily familiar, made the real kind sound just as entertaining. That's the terrible thing, going out is expensive and violent, so people stay at home and watch it on video and chat about it. Perhaps most perverse of all is the fact that the video we are watching is a 'comedy'.

There is a tap on the window. I worry it's the police, but am reassured that you never see them anymore; (amazingly the local police station was partially closed down and only reopened after the riots). The others are more worried about the other end of the problem: car thefts and break-ins. It's Mark returning from an excursion to another house. He relates a story of a fight that he has heard from someone he'd just met. 'Jamesy? That's Rachel's boyfriend innit?' Lee asks. He always seems the most interested in the scrapping sagas. Mark shakes his head, 'Nah, you know Fatman's piece, Tracy, it's her brother. He got a right wicked wrecking from Pacey'. I go into the kitchen where Michelle is making a sandwich. She offers me one. I ask her whether she doesn't miss a good Saturday night out, and she looks at me as if I've just cracked a joke. 'Nuh! You always end up borrowing to go out and when you get in a group out there, there's always some prick who wants to have a go. It's not worth it.' Michelle, whose ears seem to be operating on a different freqency from mine, shouts into the room, 'Jase, the baby's crying, go and see to her'. Jason goes upstairs without a moment's hesitation.

Michelle calls out to ask if anyone else wants a sandwich. She makes the order. Back in the room Tony is sitting with his head back and a silly smile on his face. He is oblivious to the other's jokes and just grins even more when he hears his name mentioned. We realise that it is only 10.45 and that there is a need to get more cans in. Lee says, 'We can go over the Dusty and get some there.' Again I volunteer to go and Jason warns laughingly that I should watch myself with Lee, 'He gets chopsy when he's had a few and he'll be wanting to fight the pub'. The Dusty

Forge is on the main road, the Cowbridge Road, which bisects the Ely estate. It's not that full when we get in there and there is a mixed age range. But there is an atmosphere, one of a sullen, suppressed drinker's nastiness that hangs about in the cigarette smoke and is underscored by the relative silence. Lee nods to a few younger drinkers and orders some take-outs, I give him some money and it's only then that I realise that I've got an idiot's goodwill smile on my face, whereas Lee's face is set into a watchful scowl. As are, I also notice, most of the faces of the drinkers in the pub.

As we walk out memories of the noise and sexual/alcoholic excitement of my youth that could be heard and tasted come back to me and I feel a wave of smug contentment. These are soon broken by the sounds of a scuffle outside the pub, all oophs and bumps and curses. Lee casts a glance at them but not too long. He tells me that it's just kids pissed up and not likely to be either dangerous or entertaining.

Later I glance at my watch and it's gone half past twelve and I'm quite merry. The others are either into another video, asleep or displaying a remarkable tolerance to drink and drugs. The images of a car screaming around a corner, careening off a parked car and then slicing through a crowded pavement sending pedestrians scattering everywhere reminds me that I haven't asked anyone about politics, raves, or riots which were going to be the core of this piece. Glancing around I feel the time has passed, probably was never there.

I am seen to the door and offered to be walked back, to be on the 'safe side', but I say thanks and decline. The air of suburban tranquillity clashes with the reality and the images of the night, but I remember it's Sunday morning and that Saturday has gone.

[Tony Sheppard is a freelance journalist working mainly for German television.]

FRANCE AND ANTI-AMERICANISM — Part Two

by Henri Astier

THE 1980s saw a sea-change in French political thinking: the USSR, which had long ceased to be a model but had benefited from a unilateral non-aggression pledge from the socialist left, was now seen as a totalitarian monster; NATO rearmament, not CSCE waffling, was perhaps the best protection after all; the communists' share of the electorate dropped to 10 per cent years before the Berlin Wall fell; Marxist analysis was discredited and the works of Friedrich Hayek and other long-ignored liberals were dusted off; 'third worldist' guilt was exposed in Pascal Bruckner's 1983 influential book *Le Sanglot de l'homme blanc*;[1] that same year the ruling socialists embraced fiscal restraint, monetary tightness, and market discipline with the zeal of new converts. In this intellectual climate, denouncing America's military or economic influence was no longer 'politically correct' in France.

French anti-Americanism, however, did not disappear: a die-hard survivor, it moved from the quicksands that had engulfed radical critique to the firmer terrain of cultural nationalism. For one century intellectuals of all persuasions had tended to view Americans as money-grubbing barbarians. After the Second World War many left-wing Frenchmen, like other progressives throughout Europe, felt that occupation of the Old World by legions of gum-chewing, Coca Cola-drinking hillbillies posed the threat of cultural subjection. As Paul Hollander notes, 'this cultural anti-Americanism ... has remained the most pronounced among the manifestations of French anti-Americanism, persisting even at a time when its political roots had atrophied'.[2]

Throughout the 1980s the man who led the French resistance to the United States' assault on European sophistication was Jack Lang. In a historic speech at the 1982 UNESCO conference in Mexico, the flamboyant culture minister denounced the invasion of pop songs, movies and TV serials from 'an immense empire of profit', calling for a 'real crusade against (...) this financial and intellectual imperialism which no longer grabs territory, or rarely, but grabs consciousness, ways of thinking, ways of living'.

Opposition to 'cultural imperialism' as the most vicious form of oppression is one of the many themes shared by anti-liberals at both ends of the ideological spectrum. The French authoritarian right, whose most recent avatar is the 'Nouvelle Droite' movement of the early 1980s, has always poured scorn on the relentless mediocrity of Western mercantile democracies. Its leader Alain de Benoist, writing in a 1982 issue of the movement's magazine, proclaimed 'decadence worse than dictatorship', and concluded that he couldn't think of a worse fate than 'having to spend the rest of (his) days eating hamburgers near Brooklyn'. Elsewhere he elaborated on the two forms of totalitarianism: 'the first, in the East, imprisons, persecutes, hurts the bodies; at least it leaves hope intact. The

other, in the West, creates robots happy to live in an air-conditioned hell. It kills the soul'. After Lang's Mexico speech, de Benoist paid a warm tribute to the culture minister, who 'may have pronounced the most important speech in contemporary history since de Gaulle's Pnom Penh address'.[3]

The idea that Racine and Debussy may be swept away by Ninja Turtles and Bon Jovi might seem outlandish, but it makes perfect sense if you entertain a healthy distrust of the market. As Marc Fumaroli pointed out in a recent essay,[4] Lang took to its logical conclusion the premise on which French cultural policy has been based for the past forty years: the State has a central role in keeping art alive. 'Seven more years and the disaster would have been complete,' Lang said after he became minister in 1981. 'Artistic activity would have been abandoned to the laws of the market'. To resuscitate the arts, which had been knocked into a coma by the law of profit, the new socialist government rushed them into intensive care by instantly doubling the ministry's budget.

Wide support for government action, not just to preserve the national heritage but also to support current creation, is attested by Lang's unflagging popularity throughout the 1980s. This general belief in a cultural role for the state explains in part why the phrase 'American culture' often sounds like an oxymoron to French ears. Of course, most people suspect that the Paris art market doesn't compare with New York's; many are aware of that city's wealth of museums (MOMA, Metropolitan, Guggenheim); some would not be surprised to hear that access to all sections of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington is free; the vital part played by American art foundations might even be acknowledged. But however rich American cultural life is proven to be, the fact that it is driven by private money places it beneath serious consideration. The United States, unlike France, does not maintain a national composer at the cost of 50 million francs a year[5]: this is enough, in the eyes of many, to brand Americans as philistines.

It is true that the French worship artists like Woody Allen, Clint Eastwood or Lou Reed, but these and other American cult figures in France are often viewed as exceptions, not as ambassadors of their culture. They tend to be loved despite, not because of, their nationality. It is also true that French intellectuals regularly expose common anti-American prejudices. Jean Daniel, editor of the left-of-centre *Nouvel Observateur*, was impressed by the sense of 'abundance, quality and freedom' he found during a visit to Harvard University. He also discovered 'documents on the Front Populaire that were impossible to find at the Bibliothèque Nationale'.[6] A French mediaevalist noted how, in a Detroit public library (open to everyone), she found a book she had not been able to trace at the Bibliothèque Nationale (restricted to people with a university degree). 'Nothing gives a better illustration of the narrowness of our cultural conceptions', she writes, 'and yet we are so proud of our reputation as a highly cultured people'.[7] That the brightest representatives of France's intellectual elite are regularly surprised to find a wealth of

readily available material in America shows the depth of French cultural prejudices.

These cultural prejudices strengthen political stereotypes. Vincent Auriol, the French president until 1954, wrote that 'Americans are naive, ignorant, and don't understand a thing'.[8] Today, many of his countrymen would agree that American presidents of the past half-century have included a backwater haberdasher, a four-star simpleton whose skills were confined to the golf course, a Texan rogue, a preachifying peanut-planter, and a dozing geriatric acting out wild-west fantasies. Generally, political life in the US is viewed in the same uncharitable light. The emphasis on majorettes and confetti by French media covering any American election promotes the idea of a contest between nonentities who do not begin to compare with the men of letters who rule France.

A recent issue of the trendy magazine *Actuel* is a catalogue of many common perceptions about American society and culture. The issue is tastefully entitled 'L'Amérique est-elle devenue complètement con?'[9] Judging from the silliness and bigotry exposed in article after article, the answer is clearly yes. But are *all* Americans completely mad? The editor, in all fairness, admits that 'ten million' are not. Who the members of this elite are, and on what criteria they have been elevated above the 96 per cent of Americans who deserve the epithet 'con', we are not told.

Neither are we told that every single one of these clichés is 'made in USA'. The myth of America as a cultural desert is widely accepted in United States literary and academic circles. The American writers that Jack Lang invited to the Sorbonne in 1983 to reflect on 'the role of culture in resolving the world's economic crisis' expressed their dismay at the lack of concern for the arts in Washington. 'In our country', said Susan Sontag, 'we don't have a Minister of Culture, and if we did we wouldn't have someone like Jack Lang. We'd have Clint Eastwood'.[10]

To be sure, the US Treasury does not share the French government's readiness to fly intellectuals across the Atlantic on Concorde and put them up at the Ritz. But the praise of Lang by the American participants at the Sorbonne meeting was based on principle rather than material interest: like him, they approve of State culture and object to commercialism. In a letter written to the *New York Times* after their return, four of these authors lambasted the TV series *Dallas* as 'a symbol of the sort of cultural levelling that leads to the overwhelming of local cultures by worldwide film and television distribution networks'.[11]

Denunciation of America's cultural influence is inseparable from criticism of American society, institutions, and policies. In France, critics have borrowed from two main sources: homegrown anti-industrial, authoritarian nationalism and the American anti-liberal campus radicalism of the 1960s. This latter trend, which has been kept alive by a vibrant 'adversarial' culture in America, originated all the themes reviewed so far — US policies as solely motivated by self-interest, exploitation of the Third World by multinationals, aggressive diplomacy, etc. While claiming to shield European minds from sub-standard foreign products, Lang and

other foes of 'American cultural imperialism' may have helped to promote and adapt for local consumption one of the United States' most dubious intellectual exports.

Psychological functions of anti-Americanism

French resentment of the United States is commonly explained by the pain of adjusting to a fall in rank. Ex-League champions often bear a grudge against the upstarts who have knocked them into second division, the argument goes. One may add that hostility is even more natural if the fallen stars owe their continued existence to the upstarts' money and coaching. There is something in all this, but many in European countries which were never world powers share the same hostility. All over Europe, the most fervent anti-Americans are found in the anti-colonialist left. Clearly, the urge to condemn the US involves deeper psychological mechanisms than frustration at loss of prestige.

The French writer who has described these mechanisms with most depth is Jean-François Revel. In *How Democracies Perish* (1983), a book written at a time of heightened East-West tension, he shows that the mental underpinnings of neutralist attitudes in Europe are fear and wishful thinking. Europeans, Revel argues, want to think that the USSR is a fundamentally peaceful power; the source of tension must then be in the Western camp. American intransigence was assumed to be the only obstacle to peace and those who pointed to Soviet aggressiveness were branded as paranoid cold-warriors. This view was reassuring, since American allies were much easier to deal with than Soviet enemies.[12]

Denial of unpleasant facts helps explain recurring instances of double standards, or indeed double-think, like de Gaulle's view of the United States as the main threat to France's independence (while knowing full well that Soviet troops were, as he put it in 1947, 'two legs of the Tour de France away from Strasbourg'), or the Europeans' strong objection to linking continued aid with Soviet good behaviour as originally agreed in Helsinki.[13] But if fear of the Red Army is a factor, it sheds a light only on opposition to Washington's diplomacy. It does not explain why Europeans, notably the French, like to think of America's institutions as oppressive and its people as self-righteous conformists.

In another book, Revel states that an important function of anti-Americanism is to 'comfort our feeling of intellectual and moral superiority'.[14] Some Europeans admittedly realize that Americans, far from being apathetic bumpkins, are inveterate debators of issues. They recognize the modern relevance of Tocqueville's observations about Jacksonian America in the 1830s: 'Hardly have you set foot on American soil, when you find yourself in the midst of a sort of tumult; a confused clamour rises from everywhere; one thousand voices reach you, each expressing some social needs'.[15] One hundred and sixty years later, anyone who switches on a television set or opens a newspaper in America won't have to wait long to see a critical report on health care, on racism in pop songs, homelessness, or any of the hundred issues that preoccupy the nation at that particular time.

This realization, however, will not shake a good European's sense of his or her intellectual superiority. This sense is so ingrained that any sign of intelligent debate in America will be seen as: (a) a commendable exception, and (b) a welcome indication that some Americans are willing to learn from Old World sophisticates. 'I saw industrialists, engineers and bankers react like Europeans', said Jean Daniel charitably. 'I heard sociologists and psychoanalysts question the consumer society and lack of values. Woody Allen has replaced David Rockefeller. This is a great sign of European health. This is a great sign of American decline'.[16]

'America', Revel suggests in *Ni Marx ni Jésus*, 'must be seen as a sick nation of racist dullards whose only hope lies in following Europe's lead'. This stops us from looking at ourselves and facing the painful truth: pogroms, the holocaust, the Moscow trials, totalitarianism throughout a whole continent — in short some of the worst atrocities in the history of mankind — happened in the past 80 years in Europe, not America. The presence of a monster across the Atlantic helps us forget our own demons.

On a less tragic level, a similar form of double-think is involved in our traditional vision of the political power of corporations in America. This cliché helps us dispose of another awkward fact: 'trusts' are much less safe in America than they are in Europe. While the busy-bodies of the Federal Trade Commission and the Justice Department, after breaking up AT&T and having a go at IBM, have set their sights on the software giant Microsoft, EEC governments, and the French more than most, protect their industries. This unabashed mollycoddling is widely accepted: the multi-billion-franc bail-out of Renault went unnoticed while loan guarantees to Chrysler (which did not cost a cent to the US taxpayer) created a furore. Judging from the web of regulations shielding many sectors from cars to computers to steel — even after the Single European Market — European groups are quite successful at getting the government on their side.[17] Yet, America is presented as the land of the almighty lobby.

French anti-Americanism works a little like the 'defence mechanisms' described by Freud: through various devices — denial, repression, etc. — the mind keeps the ugly inner pulsions from emerging into consciousness, while shielding the national ego from outward realities it cannot deal with. A country that hasn't come to terms with the unpleasantness of the Algerian conflict will delight in pointing out another's dirty war. A nation whose government hires and fires television bosses likes to look on American media as a collection of stolid boot-lickers, etc.

Once again, criticism of American people, government or firms is not in itself proof of anti-Americanism. Systematic and insistent blame, however, is the sign that this criticism has another function than pure analysis — it helps the critic feel good. It may also disguise pro-American behaviour. Like Freud's defence mechanisms — which do not prevent rational action — anti-Americanism works on a purely symbolic plane.

For all of Lang's UNESCO fulminations, no one ever suggested banning *Dallas* from French airwaves — for one thing, at the first missed episode the government would have had a riot on its hands.

Margaret Thatcher once told Ronald Reagan that the French can always be counted on when push comes to shove. The history of the past fifty years bears this out: the Atlantic pact owes almost as much to Georges Bidault as to Ernest Bevin and Robert Lovett. France has been a staunch NATO ally ever since; de Gaulle gave unwavering support to the American administration of the day during the dispute over the status of Berlin in 1958-9 and in the Cuban missile crisis. The French have often been at the forefront: they pioneered European integration (although they prefer to pretend the EC was designed to resist American power); Giscard d'Estaing, with the help of German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, played a key role in persuading a reluctant Carter team that NATO forces needed upgrading; Mitterrand's 1983 speech to the Bundestag provided crucial support for the deployment of Cruise and Pershing missiles. Time and again, on all important issues, the French have considered that their vital interests lie in solidarity with America.

France has been obstreperous only when it was safe to rebel. Even the most irksome gesture of all, the pull-out from NATO's military command in 1966, turned out to be largely symbolic. There was no question that in any war French troops would be part of an integrated command. Even more importantly, despite the talk of 'independent defence', no one was ever in any doubt as to which way French ballistic missiles were pointing — least of all the Soviets, who understandably insisted on counting French land-based missiles as part of the NATO nuclear arsenal.

Ultimately, the function of anti-Americanism in France and other European nations could be to conceal from the world and themselves how eagerly they are following America's lead. It might be that after having been pioneers in every field of human endeavour for five centuries, Europeans find it difficult to admit that they are now being led. In the military field Western Europe has owed its freedom to an outside power. The model its economy has thrived on for fifty years comes from America. Some claim 'social democracy' as a European improvement on the harsher American version but it remains a derivative. Furthermore, social democracy may work for rich countries, but it is not much use as a universal model of development, as the example of Brazil shows.[18] The American, liberal way to wealth creation is being adopted from China to Senegal, and has already borne fruits in South-East Asia and parts of Latin America.

The clothes we wear, the tools we use, the way we organise our work, what we do in our free time, even, as we have seen, our rejection of American values, have been pioneered in America. Japan's spectacular success, far from proving that the United States' leadership is eroding, shows the rewards of integrating and building on the American model. Anti-Americanism is perhaps the way some Europeans come to terms with this idea.

FOOTNOTES

1. *Le Sanglot de l'homme blanc, tiers-monde, culpabilité, haine de soi*, Paris: Seuil, 1983.
2. Paul Hollander, *Anti-Americanism*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992, pp.384-5.
3. Quoted in Jean-François Revel, *Comment les démocraties finissent*, Paris: Grasset, pp.33-34.
4. Marc Fumaroli, *L'Etat culturel, essai sur une religion moderne*, Paris: de Fallois, 1991.
5. Pierre Boulez' IRCAM/ensemble intercomtemporain received the equivalent of about £6 million in government subsidies in 1992. François de Closets, *Tant et Plus*, Paris: Grasset, 1992, especially chapter 5: 'L'Etat chef d'orchestre'.
6. *Le Reflux américain*, special issue of the review *Faire*, Paris: Seuil, 1980, p.111.
7. Régine Pernoud, *Pour en finir avec le Moyen-Age*, Paris: Seuil, 1977, p.42.
8. Quoted in Alfred Grosser, *Les Occidentaux*, Paris: Seuil, 1978, p.139.
9. *Actuel*, March 1992. The title could be loosely translated as 'Has America gone bloody crazy?'.
10. Hollander, *Anti-Americanism*, p.385. Hollander's book is a remarkable study of the 'adversarial' culture in the US and of its worldwide influence.
11. Bishop, Mailer, Sontag, Styron. Letter to *The New York Times*, 27.2.1983.
12. *Comment les démocraties finissent*, chapter 5: 'La peur de savoir'.
13. After the invasion of Afghanistan and the coup in Poland, demanding that the USSR respect the Helsinki accords was seen as aggressive. Europeans, however, still considered themselves committed to offering cheap loans to Moscow. In early 1982, French Premier Pierre Mauroy said that suspending credits to the USSR would be 'an act of war'.
14. *Ni Marx ni Jésus*, Paris: Robert Faffont, 1970, 'Bouquins' edition, 1986, p.78.
15. *De la Démocratie en Amérique*, Robert Laffont, 'Bouquins' edition, 1986, p.235.
16. *Le Reflux américain*, p.114.
17. For an account of the activity of French industrial pressure groups: Jean-Dominique Giuliani, *Marchands d'Influence, les Lobbies en France*, Paris: Seuil, 1991.
18. Brazil has one of the most advanced social legislations — on paper. A Brazilian finance minister used a pithy formula to sum up his country's woes: 'a Swedish welfare system based on a Mozambican economy'.

MALAYSIA: DASH FOR ECONOMIC GROWTH

by Keith Suter

MALAYSIA is one of the Super Seven. Hong Kong, Indonesia, Singapore, South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand and Malaysia are all nations that have transformed themselves in recent years from Third World status by setting international records for economic growth.

Malaysia has stopped being a low-income, low-production-cost developing country, making cheap plastic items. It has, for example, become the world's leading exporter of computer chips and is the third largest producer of semi-conductors after Japan and the US. In 1991, Malaysia was the world's 24th top exporting nation.

Indeed, Malaysia and the other Super Seven challenge the usefulness of the term 'Third World'.

The United Nations Development Programme now publishes a *Human Development Report*. It uses a system which is more sophisticated than just GNP to compare nations. Human development is defined to include also longevity, knowledge and decent living standards. The 1991 edition lists 160 nations, divided into three categories: high human development, medium human development and low human development. (Taiwan is not listed because of its unclear legal status, vis-à-vis China.) Fifty-three nations are in the first category, which is headed by Japan, with the UK at 11 and Malaysia at 52. (Hong Kong comes in at 25, South Korea at 35 and Singapore at 37.)

Even more significant is the survey of changes in the Human Development Index over time. This is a comparison between 1970 and 1985. All six eligible nations of the Super Seven are in the top 24 nations indicating the extent of their progress, with Malaysia at number 2 position (and the UK at 60). In other words, the Super Seven are closing the gap between themselves and the 'developed nations'.

Indeed, in conversations with Malaysian officials, I get the impression that the movement is two-way: not only is Malaysia moving up but the UK is slipping down. The UK has lost its sense of direction. It has no collective vision of where it wants to go. For example, the UK is ambivalent towards membership of the European Community but has no clear alternative to it. The UK is drifting.

Malaysia, by contrast, is charging ahead. *Vision 2020* is the latest strategic document. According to Dato' Seri Dr. Mahathir Mohamad, the Prime Minister, the aim is that by the year 2020 'Malaysia can be a united nation, with a confident Malaysian society, infused by strong moral and ethical values, living in a society that is democratic, liberal and tolerant, caring, economically just and equitable, progressive and prosperous, and in full possession of an economy that is competitive, dynamic, robust and resilient'.

Malaysia has come a long way. The territories making up Malaysia were an ancient crossroad of South-East Asia. Islam arrived centuries ago.

The Chinese arrived in the 15th century (if not before), the Portuguese in the early 16th century, the Dutch in the 17th and the British in the 18th.

In 1819 Stamford Raffles arrived from the London offices of the British East India Company. He was instructed to look after trade between the port of Malacca (on Malaysia's west coast) and Sumatra (in present-day Indonesia). He decided that Singapore, at the southern end of the Malacca Straits, was a better location for business and so he bought the island from its sultan. Singapore became the greatest port in Asia and the British brought in Chinese and Indians to look after the commerce.

The British Empire in Asia was not created on the basis of some grand master plan — the rationalization for the empire came later, once the British realized they had acquired one. Instead, the empire was often built up from commercial agreements with local rulers. For example, Raffles bought Singapore and James Brooke acquired Sarawak in 1841 from the rajah. The flag followed trade.

The British had no ambition to create an empire of Britons. The French, by contrast, sought to convert colonial people into French citizens and so the French influence is far more obvious today in their former colonies. The British had more limited aspirations, for example, local rulers were often left in place providing they pledged loyalty to the crown.

Malaya became independent in 1957. In 1963 the Federation of Malaysia was formed from Malaya, Sabah and Sarawak. Singapore was part of the Federation but left in 1965 because it believed that the government was not doing enough to create a multi-racial nation. Singapore has done very well on its own — and has tended to look down on the more slow-moving Malaysia. Malaysia is now trying to catch up with Singapore's growth rate.

Malaysia's dash for economic growth is based on the following ideas: diversification of its narrow manufacturing base; diversification of its export markets; strengthening of its industrial capabilities; moving from simple, assembly-type, labour-intensive operations to higher value-added production; and introducing advanced technology into all areas operations.

It has extensive raw materials. It is the world's largest exporter of palm oil, natural rubber, tropical timber, and a leading world exporter of cocoa beans and pepper. It has recognized, however, that its greatest raw material is its people and so education is given a high priority.

The government — although it talks about privatization and deregulation — still sees a key role for itself in the economy. Indeed, it sees no contradiction between explaining the advantages of private enterprise and yet also setting out the national goals and directions in the *Vision 2020* statement. It has had a set of rolling national economic plans for over two decades. The government has created a partnership between itself and industry.

Is Malaysia going to match its target set out in *Vision 2020*?

First, Malaysia's economic growth very much depends on Japan's economic growth. Japan's GNP accounts for 70 per cent of the total GNP of Asia. Japan's stock market plunged in 1990 and Japan is now in a recession. The Super Seven have managed to keep going — but a great

deal depends on the continued length and depth of the Japanese recession.

A related concern is the growth in protectionism. Malaysia and the rest of the Super Seven are heavily geared towards producing for the export market. But they run the risk of being shut out of markets in the US and western Europe.

Second, there is a risk that Malaysia's economy could overheat. For example, it has a labour shortage and there are perhaps as many as 200,000 Indonesians working illegally in Malaysia. A dash for economic growth — as the Chinese are finding out — can create bottlenecks in the supply system and can trigger inflation. Additionally, an inflationary increase in Malaysia's labour costs could mean, ironically, that its exports may be undercut from developing countries with lower labour costs, such as Sri Lanka.

Third, beneath the veneer of a multi-racial Malaysia, there are pressures building up. Malays ('Bumiputera' — sons of the soil) constitute about 60 per cent of the population of about 19 million people. The economically dominant Chinese are about 30 per cent of the population and Indians about 9 per cent. The main two communities clashed violently in 1969 and hundreds of people were killed in the capital, Kuala Lumpur.

Since independence each prime minister has reaffirmed the special status for Malays — which is what triggered the predominantly Chinese Singapore to pull out of Malaysia in 1965. For example, in September 1986 the present prime minister said 'The Malays did not struggle for independence only to be the poorest group in the country'. Malays therefore receive special privileges in getting into university and the civil service, and Malay companies get privileged status when tendering for government contracts.

Malays of Chinese descent resent the pro-Malay discrimination. The Chinese play a key role in the economies of many Asian nations. The Chinese financial networks run from Shanghai to San Francisco, from Guangzhou to Malacca and have evolved over the centuries. The state has traditionally been weak in China itself; in numerous parts of South-East Asia, where the Chinese dominate business, the Chinese have often felt they would not get a square deal from the state, so they have tended to operate through informal, family-based networks. The Malaysian government has to be careful not to alienate the Chinese wealth — or else it could go elsewhere.

A related concern is the growth of fundamentalist Islam, most notably in Kelantan where the state government is determined to introduce Islamic law. Most Malays are not Moslem fanatics and the more moderate ones are worried about what religious extremism could do to Malaysia's social fabric and its international image. The national government is having to balance the latter considerations with reconciling the upsurge of fundamentalist Islam.

Fourth, there is the problem of not trying to introduce too many changes too quickly. The prime minister had a well publicized confrontation in late 1992/early 1993 with the hereditary rulers. The sultans every five years elect one of their number to be the King. Malaysia, at state and

federal level, is a constitutional monarchy, with sultans enjoying — some might say abusing — great privileges. Dr. Mahathir is the nation's first prime minister not to be related to a sultan. He has tried to bring them under the rule of parliament.

The prime minister's problem is that by tradition the sultans are the protectors of the Malay culture and Islam. They have great support, particularly in rural areas. The prime minister is putting the nation through a great deal of change and the sultans represent a link back to a more settled past. In early 1993, the sultans backed down — at least for the moment.

Fifth, there is Malaysia's security situation. The nation is currently in a secure military position. The communist rebellion, which began in 1948, has dwindled away and, indeed, communism is very much out of favour in most of this region (except for North Korea). The Association for South East Asian Nations (ASEAN) was formed in 1967 and contains Brunei, Indonesia, Malaysia, Philippines, Singapore and Thailand. It was largely held together in the 1970s and 1980s by a common concern over communism. The hope is that it will continue to grow in influence and be converted into some equivalent of the European Community. Its membership could also in due course be expanded to include Burma, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam.

A less optimistic view is that without the common glue of opposition to communism to hold them together, ASEAN nations could develop their own tensions. There are, for example, disputed borders throughout the ASEAN region. Singapore is also concerned about the growth of fundamentalist Islam, especially in Malaysia and Indonesia (the world's most populous Moslem nation). Most of the ASEAN nations are increasing their defence expenditure — a reaction to the US's declining role in the region and a reflection of the fact that they have the money to carry out the purchases. There is the risk of local arms races.

Finally, there is the fate of the rainforest. Early Europeans recorded how much of the colony was covered with lush forest — very different from their own continent. Rainforest logging is now a major industry — and the most notorious aspect of the nation's economic development. The rapid depletion of the rainforest has angered conservationists at home and abroad — and has made life difficult for the native peoples of the forests. Even the great-grandson of James Brooke (Anthony, the last rajah prior to independence, who now lives in retirement in New Zealand) has joined the campaign. He has requested the Sarawak government to stop the logging.

To conclude, Malaysia has embarked upon a dramatic dash for economic growth. It is growing faster each year than the UK has ever managed to achieve. But this is being done at great social and environmental cost.

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THE GREAT AGE OF BRITISH WATERCOLOURS 1750-1880

by David Peet

'OH, you are quite a lady, Miss Jane!' Thus was Jane Eyre elevated in Bessie's eyes, on the strength of a couple of waltzes and a 'landscape in watercolours' over the chimney piece. There were three hundred paintings at the Royal Academy in an exhibition entitled 'The Great Age of British Watercolours 1750-1880', conceived by Andrew Wilton, Keeper of the British Collection at the Tate Gallery, and sponsored by Martini & Rossi Ltd., and together they showed the immense range of a medium frequently dismissed as a pastime for provincial governesses and the 'superabundance of bored young ladies requiring drawing masters'.

The art of the period which is the subject of this exhibition falls roughly into three phases. During the first period — artists born in the first quarter of the eighteenth century — the painters' techniques developed from monochromatic wash in bistre indian and other inks through brown foregrounds and blue backgrounds (a common technique borrowed from the Netherlands) to more subtle gradations of tints. The subject matter developed from commissions, such as those carried out by Hollar for Lord Arundel, to painting topography for pleasure and also producing imaginary scenes. In the latter field, Alexander Cozens was the great innovator. His experiments in landscape are often based on the sketches which he made during a trip to Italy, but the boundaries between the actual and the imaginary are blurred. 'A Rocky Island', painted about 1785, shows how he developed his technique, a principle no different from that of Turner fifty years later, although Cozens's use of colour is merely an extension of the drawing and monochrome wash technique of his time. His method, according to one observer, was to mark his paper with 'accidentally large blots and loose flourishes', from which he would develop his forms and ideas.

In England, the recognition of watercolour as a medium came through the efforts of Paul Sandby, a co-founder of the Royal Academy in 1769. Sandby was an eclectic and not exclusively a painter in watercolour, and his approach was very different from that of Cozens, developed as it was through Sandby's experience as a draughtsman to the Ordnance Survey. Gainsborough recommended Sandby to a client who wanted a landscape as 'the only Man of Genius . . . who has employed his pencil that way' — he was accurate but poetic, and his unpretentious style was highly influential for many years. It is instructive to compare the Cozens works with Sandby's 'Windsor — The Curfew Tower' of 1865, in which the meticulous drawing is shaded out with neutral wash before the colour is finally applied.

Landscape, it should be observed at this point, was a word only recently introduced into the English language. In 1606 Henry Peacham noted in his 'Art of Drawing' that 'landtskip' was a Dutch term, a comment repeated

in Norgate's 'Miniatura' — 'Landscape, an art soe new in England, and so lately come ashore, as all the language in our fower seas cannot find it a name, but a borrowed one — the Dutch'.

Two important treatises were published in or shortly after 1770. 'The Art of Drawing and Painting in Watercolour' was the first practical work on the subject which dealt with the techniques and materials employed, and rules of composition and taste were set out in a poem 'On Landscape Painting' composed by the Revd. William Gilpin, who suggested *inter alia* that enthusiasm for nature must be tempered by study of its details and that harmony of the parts of a picture should determine the character of the whole. Gilpin also published guides to the English countryside, which rapidly became the Bible of the Picturesque, a movement which Sydney Smith summed up in his comment 'the parson's horse is beautiful, the curate's horse is picturesque'.

Topographical recording was not confined to England. The very portable nature of the materials used in watercolour painting made it an ideal medium for those travelling abroad on the Grand Tour to record their impressions of foreign places and events. The great patrons demanded not only views of Italy, but also of the newly-fashionable Switzerland. When Richard Chandler mounted his expedition to Asia Minor, he took with him the painter William Pars, who later went to Switzerland and Italy with Lord Palmerston. The alpine views which resulted from that journey were shown at the Royal Academy in 1771, and were the means of introducing the Alps to public taste. The clear light which plays over 'The Ruins of the Port of Aegina' of 1766 reveals much detail, but handled in such a way that the result does not seem unduly cluttered.

When Pars was in Rome there were several other English artists who formed a small community there. John 'Warwick' Smith was a protégé of the Earl of Warwick, who had sent the painter to study in Rome in 1776 and maintained him there for five years. With Pars and Cozens, Thomas Jones and Francis Towne, he went on sketching expeditions throughout middle Italy. On one outing near Naples, Jones had just remarked of the landscape that it only needed some bandits to liven it up: on turning the corner the group encountered 'three ugly looking fellows dressed in the fantastic garb of the Sbirri di Campagna, with long knives, cutting up a dead jackass . . .', whereupon the timid Towne fled.

Towne's visit to Switzerland and Italy in 1780-1 produced his strongest work — nothing which he did later matched the sharply observed alpine scenes to be seen in for example 'The Head of Lake Geneva' and such Italian visions as 'Rome — Gateway of the Villa Ludovisi'. His pen and pencil outlines were carefully but not overwhelmingly etched, and filled out with flat colour washes. Combined with his ability to frame a subject and to pare down the detail to the bare essentials, his paintings have a remarkable force. Another painter much influenced by Sandby, Michael 'Angelo' Rooker, employed a toning-down of colour which seems at first sight to be a reversion to the monochromatic washes of the earlier styles, but in his case is a carefully controlled exploitation of muted tonal

values — compare 'Entrance to a Park', where detailed trees frame an empty centre, with the distant building only hinted at, with 'Gatehouse to Battle Abbey', in which the same framing technique is employed, but here leading to a fully worked-out focus.

Differentiation of colour marked the work of the second generation of painters born between 1725 and 1760 such as J. R. Cozens and Thomas Gainsborough. John Robert Cozens, the son of Alexander, was the outstanding figure of this period. He had visited Italy in 1776, and went again in 1782 in the train of the eccentric William Beckford, during which tour he produced the two exhibited paintings of the Great Temples at Paestum. Gainsborough was less interested in reproducing existing scenes than depicting landscape in a free and subjective way — his sketchy style was the antithesis of the Dutch realistic approach which he thought ununsuitable in this field.

The end wall of Gallery Four juxtaposes three mighty originals — Blake, Palmer and Martin. William Blake was not much appreciated by his contemporaries, and his extraordinary imagination found few admirers until the efforts of Swinburne and Rossetti brought his visionary works to the attention of a wider public. He was solidly grounded in all techniques, although he found that engraving and etching were better adapted to expressing his ideas than oil or watercolour. 'Homer and the Ancient Poets' shows him as the historic painter who had studied Michaelangelo (through engravings) and mediaeval sculpture, and his sinuous drawing and subtle colouring produce an ethereal picture.

Samuel Palmer was an admirer of Blake, although, unlike Blake, his technical facility and fertility of imagination were greater in his earlier period. He produced ravishing work while at Shoreham, a then obscure Kent village, in which visionary years he wished to depict 'earth spiritualised'. 'The Bright Cloud' and 'Moonlit Scene with a Winding River' paraphrase the 'mystic and dreamy glimmer' which he found in Blake's works. The glaring orange of 'Harvesters by Firelight' from the Mellon Collection in Washington is startling by contrast, and is perhaps an unfortunate inclusion since scholarly doubts have recently been cast on its attribution. 'A Towered City' in Room Six is from a later period, and is more calculated in its effects (it was an exhibition work) but rich with applied textures.

John Martin specialised in epic panoramic pieces, in which figures are dwarfed by the immense land — and sea — scapes against which the painter sets them. 'The Destruction of Pharaoh's Host' is hugely ambitious in scope and stunning in execution.

In contemplating the work of these three giants, we should pause to consider the difficulties which artists of this period encountered in handling their materials. They mixed their own colours (their recipes usually kept very closely guarded secrets), and relied on repetition of successful experiments for the consistency of their output, until colour makers like Reeve started to produce more reliable paints commercially. Paper too was a problem — most were inadequate to handle the delicate effects inherent in

the watercolour techniques, papers often being under- or over-absorbent and uneven through single sheets yielding patchy results. In time great improvements were introduced by paper-makers like Watman, whose efforts put at the disposal of the artistic community in England better basic materials than were available to fellow-painters abroad.

Watercolours were widely exhibited from about 1760 onward, appearing regularly at the Society of Artists of Great Britain. However, in the early years of the nineteenth century, many painters in watercolours became dissatisfied with their treatment at the Royal Academy. They complained that that institution was so obsessed with the medium of oil that their contributions were always hung badly, and that the rules of the Academy prevented anyone who did not paint almost exclusively in oils from becoming an Academician. Getting no satisfaction from the Academy, they set up in 1804 the Society of Painters in Water Colours, which held its first exhibition in the following year. Its success brought a number of imitators — the exclusivity of the new Society led to the formation of the Associated Artists in Water Colour in 1807, and when the latter reformed in 1832 as the 'New Society of Painters in Miniature and Watercolours' the original group became known as the 'Old Watercolour Society'.

The leading lights of the Old Society — Cristall, Glover, Barrett and Varley — were well represented in the exhibition. Joshua Cristall, who is considered to be one of the most original figures in the group, was an accomplished draughtsman who included more figures in his landscapes than most of his contemporaries. It is instructive to compare 'The Groves of Accademia — Plato Teaching', all muted tones and relaxed, natural human figures, with 'Nymphs and Shepherds Dancing'. The latter is much more heavily worked, the colours richer and the dancers more stiffly posed. His attention to detail is typical of the painters in this group, and he made many studies of nature, such as the 'Study of a Beech Tree Stem' which dated from 1803. Cristall served as President to the Old Society three times between 1816 and 1831, but left the mainstream of developments when he went to live in the Wye Valley for twenty years.

John Glover's major contribution to the history of watercolour was a technical invention — a method of splitting a brush into a multitude of fine points, by which detail of foliage and water effects could be produced with minimal effort (an artificial approach which Constable condemned). His finished paintings are apt to be characterised by a rather niggling effect, and the frequent description of him as 'the English Claude' should better be applied to George Barrett, whose drawing was freer and whose affinity with Claude rather more obvious. John Varley was much in demand as a teacher, and contributed pictures in great quantity to the Old Society's exhibitions, a quantity which enables one to perceive that his work was somewhat mechanical and repetitive, although never less than competently put together.

John Sell Cotman was an outsider who applied to become a Member of the Old Society in 1806 and was rejected. Granted associate status in 1825, he never became a full Member. He was a native of Norwich, and

returned there after a struggling existence in London as a young unknown. He made three visits to Yorkshire in 1803-5, which inspired him to produce some of his best work. 'The Drop Gate, Duncombe Park' and 'Greta Bridge' both exhibit his individual techniques which he summed up in his advice to his son — 'Draw sternly and true, leave out but add nothing'. Much is left out of 'Bedlam Furnace', but the impressionistic wash which results succeeds in conveying a remarkable amount of detail.

Cotman was a member of the Norwich Society of Artists, founded by John Crome in 1803 to 'meet and talk about art or anything else'. Exhibitions started in 1805, and the talents of some three generations of local artists are generally known as the Norwich School of painters. Like the London-based Societies, there were differences of opinion, leading in this case to a short-lived secession in 1816. The last exhibition was in 1833 — a remarkable achievement for a provincial Society to have lasted thirty years through the period of the Napoleonic Wars, not matched by other similar groups in much richer towns and cities.

Also hung here at the Royal Academy is 'A Shady Lane, Tunbridge Wells' by John Middleton, the youngest and possibly the most talented member of the Norwich School. In his watercolour work Middleton painted in light broad washes far removed from the contemporary Victorian taste for overloaded detail, and his piece, dating from 1847, now looks remarkably modern.

The third generation of painters liberated watercolour from linear drawing, a new freedom visible particularly in the work of Thomas Girtin and Joseph Mallord William Turner (and their younger contemporaries such as Bonington). Girtin and Turner were born in the same year, 1775, knew each other well as young men and were both pupils and protégés of Dr. Thomas Monro, a physician who was also a talented painter and a connoisseur. He gathered round him a wide circle of young talents known as the 'Munro Boys', who learned the ropes by making copies of their patron's vast collection of old masters. Girtin and Turner worked together at first, the former drawing the outlines and the latter colouring them in, but soon their paths diverged. Girtin quickly made his individuality of style clear in his application of small details to large washes of colour, evoking vividly the atmosphere of smoke above townscapes and the haze of distance in landscapes.

Turner took longer to establish his unique style — he dispensed with the drawing of outlines and the by-now customary grey underwash, treating his subjects with extraordinary freedom. He travelled widely and often, and by the time of his visit to Italy in 1819 his pictures fused colour light and space into a whole expressive of the inner reality rather than the surface appearance.

A number of new members revitalised the Old Society in 1810-12, and rescued it from the 'brownish Claudian rut into which it was falling' (in Graham Reynolds's trenchant phrase). Outstanding among these was Peter de Wint who, with Copley Fielding and David Cox, dominated the scene for the next twenty years. Peter de Wint was one of the 'Monro Boys',

and in that patron's collection found and admired the work of Girtin. His inspiration was the flat landscape of Lincolnshire, not favoured by other painters of his day or in his field, but perhaps attracting him because of his Dutch ancestry. He had a long career, during which his style changed very little (which makes his pictures hard to date), but it is unmistakable through his use of rich colours on a full brush, and his use of the knife to scrape out highlights while the colour was still wet.

David Cox also used full brushes with rich colours, but his effects are more sketchy — his contemporaries noted a 'careless haste' in his work. He favoured rough paper in which hollows sparkled with light, and flecks of material could be turned to advantage, especially in landscapes where Cox noted: 'I just put wings to them and then they fly away as birds'. His 'Landscape with Sunset' leaves half the paper uncoloured, with striking effect.

Copley Fielding dominated more by position (he was President of the Old Society for 25 years) and productivity (he presented 1,671 drawings to the Society during his 54 year membership) than through any great originality of technique or imagination. When his wife fell ill, he took her to Brighton to recuperate, and from that time fell in love with the sea, producing more seascapes than any of his fellow artists.

Although he died at the early age of twenty-seven, the French-trained Richard Parkes Bonington was a major figure in all fields — he specialised in a luminosity which was rarely equalled by his contemporaries and his effects were much admired by Corot. After his first exhibition in London in 1826 the *Literary Gazette* was ecstatic — '... here are pictures which would grace the foremost name in landscape art. Sunshine, perspective, vigour, a fine sense of beauty in disposing of colours...'. His crisp brushwork and spontaneity is evident in 'Paris from Père Lachaise' and 'Verona, Castelbanco Tomb'. His influence was far-reaching, noticeably in 'Pavilion de Flore' by Thomas Shotter Boys and the exhibited works of Callow and Scarlett Davies.

Whistler was a very cosmopolitan figure — American-born, he was brought up in Russia and then educated at West Point Military Academy. After studying art in Paris he settled in England and was then elected to the Society of British Artists in 1884, becoming its President three years later. He drew this analogy between painting and music in his 'Ten o'clock Lecture' in 1885:

> 'Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. The artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science those elements, that the result may be beautiful — as the musician gathers his notes and forms his chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony...'

William Gilpin, in the poem 'On Landscape Painting' referred to earlier, concludes that finished work should be exhibited so that it could be judged impartially by men of taste. In the recent Royal Academy exhibition Gallery 6 collected together a substantial quantity of work

painted specifically to be exhibited. Much of it is disappointingly heavy and overworked compared with the pictures in the previous five rooms — the evident intention was to make these works resemble oils and the overworking loses the informality, spontaneity and luminosity which is so much the hallmark of watercolour techniques. In this room there were several works by John Frederick Lewis, who was praised by Edward Lear for his 'exquisite and conscientious workmanship'. He spent ten years in Cairo observing the eastern scene, and 'The Hareem' was a huge public success when it was shown at the Old Society in 1850. It was hailed as a new departure for watercolour painting, in that the transparency of the medium was reduced by mixing Chinese white with the pigments to make them opaque, With his refined and delicate brush-strokes, Lewis was able to produce minutely detailed effects quite the opposite of the breadth of vision of such predecessors at Cotman and Girtin and so helped to bring the traditions of watercolour into a new age.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Thames and Hudson have published *The Great Age of British Watercolours* by Andrew Wilton and Anne Lyles, (ISBN: 3-7913-1254-5). Although this book is intended to accompany the Royal Academy's Exhibition, its lucid introduction and wealth of illustrations will long make it a valuable work for anyone interested in British Art. The short biographical entries on the artists are excellent. This exhibition will be at the National Gallery of Art in Washington until 25 July. Anyone planning to see it there would be well advised to read this splendid book before they go.

The July number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Manufacturing in the UK: the Long Way Back?* by Mark Cook and *An Elizabethan Ghost Goes West* by Francis Edwards.

THACKERAY THE SENTIMENTAL SCEPTIC

by Donald Bruce

OPPRESSED as he was by his sense of a lost past and a solitary present spent in either defeat or disillusion, W. M. Thackeray was readily attracted by whatever was stable in an age of uncertainty. Although there is little distinct landscape in his novels, and even in his travel books his response to scenery is largely anecdotal, his heart warms to the substantially unchanging streets, each having its own social tradition, of such places as London, Brighton and Paris. Like his cockney excursionist in *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray is 'a lover of human nature rather than of prospects of any kind'.[1] In spite of that, Thackeray remains a poet and a scholar of the urban scene. He is acute in the distinctions implied by different London addresses: between Becky Sharp's Brompton and Amelia Sedley's Fulham, geographically adjoining suburbs, but socially quite disparate. Nobody understood better than Thackeray the dividing line drawn through London by Regent Street and its continuations. To the west of the line lived the four or five hundred people who constituted fashionable society in 1847.[2]

The opposition of western to eastern London is as marked in Thackeray's novels as it is in Restoration Comedy. Like the hero of a play by Congreve, Rawdon Crawley exclaims of George Osborne, whom he is modishly bilking at cards, 'Hang these City fellows, they must bleed; and I've not done with him yet, I can tell you' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 14). Major Pendennis, although he has lived in London for much of his life, cannot find his way to a district so unfashionable as the Temple and, when he is forced to go there, sends his manservant to plot a route for him (*Pendennis*, chapter 29).

Thackeray never moved into patrician Mayfair, although he did reside immediately north of it in Albion Street and a little south of it in Jermyn Street; which is appropriate to his position as a social commentator. He observes Mayfair from a distance, not as an admirer but as a spy. He belongs to neither high life nor to low. As he claims, he 'is just as familiar with Newgate as with the palaces of our revered aristocracy, and has seen the outside of both' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 6). He settled in the remote purlieus of Kensington, haunted as it was by the ghosts of the late Stuarts who had cast such a spell over him. It is true that he is more in sympathy, although it is a teasing sympathy, with Major Pendennis and Rawdon Crawley than with James Yellowplush or the Mosses of Wardour Street. He identifies himself with Henry Esmond and Arthur Pendennis, certainly; but also with the humbly born artist John James Ridley, in whose person he once planned to write a novel (Ray II,p.265). Thackeray's mightiest aristocrat, the Marquis of Steyne, also lives outside Mayfair, in one of the squares north of Oxford Street, as if as scornful as Thackeray himself of such foolish demarcations. He and Thackeray are wilful outsiders in their contempt for mere fashion.

London was important to Thackeray as providing a firm setting, at least, for his flitting mutabilities: London as Colonel Newcome witnessed it between two disappointed retreats to India, where he was supporting London's opulence, on a summer evening at five o'clock:

> Horses under the charge of men in red jackets are pacing up and down St. James's Street. Cabmen on the stand are regaling with beer. Gentlemen with grooms behind them pass towards the Park (*Newcomes*, chapter 6).

More place-names become evocative. The impoverished paterfamilias vacates his house in Harley Street and subsides into lodgings in Pentonville or Kensington, yet finds that his neighbours respect him more in those outlying districts: 'If I cannot be first in Piccadilly, let me try Hatton Garden, and see whether I cannot lead the *ton* there' (*Newcomes*, chapter 9). But these traditions and associations do not last forever. Certain districts become fashionable or unfashionable. Thackeray contemplates the decline, in Victorian times, of such quarters as Portland Place and Bedford Square, and compares their downfall to that of conquered cities in India — Agra, Benares and Lucknow — where shahs and sultans once ruled (*Newcomes*, chapter 8). The Hon. Frederick Deuceace's house in Curzon Street is bought out of his savings by Miss Crawley's former butler, Raggles, who rents it to Miss Crawley's disinherited nephew, Rawdon. Major Pendennis's valet enriches himself by extortionate money-lending and becomes his master's landlord by acquiring the house in which Major Pendennis lodges.

Thackeray views such changes of ownership as evidence of the shift of power from land-owners to financiers: these transactions are signs of the erosion of an old order. The financiers had been quietly gaining an ascendancy for more than two centuries, as Thackeray's Bayhams and Warringtons well knew. In 1851, the year before the publication of *Henry Esmond*, the national income from industry and trade was more than twice that from landed property.[3] As George Warrington, Henry Esmond's descendant, rightly although boastfully tells the banker Barnes Newcome, George's ancestor drank claret 'and wore a motto round his leg long before a Newcome showed his pale face in Lombard Street' (*Newcomes*, chapter 36). Not until the Victorian period, which Thackeray deplores as a combination of insolence and bankruptcy among the great folk and cringing and flattery among the small, did plutocracy take the place, beyond question, of aristocracy (*Christmas Books:* 'The Kicklebury's on the Rhine'). Jeames de la Pluche, called James Yellowplush in his days as a footman, makes a fortune by investing in railway shares and, as a result, becomes the patron of the Earl of Bareacres and his family. Lord Bareacres offers Jeames his daughter in marriage on the understanding that Jeames will pay off her brother's debts. Although 'as proud as Lucifer', Lord Bareacres endures Jeames's familiarities: 'I call him, "Bareacres, my old buck!" and I see him wince. It does my 'eart good' (*The Yellowplush Correspondence*, chapter 24). 'Our higher orders,' Thackeray explains, 'are not such mere haughty aristocrats as the ignorant represent them: on the contrary, if a man has money they will hold out their hands to him, eat his dinners, dance at his balls, marry his daughters' (*Pendennis*, chapter 38). Old-fashioned Colonel Newcome greets the

swindler Rummun Loll with extreme haughtiness but later ruins himself by loyalty to him. The facile people of the world of fashion prostrate themselves to Loll for as long as they believe him to be wealthy. The men make themselves sick smoking hookahs with him. Their daughters hang over him, their blonde ringlets brushing his shoulders. 'By Gad,' exclaims Barnes Newcome, 'a fellow who's rich in London may have the pick of any gal' (*Newcomes*, chapter 8).

The process of social subsidence and replacement has curious effects. The haughty but impoverished House of Bareacres vainly tries to come to terms with the Industrial Revolution. The upper crust is crumbling: the masters depend on their former servitors. Major Pendennis is driven from the lodgings he has occupied for fifteen years by his valet, now his landlord. The Earl of Bareacres is waited upon by bailiffs persuaded to dress in livery (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 32). Mr. van der Bosch of New York puts Henry Esmond's Virginian estate in order (*Virginians*, chapter 72). Miss Higg of Manchester, whom the Prince de Moncontour has married for her money, sits up, uneasy in her curl-papers, and stares in alarm into the immense looking glass built into the canopy of her Louis XVI bed (*Newcomes*, chapter 46).

Thackeray presents two generations of the nineteenth century nobility. The Regency generation, to which the Marquis of Steyne and his sister, the Countess of Kew, belong, is for the most part depraved but clever, or at least sly. Lady Kew, 'tramping about in her grim pursuit of pleasure', is one of Thackeray's most exactly observed characters:

> And Lady Kew, advancing in the frankest manner, with a smile, I must own, rather awful playing round her many wrinkles, round her ladyship's hooked nose, and displaying her ladyship's teeth (a new and exceedingly handsome set), held out her hand (*Newcomes*, chapter 24).

Lady Kew is so gracious here because she is bent on mischief.

The Victorian generation is also for the most part depraved, but stupid too. Between Viscount Colchicum and the Marquis of Farintosh there has been a marked diminution of wit. The Victorian generation is generally poorer, partly through its dullness and sloth, than the Regency one. Lord Steyne frankly tells his daughter-in-law, Lady Gaunt, who is the daughter of the Earl of Bareacres, when she refuses to meet Becky Sharp, 'Who are you to give orders here? You have no money. You've got no brains. You were here to have children, and you have not had any' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 49).

Whilst the proprietors are on their way down, the adventurers are on their way up. Becky Sharp, abler and more adaptable than the Bareacres and their kind, readily outdoes them. Unlike the better-born English ladies in Paris, she can speak French: 'She fought the women with indomitable courage, and they could not talk scandal in any language but their own' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 34). She is not awed by the Countess of Bareacres: 'To stare Becky out of countenance required a severer glance than even the frigid old Bareacres could shoot out of her dismal eyes' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 37). Becky is the Darwinian fittest, and survives into *The Newcomes* as the hymn-writer, Lady Crawley. Her life is a campaign of revenge upon

fashionable society for the privations she smartingly endured in her youth. She leaves school with 'an almost livid look of hatred', angry in particular with the elder Miss Pinkerton's respectable duplicity. She competes from the beginning with the more privileged Amelia, whose school-report notes as her outstanding merits the unenterprising qualities of industry and obedience. Her liaison with George Osborne, Amelia's husband, is a triumph over them both and the advantages they enjoyed when she left school. Incensed by the injustices of social class, she is secretly pleased when her lordly seducer, the Marquis of Steyne, is knocked down and humiliated by her husband, Rawdon Crawley: 'She admired her husband, strong, brave and victorious' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 53). Although the incident is ruinous to her own future, she rejoices in the downfall of birthright.

Thackeray's heroines, blank and insipid Ethel and Laura are less convincing than Becky Sharp. They fit Flaubert's sarcastic definition of a young lady:

> All young ladies are pale, frail and always pure... Prohibit, in their interests, every kind of reading, and all visits to museums, theatres and, especially, the monkey-house at the zoo.[6]

His malicious and domineering old women (Miss Crawley, Lady Kew and the devilish Mrs. Mackenzie) are expertly depicted in every detail, as are his strumpets (Becky Sharp, Blanche Amory and Beatrix Esmond) — his bitches more and less — and his silly geese, Amelia Sedley and Fanny Bolton. Becky lures young wasters to her house, where Rawdon takes their money at cards. She is brighter than the ladies of the *beau monde*, and they are not chaster than she. Their unchastity is merely of a sillier kind. Lady Gaunt refuses to receive George Osborne's wife, whom she deems socially unacceptable, but has 'been languishing in George's arms in the newly imported waltz for hours the night before' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 28).

With such apologues Thackeray illustrates his arguments against an hereditary ruling class, which he puts forward in several places, notably in *The Book of Snobs:*

> 'Your merits are so great', says the nation, 'that your children shall be allowed to reign over us, in a manner. It does not in the least matter that your eldest son be a fool... It is our wish that there shall be a race set apart in this happy country, who shall hold the first rank, have the first prizes and chances in all government jobs and patronages (*Book of Snobs*, chapter 16).

To prove the point, the Marquis of Farintosh, a supremely foolish elder son, emerges from *The Book of Snobs* to woo Ethel Newcome in *The Newcomes*. Brainless and heartless, Farintosh is endowed with 'a large estate, an ancient title, and the pride belonging to it' (*Newcomes*, chapter 42). He is exhausted by the exertions of fashionable life: 'all these races', as he complains, 'coming one after the other' (*The Newcomes*, chapter 42). Farintosh is one of the Barbarians of Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy*. His wealth supports no poet, artist, musician or scholar. He is content to sponsor balls and dinners, steeple-chases and chorus-girls.

The feeble entertainments at Gaunt House, the charades during which the Hon. Gus Ringwood has a bouquet thrown at him for the 'exquisite

humour and naturalness' of his performance as a boot-boy collecting chamber-pots at an inn, demonstrate the cultural aspirations of the Victorian aristocracy (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 51). When she meets Viscount Cinqbars on the Margate steamer, Mrs. Carrickfergus, innocently supposing that noblemen prefer to converse in French, addresses him in that elegant language, of which he does not understand a word (*Shabby-Genteel Story*, chapter 7). Sir Pitt Crawley, although a survivor from the Regency period and in that respect sharper than his successors, cannot spell and does not care to read. He 'never had a taste, or emotion, or enjoyment, but was sordid and foul: and yet he had rank, and honours, and power, somehow' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 9).

Thackeray treats the English peerage with a steady contempt from which only a few members, such as Lady Rockminster and young Lord Kew, are exempt, and they only because of their kind-heartedness. Thackeray's sole brilliant aristocrats, Lord Steyne and Lady Kew, are found guilty of a vicious exercise of their great power. Only by throwing off Lady Kew's influence does Ethel Newcome avoid becoming yet another spoilt worldling. Having liberated herself from Lady Kew, Ethel uses her wealth responsibly, to do some good; and in some measure she justifies her privileges by the charitable actions she performs:

> Death, never dying out; hunger always crying; and children born to it day after day — our young London lady, flying from the splendours and follies in which her life had been passed, found herself in the presence of these; threading darkling alleys which swarmed with wretched life (*Newcomes*, chapter 62).

Lord Steyne never gives a thought to 'hunger always crying'. All he can think of doing with his vast resources is to seduce another man's wife.

Thackeray's satire on the hereditary rulers of England does not stop short at his fictitious Earls and Marquises. He ridicules every English sovereign from Queen Anne to Queen Victoria, and affirms, at the end of *The Four Georges*, that George Washington was a gentleman whilst George IV was not. Thackeray, almost a republican, upholds the doctrine which he attributes to Joseph Addison in *Henry Esmond:* 'that Parliament and people consecrate the sovereign, not bishops nor genealogies, nor oils, nor coronations' (*Esmond*, Book III, chapter 9). Thackeray's irreproachable gentleman, Henry Esmond, the true Lord Castlewood, renounces first his title and then his allegiance to the Stuart cause.

The Hon. Algernon Deuceace prospers because of his ancestry. In his innocence his manservant, Yellowplush, at once perceives the absurdity of Deuceace's framed genealogy hung on the wall: 'My master called it his podygree. I do bleeve it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the Honrabble Deuceace, that he mannitched to live as he did' (*Yellowplush*, chapter 5). Yet genealogies fix, bind and stabilise, and so Thackeray, anxious for certainty where all is uncertain, was as attentive to them as he is to the streets and districts of London. He is fond of devising family histories, sometimes as complicated as that of the Castlewoods, which daunts many readers in the second chapter of *Henry Esmond*. Four ancient families, connected by marriage, link Thackeray's novels:

the Esmonds, the Gaunts, the Crawleys and the Thistlewoods. Through them characters as seemingly distant as Arthur Pendennis and Ethel Newcome are connected. Ethel is the grand-niece of the Marquis of Steyne, to whom Pendennis is related through the marriage of his mother's cousin, Lady Blanche Thistlewood, to Lord Steyne's son. Pendennis's mentor, George Warrington, is the grandson of the hero of *The Virginians*, who is, in turn, the grandson of Henry Esmond. Lady Jane Sheepshanks, a collateral of the Bareacres, marries Pitt Crawley, whose brother Rawdon fleeces her brother, the Earl of Southdown, at cards.

These old families at least observe a continuity of manners, which is something firm, and therefore admirable, to Thackeray amid the flux of rich middle-class innovation and pretentiousness during the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir Pitt Crawley entertains Becky Sharp shabbily enough, but she does not suffer at his house the brutish inhospitality of Old Sedley, who howls with glee at her discomfiture when eating curry, and teases her with a tradesman's aggressive banter (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 3). Worse still is Old Osborne, with his great florid, bogus coat-of-arms. Thackeray is remorseless in exposing moral or social pretence: the assumed heartiness of Hobson Newcome, the cold-blooded banker who acts the part of a jovial country squire, and rides every morning from nowhere more rural than Bryanstone Square into Threadneedle Street, where he remarks that it is good weather for hay, or too frosty for hunting (*Newcomes*, chapter 6). Barnes Newcome professes to hate King Henry VII for a wrong done to his supposed ancestor, invented for him by the College of Heralds (*Newcomes*, chapter 28). But the worst snobs in Thackeray are the lackeys, and near-lackeys such as Barry Lyndon. George Osborne's valet sneers at the Fulham lodging into which Old Sedley has been driven by his financial losses. He looks on 'in a very supercilious manner' as the shirt-sleeved landlord waters his roses, and pockets Old Sedley's over-lavish tip with 'a mixture of wonder and contempt' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 34).

Thackeray is reluctant to say goodbye to any of his characters, and if he cannot preserve the character, at least tries to perpetuate the family. Becky Sharp, later Lady Crawley, writes hymns for Charles Honeyman's chapel, and Dobbin dines with Colonel Newcome, in *The Newcomes*. In *The Virginians* Henry Esmond's grandson is rescued from Indians by the Comte de Florac, and later earns a living as tutor to Harry Foker's grandfather (*Virginians*, chapters 51 and 84).

By such means Thackeray created the order within his fiction which he lacked in his own experience and, like Balzac, Trollope and Proust, peopled his inner world with a complete society. But it is a paper society, as he gloomily admits in *The Newcomes*. In that society he can, in spite of his first intentions, yield to his daughters and marry Ethel to Clive Newcome. He can provide Clive Newcome and Philip Firmin, by means of long-lost wills, with the income they are signally incapable of earning themselves. At the end of *The Newcomes* Thackeray bids a wry farewell to what he calls Fable-land:

> And the poet of Fable-land rewards and punishes absolutely. He splendidly

> deals out bags of sovereigns, which won't buy anything; belabours wicked backs with awful blows, which do not hurt; endows heroines with preternatural beauty, and creates heroes, who, if ugly sometimes, yet possess a thousand good qualities, and usually end by being immensely rich; makes the hero and heroine happy at last, and happy ever after. Ah, happy, harmless Fable-land, where these things are (*Newcomes*, chapter 80)!

As usual, he scoffs at himself in his Socratic fashion, and underestimates what he has written. Fanciful though the plot of *The Newcomes* is, the content is true to life. It seemed real enough to Thackeray as he wrote it. He could not read his narration of Colonel Newcome's death aloud without weeping. Yet, whilst he could reform Ethel Newcome, he could not alter Jane Brookfield. Absorbed in spinning out his tale, Thackeray was like Dobbin reading *The Arabian Nights* at Charterhouse School, whom he describes as 'quite lonely, and almost happy' in that corrupt and unjust place. Dobbin's vision of *The Arabian Nights* recedes as he hears in the distance the noise of Cuff bullying Osborne: 'and there was every-day life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 5).

Decency and fidelity, as shown in Dobbin's subsequent behaviour, are all-important to Thackeray, and he is angry whenever they are flouted. Nowhere is he harsher to Becky Sharp than when he speaks of her neglect of her little son: 'Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children; and here was one who was worshipping a stone' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 37). He admits no circumstantial excuses. Becky thinks she could be a good woman if she had five thousand pounds a year, but Amelia is a good woman and mother with hardly any money at all (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 41). What Thackeray presents as most detestable in Lord Steyne's attempt to betray Rawdon Crawley is Steyne's sham of being Rawdon's friend.

Thackeray esteemed people not for their glamour, ability or eminence, but because they were honest and faithful. He illustrates his definition of a gentleman with the example of the inglorious Dobbin: 'his thoughts were just, his brains were fairly good, his life was honest and pure, and his heart warm and humble' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 62). Dobbin is the hero who is not the hero of *Vanity Fair*; the cleanly simplicity like Beowulf or Parsifal: 'He lisped — he was very plain and homely-looking, and exceedingly awkward and ungainly' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 25). He is as agitated by emotion as the likewise worthy Hugh Strap in Smollett's *Roderick Random*. When embarrassed, Dobbin's nervousness is 'visible in many twitchings of the face, in his manner of beating the ground with his great feet, in his rapid buttoning and unbuttoning of his frock-coat, etc.' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 23). Throughout the earlier part of *Vanity Fair*, the loyalty of William Dobbin is contrasted with the disloyalty and ingratitude of George Osborne. Even when, as a schoolboy, Dobbin fights Cuff on Osborne's behalf, Osborne is reluctant to act as a second to so shabby a champion (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 5).

Thackeray's young princelings, such as Osborne, are spoilt and self-centred. Osborne, who has just lost one hundred and forty pounds to Rawdon Crawley at cards and billiards, does not know how he is going to

manage on the two thousand pounds he has left. His father has disinherited him for marrying a bankrupt's daughter: Old Osborne, orderly in his spite, obliterates George's name from the family bible, then waits for the page to dry before he closes it and replaces it next to the *Peerage* in his glazed bookcase (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 24). George Osborne blames Dobbin for having encouraged him to marry Amelia Sedley. 'A pretty manager of a man's affairs *you* are, forsooth,' he says (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 25). The irony is complicated. Dobbin has sponsored the marriage, not for Osborne's sake but for Amelia's, and at a time when Dobbin would have been overjoyed to change places with him. Osborne spends many of the two thousand pounds on trinkets for Becky Sharp, whom in his gullibility he hopes to seduce. Thackeray calls him 'that young whiskered prig' and alludes to his 'stupid peepers' (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 14). When Osborne falls at Waterloo he leaves behind him only a farewell letter to his father, sealed up with their 'sham coat-of-arms', and a billet to Becky, asking her to elope with him (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 35).

Dull and foolish though Amelia is, Dobbin's loyalty to her surrounds her with an aureole of interest; that, and her capacity for devotion, sometimes misplaced. For Thackeray, the trivial or even the paltry is ennobled by faithfulness. He leaves off satirising the Dowager Lady Castlewood when tears of family pride run down her rouged cheeks: 'a couple of rebellious tears made sad marks down those wrinkled old roses' (*Esmond*, Book II, chapter 15). Her rouge is not so good as Becky Sharp's, which is impervious to tears (*Vanity Fair*, chapter 48).

Colonel Newcome's death is all the more poignant as being the last affirmation of his constancy to Léonore de Florac, which has lasted for nearly fifty years. Amongst battles and fevers in India, and his marriage to another woman, he could not forget her. By her he is attended in his last hours: 'who would have come, as a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would gladly have given her own'. At the end the old man, in his confusion believing he is eighteen again, seizes Ethel Newcome's hand, mistaking it for that of Léonore, of whom Ethel has repeatedly reminded him, and calls out, 'Toujours, toujours'. It has been *always* for him.

Like Ethel Newcome, Arthur Pendennis abandons worldly schemes, which nearly lead to his marrying Blanche Amory, whom Thackeray characterises with a deadly effectiveness from her first appearance. 'My name is Blanche — isn't it a pretty name?', she tells Laura Pendennis. 'Call me by it.' (Her name is really Betsy.) She sends Byronic messages on scented writing paper, and constantly wells spurious sensibility (*Pendennis*, chapter 73). In spite of the maudlin poems she writes in a notebook bound in blue velvet and gilt and labelled *Mes Larmes*, and although she pretends to be too ethereal to eat much at the dinner table when guests are present, Blanche Amory is as cruel and gluttonous as a Roman lady in Juvenal. She sticks pins in the arms of her maid (enslaved to her by the poverty of the maid's parents) and has plum-cakes and cream puddings sent up to her bedroom, where, according to the servants' gossip, she is

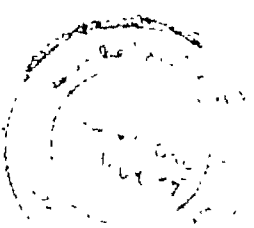
visited at night by M. Mirobolant, the French cook employed by her stepfather (*Pendennis*, chapters 24, 37 and 61). Her origins, like her name, are invented by herself. Summing up Blanche is Laura's 'first lesson in the Cynical philosophy' (*Pendennis*, chapter 25). Laura concludes that 'she who is always speaking of her affections can have no heart'. Laura herself, who drops her eyes guiltily when she tries to give Mr. Pynsant a flirtatious look at the Ball in Baymouth, is no good at all at insincerity (*Pendennis*, chapter 28).

Thackeray was suspicious of conscious or uttered sentiment, and shows his dislike of it in his portrayal of such characters as Blanche Amory in *Pendennis* and Charles Honeyman in *The Newcomes*. He told his daughter Anne, 'I do not think it right ever to talk sentimentally about one's feelings' (Ray II, p.233). Yet all his admirable characters are recalled in the end to the life of the sentiments, and it is for the absence of feeling that others are condemned. He blames Ethel Newcome for her dulled heart: 'If there is no love more in yonder heart, it is but a corpse unburied. Strew round it the flowers of youth. Wash it with tears of passion' (*Newcomes*, chapter 66). Her heart revives with the quickening of her pity for Colonel Newcome. It is washed with her own tears; and she is born for the second time in tears. Like Ethel Newcome, Arthur Pendennis returns from the worldly life to the sentimental retreat (*Pendennis*, chapter 60). His experiences, like those of Ethel, prove a School of the Heart.

At the beginning of his lectures on the English humourists, Thackeray describes the humorous writer as a 'weekday preacher' who hopes to 'awaken and direct' magnanimity. The reunion of Pendennis and Laura is a recall to the life of the heart: 'Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes; a mere pressure of the hand may decide it, or of the lips, though they cannot speak' (*Pendennis*, chapter 75). In Laura's embrace Pendennis rediscovers what is best in himself: 'Happy blushes! bright eyes beaming with the light of love! The story-teller turns from this group to his young audience, and hopes that one day their eyes may all shine so' (*Pendennis*, chapter 76).

NOTES

1. *Vanity Fair*, chapter 22. The texts of Thackeray cited are those of the first editions in book form.
2. Gordon Ray. *Thackeray*, Oxford, 1955-8, volume II (*The Age of Wisdom*). p.25.
3. Geoffrey Best. *Mid-Victorian Britain*, London, 1971, p.78.
4. Gustave Flaubert. *Oeuvres*, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, Paris, 1952, volume II, p.1,010 and p.1,028.



THE RENAISSANCE OF THE LONDON MUSICAL

by Laurence Green

SOMETHING extraordinary has happened to London's theatrical scene — the West End musical is alive and well and currently enjoying a renaissance. Yet only a few months ago six shows were forced to close, although admittedly some of the 'casualties' had enjoyed respectable runs. The omens, therefore, were not favourable when Gershwin's musical comedy *Crazy for You* opened recently at the Prince Edward Theatre. But the show has confounded many people's expectations and proved to be the hottest ticket in town. Director Mike Ockrent (responsible for *Me and My Girl*) and Ken Ludwig have taken the songs from the 1930 George and Ira Gershwin musical *Girl Crazy*, added a number of Gershwin standards and created their own story, a celebration of showbusiness in which our hero, a banker and would-be dancer, is despatched to Hicksville USA — a run-down backwoods town suitably named Deadrock — to foreclose on the debt-ridden post office which has seen better days as a once thriving theatre. There he meets and falls in love with the postmistress, re-opens the theatre and brings the community to life again.

It is often said that at a time of severe recession with unemployment reaching record levels and a feeling of gloom pervading the nation, people more than ever seek escapism rather than reality. It was true in the '30s and it is even more true today. And *Crazy for You* meets this need splendidly, for it is exuberant, exhilarating and vastly entertaining, although it lacks the depth and emotional charge of, say, *Les Miserables*. The rich boy meets poor girl story is enhanced by a glorious score with such familiar numbers as 'Shall We Dance?', 'Someone to Watch Over Me', 'I Got Rhythm', 'They Can't Take That Away From Me' and 'Nice Work If You Can Get It', imaginative choreography, dazzling sets, and two excellent performances from the American actor Kirby Ward as Bobby, the banker with his sights set on the stage — his energetic, stylish dancing shows all the promise of a young Fred Astaire — and Avril Angers, in fine form as his mother, a staunch matriarch who wants her son to stay in New York, gain his inheritance and pursue a 'safe' career. I personally found that Ruthie Henshall lacked an appealing, vulnerable quality as Polly, although vocally she is in top form.

The other major new musical hit of the season, *City of Angels*, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, is not as you might expect some kind of celestial musical but a clever parody of 'film noir' movies. Based on the book by Larry Gelbart and set in Los Angeles in the late '40s, the story centres on a serious crime writer trying to write a Hollywood private eye script. The writer, Stine, gets caught up in studio politics, while his gumshoe Stone, modelled on Philip Marlowe, gets involved with women, gangsters and a plutocrat's missing stepdaughter.

The real innovation of this £2 million Tony Award winning show is to have fact and fiction clash as Stine confronts his literary 'alter ego', Stone,

with each character arguing 'You're nothing without me' and eventually writer and private eye unite against a tyrannical film director.

Skilfully directed by Michael Blakemore, this emerges as a fast and funny attack on Hollywood egoes, although it is not always clear where reality ends and fantasy begins. The one liners are witty and delivered with the speed of bullets — 'Everyone's in movies — sometimes we just turn the camera on', 'Someone's using my ribs for a shoerack', 'Only the floor keeps her legs from going on for ever', and 'Nobody knew who Beverly was but they named everything in LA after her'.

The music by Cy Coleman — in the style of pastiche jazz — may not be in the same class as the Gershwin score in *Crazy for You* and indeed in the first half does not produce any memorable numbers, but then comes 'Stay With Me' and 'You Can Always Count On Me' which are humm-dingers. The music is well integrated into the story, shedding insight into character and situation, without slowing down the action.

Although *Crazy for You* and *City of Angels* are both American they have crossed the Atlantic in tact and surprisingly the casts are virtually entirely British — Kirby Ward in *Crazy for You* being the only exception — but the distinctively American atmosphere and flavour of these productions is never in doubt.

Of course it is notoriously difficult to predict a West End winner and certainly at the outset few individuals would have backed the controversial *Kiss of the Spiderwoman*, now at the Shaftesbury Theatre, as being potential hit material and yet this is just what the production has proved to be. Ironically the show is directed by an American — Harold Prince — and features American leads, yet can be classed as British since it originated in the UK. The story by Terence McNally, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, is set in a harsh South American jail under a tyrannical regime and centres on the relationship between Molina, a gay window-dresser with a passion for 'B' movies, and Valentin, a left-wing revolutionary, imprisoned for his political beliefs. This is a tricky musical to stage due to its difficult subject matter, but it manages to be both disturbing and involving, making us forget our own personal troubles and share the plight of the protagonists. The cast is impressive, especially Brent Carver, in his first major West End role, as Molina, the man tricked into betraying his friend Valentin, equally well played by Anthony Crivello, and the fantasy figure Aurora, a sultry Latin American actress, dancer and star of 'B' movies, whom Chita Rivera makes an alluring and exotic creature. The music by John Kander and Fred Ebb, who were responsible for the score of *Cabaret*, comes up trumps again. Rather than providing merely showstoppers, the music serves to advance the story and shed illuminating insights into the characters and their plight. Harold Prince, whose past triumphs include *Evita*, is not known for failure. His faith in this show has indeed paid off, for this is one of the brightest and boldest musicals to be staged in a long while.

Certainly the ability of the musical to provide good entertainment and stimulating theatre can never be underestimated.

FROM ROCOCO TO REVOLUTION — FRENCH ART FROM LILLE

by Muriel Julius

THE present exhibition at the National Gallery in London is on loan from the Musée des Beaux Arts in Lille. Its seemingly simple title 'Tradition and Revolution in French Art 1700-1880' is one I find challenging. Voltaire remarked that history was a pack of tricks played upon the dead. One sees how at every age, every society differs in its habits and values from every other, but surely the swings and changes during almost two hundred years spanned by this exhibition were particularly volatile. It encompassed the downfall of various kings, the despotic rule of Robespierre, the omnipotent rise of Napoleon; it covers a Revolution unique in human history, if only because it attempted a total reversal of an entire form of life in the West; it included the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the Commune of 1871 when, from the end of March to the end of May, Frenchmen did unspeakable things to other Frenchmen.

According to the feminist Professor Griselda Pollock 'Social historians pay infinitely more attention to art than traditional art historians'. They should have a field day here. The average visitor will see an uneven miscellany — a few undoubted masterpieces, several works of irredeemable awfulness and two exquisite gems. The exhibition provides a rich opportunity to see work by unfamiliar artists, and to speculate on one who may become the new darling of the art trade.

This might well be Louis-Léopold Boilly (1761-1845), born in Lille, to whose work a whole room is devoted. Many years ago I contributed a modest bi-monthly column for the 'Arts Review' called 'Around St. James's'. Many of the galleries in those sleek streets displayed the scintillating little genre scenes painted by Boilly. Fragonard was his prototype, and he could match the extraordinary delicacy of surface texture, especially of silk materials, of his master. As manifestations of a certain privileged social milieu their value was considerable.

Such inconsequential work did not suit the pre-revolutionary mood. 'Hasn't the brush been too much and for too long devoted to debauchery and vice?' stormed Diderot. And Boilly was denounced for frivolity by a lesser Lille artist, Jean Baptiste Wicar. To atone he painted 'The Triumph of Marat' seen here. While politically correct this animated street scene includes some slyly ironic and grotesque references. A pair of portraits of about 1800 of a droll looking husband and wife display this artist's meticulous clarity of draughtsmanship, as much to her bonnet ribbons as to the carpenter's tools her husband has laid aside.

'The Combat between Minerva and Mars' by Jacques Louis David (1748-1825) provides a rare chance to see this artist's bravura rococo style, learned from Boucher, his distant relative, before he became the high priest of the neo-classical style that typified the austerity of the revolu-

tionary ideal. That began when he went to Rome in 1776 and plunged into Antiquity. The archeological discoveries at Herculaneum in 1755, Winckelmann's vast tome on Greek works of art and Piranesi's 'Le Antichita Romane' all fuelled this interest. On David's return to France in 1781 his 'Belisarius' had a triumphant reception. This early masterpiece, seen here, shows the noble but wronged Roman general, now blind and impoverished, arousing the pity of a noblewoman and her child to his plea for alms. David's concern with linking space in geometrical patterns in order to pinpoint the action is perfectly displayed.

The 'Belisarius' cannot compare in power to his 'The Oath of the Horatii' nor to his depiction of the death of Marat which raised portraiture into the domain of universal tragedy. Indeed his 'Belisarius' comes dangerously close to the affecting sentimentality that suffuses the work of Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805). Hypocritical piety played an important part in setting the neo-classical trend and 'The Punished Son' and 'The Ungrateful Son' in this exhibition are fairly typical examples.

It has always amazed me that Greuze invariably depicted females, young and old, as visions of sweetness and light. Diderot described Greuze's wife as 'doll-like, white and upright as a lily and pink as a rose'. She turned into a nagging virago, abandoned her children and cuckolded her husband so shamelessly he took her to court to be rid of her. Thereafter Greuze was hugely prolific, feted and favoured by the king as *peintre du roi*, but the Revolution ruined him, his work was locked away as too embarrassing, and when he died only two people followed his bier. His works were always beautifully painted. At the turn of the present century they were so eagerly collected by both Americans and British that in his memoirs the French art dealer, René Gimpel, twice mentions in 1919 his discovery of fake Greuze paintings.

The reaction against the order of neo-classicism was the emotional intensity of the Romantic Movement. Two major practitioners emerged — Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863) and Théodore Géricault (1791-1824). Géricault embodied romanticism in his personality. A passionate horseman, he met his early death as the result of a riding accident. In 1819 he painted his masterpiece, the enormous, turbulent, powerful 'The Raft of the Medusa'. It created a *succès de scandale* since it was based on the most shocking news story of the time, a macabre shipwreck ascribed in part to government incompetence. Two of Géricault's sketches for the painting are in the present exhibition. They join an extraordinarily virile oil sketch 'The Race of the Riderless Horses' of violent action and swirling paint as men struggle to control the thundering animals.

Delacroix's glowing flower painting 'Bouquet Champêtre' is in unexpected contrast to his 'Medea' — the grim image of a distraught mother, knife in hand, about to murder her two clasped infants to avenge the desertion of their father, Jason.

Few painters have been more alive to the social conditions of their period than Gustave Courbet (1819-77). Hugely vain, self-confident, and with a hatred of all authority, his works can deliver an almost physical

shock to the observer. He delighted in indulging his preference for heroically built female nudes, one of which, 'Baigneuse' of 1853, so enraged Napoleon III that he struck at her with his riding crop.

Courbet's provocative anti-intellectualism is amply demonstrated here. 'Une Après-dinée à Ornans' is a seemingly simple image of four countrymen, the artist among them, seated round a table in a rustic cottage having finished their meal. It is the enormous size of the canvas that underscores Courbet's politically charged Realism. Courbet was involved in the 1848 revolution and the Commune of 1871. For his role in the destruction of the column in the Place Vendôme commemorating Napoleon, he was imprisoned and fined. Unable to pay, he fled to Switzerland where he died — rebellious to the end.

It is impossible to avoid seeing the vast, truly awful nude painting 'The Birth of Venus' by Eugène Amaury Duval. It is an example of the falsely idealized figure painting so abhorred by Courbet. Profiting not one jot from being a pupil of Ingres, Amaury Duval's Venus has a mannerist unnatural length of limb, an impossible slenderness of body, a self-conscious bearing and seems about nine feet tall. She is the exact antithesis of Delacroix's 'Medea', let alone Picasso's beautiful, large lumbering ladies of the early 1920s which were in fact based on classical themes.

Bastien-Lepage's ambitious 'Achilles and Priam' is the most awful disaster in this exhibition. Taken from a story in the Iliad, Book 24, the aged king is humbling himself before the over-sized, over-muscled body of Achilles, naked except for an awkward-looking G-string. It is an example of ridiculously sentimental camp.

The two gems I mentioned could not be in greater contrast. A still-life by Jean-Baptiste Chardin (1699-1779) simply confirms him as one of the greatest masters of all time. The apparent simplicity of the objects he paints, a silver goblet, a bottle of wine, a pewter plate and a loaf of bread with a knife stuck through it is a magical deception. The eye is fooled by their tremendous realism for the moral behind all Chardin's works is their absolute honesty, the importance of truth.

Jean-Antoine Watteau (1684-1721). 'The great poet of the eighteenth century is Watteau. A world, an entire world of poetry and fantasy issuing from his mind, filled his art with the elegance of a supernatural life. An enchantment, a thousand enchantments arose, upon wings... from the absolute originality of his genius... Watteau renewed the quality of grace.' Thus wrote the brothers, Jules and Edmond Goncourt, and their words apply to the delightful small work, painted in Lille, 'Une fête au Colisée' which we see here. The white pavilion flamboyantly hung about with blue taffetas, the little boys scrambling up grassy slopes, the harmonious colours and gentle animation all make for an exquisite vignette of village life, as only Watteau could paint it.

This exhibition is a journey through dramatically changing artistic tastes, and if history does not teach one about art, here art certainly teaches one some history.

The exhibition continues at the National Gallery until July 11th, 1993.

Literary Supplement

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH PRESIDENT

Nixon: A Life. Jonathan Aitken. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. pp633. £25.00. 0 297 81259 9.

There have been few careers that have had more re-launches than that of the thirty-seventh President of the United States. Only recently an inane television reporter was proclaiming — with no touch of irony — that Mr. Nixon was an 'unimpeachable' mentor on American foreign policy. In March an incisive article by him in the *New York Times* about the need to help Boris Yeltsin led to his being summoned back to the White House by its current occupant. (The First Lady, whose profitable legal career began as one of the busy inquisitors for the Congressional Watergate Committee, was too preoccupied with her many other duties to find any time to greet such a distinguished statesman, but Mr. Nixon seems to have survived this loss).

Richard Nixon, unlucky in so many things, has been lucky in his latest biographer. Jonathan Aitken is a Conservative MP and now a Junior Minister at the Ministry of Defence. In 1978 'the disgraced former President' (the title normally accorded to Mr. Nixon by his vengeful enemies in the press) asked Mr. Aitken to arrange his visit to England, his first overseas trip since he had been driven from office. The young English politician came to have a great admiration for the senior American one and he has been collecting material for this book ever since. The account of this trip is one of the best things in this wonderful book and it is interesting to see the way that British politicians as diverse as Margaret Thatcher, Harold Wilson and Lord Tonypandy behaved towards a fallen leader. They were all both kind and perceptive in seeing that Richard Nixon would fight his way back. Edward Heath, of course, behaved in the way one would expect and ignored the visit.

This is not a hagiography for the author does see his subject's faults — 'a dark side in which mendacity, deviousness, and personal disloyalty could come to the fore'. Yet the overall tone of this book is highly favourable. Mr. Aitken has had the opportunity to have many conversations with the former President and many major figures in his life and Administration. He has supplemented these American sources by consulting the reports of British diplomats in Washington as well as General de Gaulle's highly laudatory remarks on Mr. Nixon.

In this book we get the best available account of Richard Nixon the man. The author never allows the man to be obscured by his times. Yet he manages to recreate what it was like for someone to grow up in lower middle class America in the first half of this century. (His achievement is similar to what Geoffrey Ward did in his biography of Franklin Roosevelt.) He also shows how much of Richard Nixon's career was clouded by nasty class prejudices by his opponents. The author sees two persistent influences on his subject's life: religion and reading. This is a welcome change from biographers who see themselves as elevated gossip writers whose main duty is to grub about bedrooms hunting any lurid morsel and to dress up filth with footnotes. The Quakerism of Hannah Nixon has been a lifelong force upon her son and it was the origin of his desire to see peaceful relations with the Soviet Union and China. Reading has been the other source of strength and consolation to

this essentially shy man: a reading that has been deep in history and literature. Those of us who were in the America of the 1960s heard much about Bobby Kennedy's discovery of Rome and Greece through two slim volumes by Edith Hamilton, we never heard anything about Richard Nixon reading his way through Tolstoy.

Jonathan Aitken himself has two great strengths: he can view Richard Nixon from the vantage point of an outsider, but also from that of a practical politician. He frankly admits that no European can understand Watergate. He does see that the President's role in the scandal was an 'ignoble' one, but he also sees that this successful coup staged by the liberal media against a leader they despised was a disaster not only for America but for the world. For Richard Nixon ,fortified by his wide reading in history, had — indeed still has — the clearest perception of American foreign policy. The account of his Presidency rightly concentrates on that field and shows the remarkable achievement and the even more remarkable plans of the President. The author also shows how all the worse features of Watergate were only copies of what Democratic presidents such as Kennedy and Johnson had done to Richard Nixon himself. Robert Kennedy — the most vicious and tyrannical Cabinet officer in American history since Edwin Stanton — ordered tax authorities to try to dig up dirt on the whole Nixon family.

Although historians will still find much in the more detailed studies of the Nixon Administration such as those by Professor Stephen Ambrose, it will be a long time before Jonathan Aitken's superb biography is surpassed. It will rightly take its place as one of the finest biographies of any American president. It marks a large step towards justifying Lyndon Johnson's conclusion that his successor was one of the most remarkable of all American presidents.

RICHARD MULLEN

'NEW NATION' REBORN

Lincoln at Gettysburg. The words that re-made America. Garry Wills. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1993. £17.99. 067 176 9561.

The official orator at Gettysburg was Edward Everett, President of Harvard and America's most distinguished Hellenic scholar. He spoke for two hours, though without a text, a 58-paragraph survey not only of the War but of episodes drawn from Greek — and French Revolutionary — history. This was then the expected and familiar funerary fashion. Lincoln spoke for three minutes, in a bare plain prose, rich in its biblical cadence, and strongly repetitive. Garry Wills traces Lincoln's style and the content of his address to the rhetoric of the Greek Revival, and shows that for Lincoln the 'new nation' born in 1776 had by November 1863 been born again. In a penetrating analysis, that reveals his early training as a Greek scholar, Wills reveals that the President's 272 words transformed the country's view of its origins and of the bitter War that had still a year-and-a-half to run.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE CALCULATING MAN

Harold Wilson. Ben Pimlott. Harper Collins. £20.00. 000 215 1898.

Harold Wilson won more General Elections than any other Premier in the present century. Yet mystery remains, particularly of his last years; and the parallels with other prime ministers are striking. Like Bonar Law, he is an 'unknown' prime minister. Like Mrs. Thatcher, his origins were middle-class and bleakly Protestant. His politics were in origin more Liberal than doctrin-

aire; both were pragmatists with roots that lay deep in ethical foundations. Hard work guaranteed rich rewards, it was held. Yet Wilson was a loner, much more 'a desiccated calculating machine' than Gaitskell ever was. He came to his Socialist principles in fact only after Gaitskell's death, and when he realised that to become Leader he needed to gather a following on the Left, in a party thick with factions and intrigues, and endlessly conspiratorial. 'He did not exude warmth', says Pimlott, and 'did not attract it'.

The quality of this 800-page book rests primarily in its research and reading, and in its assembling of mini-biographies of all who crossed Wilson's path. Here are Gaitskell, Jenkins and other colleagues who were also rivals. Pimlott is vivid too on the role of Arnold Goodman and Chapman Pincher. The shrewdest piece of his writing is his analysis of Wilson's friendship with and dependence on Marcia Williams, now Lady Falkender. It is clear from this dispassionate appraisal why, in Roy (Lord) Jenkins' raw phrase, 'Harold is a person no one can like, a person without friends'. Or, to quote Richard Crossman, he was 'a right, little, careful calculating man'. If Scots replace grammar-school boys and Wykehamists as leaders, will the party in the future be any different in character and in its addiction to plot and counterplot? Does todays endless television coverage now compel a new show of unity — or is it a facade only? And what of creed, policy and conviction?

ESMOND WRIGHT

ONLY RECONNECT

States of Grace: The Recovery of Meaning in the Postmodern Age. Charlene Spretnak. HarperCollins, 1993. 320pp. £7.99. 0 06 250697 8.

In 1962, Rachel Carson said in *Silent Spring*, 'The road we have been travelling is deceptively easy, a smooth super-highway on which we progress with great speed, but at its end lies disaster'. Now, thirty years later, Charlene Spretnak has added a chilling dimension: 'Day by day, people die as victims of this route. The road is getting rougher. At the end lies a cliff. Around us our leaders, good lemmings all, exhort us to stay the course'.

Rachel Carson believed that her book would be harkened to by governments: instead successful attempts were made to discredit it. Charlene Spretnak succeeds in uncovering the intervening cultural structure for the cover-up of such vital information which has led to our current position with thirty years' greater degradation of the ecosystem. Spretnak introduces the useful technique of deconstructionist postmodernism, but suggests that it has a limiting factor.

The deconstructionists, mainly in university philosophy departments, have been revealing 'the card tricks behind the "obvious truth" of rationalist modernity' to their limited audience. Spretnak explains what deconstructionism now entails which will widen its appeal. She regards what it has achieved as praiseworthy and very necessary, but does not accept 'that there is nothing but cultural construction in human experience', and explains what has been overlooked.

Spretnak is known in America for her activist commitment to social change, and thus her scrutiny and what she calls ecological deconstruction dissects the American system, which though given its American context, immediately finds uncanny resemblance to our own political situation. She suggests that, even though we may not support the system, we help to perpetuate it, merely by our acquiescence. She goes on to say, 'Now, as the natural world beyond human society has become critically degraded and dysfunctional, the possibility that the meaning of the human is anchored in the meaning of nature is frightening

to many people'. She believes it explains why 'the radical denial of meaning has found widespread appeal'.

Several recent books, such as Philip Sherrard's *The Rape of Man and Nature*, in attempting to find a way out of the seeming impasse, have suggested the need for people to undergo a *metanoia*, or deep change of heart. Passive intellectual understanding and agreement are not enough because, without the necessary activating change of heart, nothing can change.

Spretnak's book has the noble distinction of, more than any, enabling that change to occur. She proposes that ecological post-modernism can recover meaning by 'reclaiming the core teachings and practices of the great wisdom traditions'. She is appealing to the bruised spirit of humankind, and believes that ecological post-modernism may itself become a 'wisdom tradition'. She reminds us of Whitehead's *Process and Reality*, first published in 1929, which concluded that the divine was a process of becoming — not a noun. She relates the spirit to nature which enables us to understand ourselves in a true light. 'What is human culture but an extension of the dynamic physicality of the planet?' Charlene Spretnak insists at the end of the book. One emerges convinced that the elements in our bodies are the same as those in 'trees, rocks, raccoons and rivulets', and that our subtle inter-connectedness can no longer be doubted, which is surely a great achievement.

This wonderful book is not dedicated to those bemused wanderers in the soul-less technic-economic imbroglio who know not which way to turn, but its power of reconnecting may be magical.

RODNEY ATTCHITEY

TENNYSON'S POETRY

Tennyson. Peter Levi. Macmillan. £20.00. 0 333 52205 2.

Alfred Lord Tennyson was born at Somersby Rectory, Lincolnshire, in 1809. His father was an embittered, almost paranoid clergyman whose wife and 10 children all suffered as a result of his frequent melancholic, sometimes violent, outbursts. Alfred was the third child and his sense of responsibility for the others lay heavily upon him almost all his life though tempered by a strong and abiding affection. His father's death affected him deeply. Not unusually for the time, family cohesion was fostered through their common interest in poetry. All the children wrote verses continually and read aloud the results, especially Alfred, Charles and Fred who were particularly skilled. Not surprisingly, all were troubled by melancholy: Edward at 18 went mad and spent the rest of his life in an asylum, Arthur became alcoholic and Septimus seriously depressed, while Charles succumbed to laudanum, although he seemed at first to be a more promising poet even than Alfred. Alfred, however, recalled rather their happy comradeship and remained at heart a Lincolnshire countryman, strong accent, 'loud organ-notes' and all. He stood out amongst his peers.

Peter Levi has written a remarkable book. He knows the spirit of the man and sees through many of Tennyson's subterfuges designed to protect it. But he takes the life in conjunction with the poetry, discussing poems without any assertions in connection with specific events. An excellent poet himself, he understands the rarity of such concatenations. Tennyson was an extraordinarily complicated man, far-ranging in his acquaintances, eclectic in artistic matters and overpowering in his enthusiasm. Of the many biographies, the earliest being his son Hallam's *Memoir*, this one reads like a continuous conversation with the poet in the midst of his normal social concerns. It enters also into his preoccupations, particularly work in progress. It slides naturally into

cogent critical analysis of the most important poems when Levi illuminates details of their quality and their relation to his whole output.

One such impressive discussion is of *Morte d'Arthur*, a good example of the critic's expertise. 'There had been nothing in English to touch *Morte d'Arthur* since Milton', he says, and shows how Tennyson, with the backcloth in mind of Malory's narrative in 1485, 'came as close to Homer as Virgil had ever been'. Tennyson himself had doubts about any attempt to reconstruct chivalric themes in epic form but they do not interfere with his serious intent to develop his own epic repertory in all its varied moods and rhythms, from ballad metre to blank verse.

Matthew Arnold envied him his natural assets; a painterly eye, strong decorative facility and a musical grasp of metre. But Tennyson's poetry also reflects, willy nilly, the familiar mood of intense sadness which only briefly ever left him. 'His inner sense of loss and ruin', says Peter Levi, 'did find an objective correlative in one great narrative poem... his *Morte d'Arthur*'. Again, 'The mysterious fit of quite pure grief with tears is attested in literature and well known in psychology but Tennyson's is one of its classic statements'. So Tennyson even had two separate sources of grief to draw upon.

He had published his first book of poems before he went to Cambridge in 1827. Thackeray and Edward FitzGerald were already there, and he made a wide circle of friends. He met here his closest friend of undergraduate days, Arthur Hallam, whose untimely death five years later inspired *In Memoriam*, the masterpiece he revised, added to and rearranged for almost 20 years. Levi judges this as perhaps his greatest work although an 'entangled shipwreck, a many time started and incoherent lament...' in which his deepest emotions were engaged and, most significantly, his many styles are embedded. All poetic experimentation, it seemed, had compulsively to be hammered out on the touchstone of this, his deepest fount of grief. For 10 years he published nothing, writing incessantly, until at last, in 1850, it was published and he was made the Poet Laureate (probably at Prince Albert's percipient suggestion, for the Prince had read it).

He also felt free to marry Emily Sellwood, who had waited 11 years, never doubting his final word. There followed forty years of happy, if dramatic, domestic life, with two sons and a fine house in the Isle of Wight, where Tennyson was lionised until he could stand no more. But we owe the brilliant photographs reproduced in this book to one of the more eccentric of his admirers, Julia Cameron, who indulged his taste for drama and extravagant clothes, as well as her own. Emily's diaries came infallibly one pace behind, so that pictorial and verbal accounts justified one another in depicting the lifestyle at Farringford.

This book possesses its own intoxicating quality for it brings to life a major poet whose star has subsequently fallen from a great height. Avid for poetry, the Victorian public made him their idol. The Queen confided in him and Prince Albert recognized his scholarly gifts. Most rewarding are Peter Levi's observations on classical influences, particularly on Tennyson's poetic affinity with the Hellenic Greek bucolic poet, Theocritus. No other English poet could sustain the Hellenic style and form better, either pastoral or elegiac. Even so, he is ignored in the new *Oxford Dictionary of Classical Literature* in their entry under *Elegy*, although Keats, Shelley and Matthew Arnold are there. But Peter Levi has placed Tennyson in his intellectual context, showing where his poetry is overwrought and consisted, as Carlyle said, of 'superlative lollipops',

and where it is awe inspiring. His book is full of learning and humour, his references impeccable.

BETTY ABEL

A HIGH ACHIEVER

A Profile of Jonathan Miller. Michael Romain. Cambridge University Press. £10.95. 052 140 9535.

This is not one view of Miller but many, including Miller's own view of himself in the interview which covers a third of the text. The remainder consists of interviews with many distinguished names who have worked with Miller in theatre and opera. A fairly brief, informed introduction by Romain helps cohere these positions into a framework. That Miller is also a scientist, a scholar of renown, is given the consideration it deserves. If we are to understand the theatre of Jonathan Miller we must encounter the whole man, rather than casually admire (or, in some quarters, envy) his exceptional range of gifts.

Romain stresses the European nature of Miller. Like Peter Brook, he speaks beyond a national boundary. Neither director has been much concerned with the work of contemporary British drama. Where Brook has explored the idea of theatre as a universal experience, Miller has re-worked the texts of European classical drama — Sheridan, Chekov, Shakespeare, Verdi, Mozart — often returning to the same play or opera with fresh insights from his researches in behavioural science. Miller's foundation is the past masters, whereas Brook has only his intuitions and latterly the interpretative collaboration with Jean-Claude Carrière. Yet of the two directors it is Miller who is the loner, for he has no illusions of any active relationship with the great masters. He works, as he has said at length elsewhere, in the after-life of the great works of the past.

I wouldn't carry the idea of the loner too far. Miller seems a man of great charm, and doubtless he has many friends, but his persona is of someone anxious to measure up to an inheritance. This may be a pose, but I suspect that he dislikes masks. It was the uncovering of masks which made his film of *Alice in Wonderland* (sic) the sure indication that here was more than a clever gladfly. To see it as a child was to be led from innocence into an ironic world, which seems to be close to Carroll's intentions. Miller wasn't the first to see *Alice* this way, but he was the first to pursue the idea so thoroughly. Miller's Alice is a superior (and more mature) being to the creatures she meets. They are mad, but they are also banal. The Mad Hatter's Tea-Party is no more than a strange variant of the epitome of genteel form. Most of life is banal, including the basic instincts. In his remarkable polemic on censorship Miller characterizes fiction as a decorous way of overcoming the mundane facts of life. Elaborate courtship rituals ingeniously provoke appetites for a simple, brief carnal act.

Miller, a doctor of medicine, has no fear of carnality. Nor will he submit to a reductive notion of life as purely carnal (or material). The decorum (a word he uses for its ambiguity) of courtship and other social habits contains the essence of being human — the social encounters, the development of self, the life-enhancing spirit of desire and achievement. Banality is intimation of death, to be overcome by constant invention. Both doctor and artist are present here. It makes for a restless spirit of enquiry which has been misnamed as erratic. What is true is that Miller, as he admits, has no reverence for institutions. What he doesn't say, or lets others say, about his encounters with

the great cultural institutions of state is an articulate absence.

Yet of forty collaborators, mostly internationally respected, who are interviewed here there is no dissenting voice from the idea of a courageous, humane intelligence. The anxiety is a private stress which drives his creative impulse. The testament again and again is to Miller's command of himself. There is nothing mean in him and much that is generous. He seems to be an exceptionally stimulating director to work with, refreshingly open and free from the mask of sentimentality. Miller evidently knows himself, which is perhaps the key to all creative achievement. It is not enough to be clever. In one sense Miller has managed to overcome his Cambridge inheritance and to seek out mastery in the wider world. He has no false modesty about his superior abilities. He is deservedly achieved.

Looking through the list of productions, I see work that I might have caught which is now gone. Theatre is an ephemeral art, dependent on its chroniclers and latterly on recordings which may not be a true likeness. Miller through his own articulate voice allows for an unusual sense of permanence. Like Stanislavski, he will be with us after he has gone.

It may be that need for permanence which leads him to speak of *Beyond the Fringe* as a 'novel', for I don't think it is a slip of the tongue. Theatre as literature is clearly his attraction to classical drama. I wonder if he has not predicted a future mood, a return to the classical literary vein in theatre. If that is to be the case then we shall owe Jonathan Miller a very great deal more than we already do.

GEOFFREY HEPTONSTALL

TELLING ALL

Official and Confidential, The Secret Life of J. Edgar Hoover. Anthony Summers. Victor Gollancz. 528 pages. £10.99. 0 04236 2.

This is the story of Edgar Hoover, the notorious, but famous, head of the FBI, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, that is a real power in the US. Every single one of the thirty-five chapters of the book is a thriller on its own: sex, spying, influence peddling, you name it, involving top people, presidents like Kennedy and Johnson, their deeds and misdeeds. Hoover, for 40 years, collected evidence of their secrets and threatened to use it by the manner of the way he talked to top people he considered his clients. He employed the most advanced surveillance equipment. One realizes that this has changed personal relations. It has become more difficult to do something secretly.

Hoover, a Southerner, said to have had Negro ancestry somewhere, was a not so secret homosexual and an extreme, old-fashioned right-winger. He skilfully exploited the fear of Communism to set himself up as a key person on the political and social stage, a sort of KGB chief. He dealt with the Mafia as a force he could use. He felt threatened by anyone who was slightly different or dissident. That person was suspected of being a Communist.

Hoover felt entitled to spy on presidents. The Kennedy brothers with their adventurous sex lives were favourites and so too was Johnson with his deft business dealings. Even Nixon was afraid of what Hoover had in his locker. Hoover took care to let them know indirectly that he knew everything. The author interviewed 850 people and used thousands of documents and reports. He suggests forcefully that Hoover failed to pass on vital warnings of the attack on Pearl Harbour because he did not like the double agent British Intelligence had sent.

Some of President Kennedy's affairs are reported in detail. Again, the

assassination of Kennedy is dealt with in a way that deliberately leaves open the question of who could have been behind it. The author reveals, of course, that Kennedy wanted to sack Hoover and he quotes from the Nixon tapes that Nixon would have liked to get rid of him too, but found it too risky. A point is made of the unexplained fact that when Hoover died in office, at last, unidentified men turned up instantly and took away things. The FBI has not had so much power and influence in the twenty years since his death.

But he has had enormous influence because the use of the private lives of public figures in the political game has become acceptable. It is significant that the last head of the FBI appointed by President Bush has been removed because of incidents in his private life.

LEO MURAY

PROPHECY AND REMINISCENCE

Picnics on Vesuvius: Steps Towards the Millennium. William Rees-Mogg. Sidgwick and Jackson. 396 pages. £17.50. 0 283 06147 2.

Plague, famine and war, and other signs of hell upon earth, have generally produced millennarists. The very titles of Lord Rees-Mogg's recent books, *Blood in the Streets, The Great Reckoning* and this one (the two former being co-authored with James Dale Davidson) have a frighteningly apocalyptic message to deliver to our times, the final decade of the second millennium. Possibly every generation should be grateful for an 'official' keeper of the public conscience. In these essays, many of them reprints of his pieces in the *Independent*, but thematically arranged into seven parts, he elegantly wears the robes of that imaginary public servant.

As a bedside reader for the wee small hours the mighty issues of the modern world raised in *Picnics on Vesuvius* in a forthright common sense style should be no help to the insomniac as the distinguished author takes on the world depression of the 1990s, the AIDS threat, the decline of the United States, the rise of China, the collapse of traditional moral values and religious faith, and the way in which the socialist alternative to religion has lost its way if not its soul.

The success of *The Great Reckoning* and the media debate thereby engendered have brought William Rees-Mogg even more into the public eye. One is not therefore surprised to find throughout these essays, but especially in Part Four, 'Words and Images', much autobiographical comment, the inevitable shower of name dropping, and, a fair sprinkling of dogmatism especially on economics, power-politics and religion that is here expected and acceptable from a self-confessed student of John Stuart Mill and John Locke and of William James and Alexander Pope.

Perhaps, because of his insights into history, especially in the twelve essays of Part Six and their lapidary style, Rees-Mogg is deservedly quotable. For example: 'If we cannot trust the Bundesbank to co-operate in making the ERM work, we cannot trust a European central bank to operate a single currency'. On Ireland: 'Britain does not want to retain the role of the neighbour who intervenes in a family dispute'. On the royal family: 'A family with a history of unsuitable friends'. On megapolitics and power: 'Nations without a faith are always exposed to nations which have faith'. In a central essay entitled, 'We have the plagues: now we must look for angels', he lists six potentially fatal plagues and cites the ancient Jewish prophecy on the House of Elias, which states, 'the world doth continue six thousand years, two thousand years before the law, two thousand years under the law, and two thousand

years the days of Christ'. In his essay on AIDS, the grim apocalyptic arithmetic of HIV, doubling every five years, means that by the year 2035 there would be more than five billion infected, which is the current population of the entire world. The grim statistics of this new Malthusian science are piled up remorselessly in this section but hope is held out that the major world religions whose sexual codes are designed to protect families and prevent sexually transmitted diseases 'may yet be more important than anything that governments or advertisements can achieve'.

Not all is doom and gloom in these essays nor is all stark realism either; the last two sections bring together his pieces on 'The Past: Pleasures and Insights' and a miscellany on 'Cricket and other afterthoughts' and these are full of interesting nostalgia, witty asides, and cultural perceptions. However, the sense of the tragic transience and brevity of human existence in which even 'our happiest moments are picnics on the slopes of Vesuvius' fittingly pervades what one hopes is not a book of prophecy.

JOHN MCGURK

SHORTER REVIEWS

Dorothy L. Sayers, Her Life and Soul. (Hodder & Stoughton, 398pp, £25.00.) Barbara Reynolds' biography appears in the centenary year of Dorothy L. Sayers' birth. The author is not only Chairman of the Dorothy L. Sayers Society but, as an Italian scholar, has completed Miss Sayers' translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, left unfinished at her death. The author has had access to her subject's surviving manuscripts and also to those who knew her. She uses these sources to show that the famous novelist was a much warmer and more attractive woman than her forbidding appearance and behaviour indicated. Miss Sayers was a leading figure in the Oxford of C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien and, as a playwright, has left a lasting influence on the revival of religious drama, so long dormant in the English Church. The biography is well written and researched and a pleasure to read.

The Byrom Collection: Renaissance Thought, the Royal Society and the Building of the Globe Theatre. (Jonathan Cape. £25. 320pp. 0 224 03046 9). Joy Hancox describes how she bought a house in Salford and discovered that it contained, in a secret room, a huge collection of meticulously executed architectural drawings. Their size and number (516) indicated an importance which aroused her curiosity and she pursued the trail, ultimately finding out that they constituted the Byrom Collection and had been preserved by members of an eighteenth-century secret society called the Cabala Club, which John Byrom founded in 1725. A Jacobite sympathiser and member of the Royal Society, he and others were trying to discover a new model of the universe in which science would finally dissociate itself from magic. The origins of the drawings were traced to Tudor times. She uncovered a clandestine history involving the courts and noble families of Europe from Elizabeth I to George II. The designs of the original Globe Theatre, the Rose and five other Elizabethan playhouses form part of the collection, as well as designs for mediaeval Templar churches and even a hidden mystical numerology in the pattern of Westminster Abbey. The author tells an exciting detective story as well as revealing historically interesting explanations, backed up by other scholars.

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Lawrence Tal

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KING HUSSEIN'S JORDAN: FORTY YEARS ON

by Lawrence Tal

ON 14 July 1958, the Iraqi royal family was brutally murdered in a revolution which overthrew the Iraqi monarchy and threatened the Jordanian throne as well. While the mob dragged the dismembered corpses of the slain royals through the streets of Baghdad, Britain despatched a parachute brigade to protect King Hussein of Jordan. Anthony Nutting, in Amman as a correspondent for a New York newspaper, reflected the view prevalent among Western journalists and diplomats: 'However much one may admire the courage of this lonely young king, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion his days are numbered'.

Yet today, forty years after Hussein's accession to the Hashemite throne, he still rules and is more popular than ever in Jordan. The 'lonely young king' has outlasted all of his contemporaries and is now the longest serving head of state in the Middle East. Hussein has survived the Cold War rivalry which split East and West and has dealt with nearly every major leader — including nine US presidents — during the past four decades.

On 20 July 1951, the fifteen-year-old Prince Hussein accompanied his grandfather, King Abdullah, to Friday prayers in Jerusalem. As the royal entourage entered the al-Aqsa mosque, a disillusioned Palestinian gunman fired a bullet into Abdullah's head, killing him instantly. Another bullet hit Hussein on the chest but bounced off the military medals he wore on his uniform. The assassin was shot dead by the royal guards, and Hussein was whisked back to Amman. For the next two years, the Prince studied at Harrow and Sandhurst, while his father, King Talal, ruled in Amman. He was eventually deposed due to mental illness, and Hussein ascended the throne upon reaching his eighteenth birthday.

Abdullah left Hussein three pillars underpinning Hashemite rule. The

first was an external power which could finance Jordan's economic and security requirements. Britain created Jordan in 1921 and continued to underwrite the kingdom after its independence in 1946. London retained its influence in Jordan through a network of British military commanders, development experts, and diplomats. The second pillar was the security forces. Loyal regiments, usually recruited from Beduin tribes and established Jordanian families, ensured the permanence of Hashemite rule in a country encircled by larger, more powerful states. The third pillar was a political elite committed to the Hashemite entity. During his thirty-year reign, Abdullah surrounded himself with a coterie of Jordanian and Palestinian notables who dispensed patronage and maintained stability by acting as intermediaries between government and local inhabitants. How Hussein manipulated these 'pillars' in the face of internal and external pressures explains his survival.

Hussein's first tests began in October 1953, when an Israeli military force under the command of Ariel Sharon attacked the village of Qibya on the West Bank, a region under Jordanian control since 1948, blowing up houses and killing 66 people, most of them women and children. The raid, in retaliation for a terrorist incident in Israel, led to a popular uproar among the Palestinians who charged the British-officered Arab Legion with failing to protect them. Qibya set a pattern which would recur frequently in the years to come.

The next challenge came with the parliamentary elections of October 1954, when the Jordanian opposition — which included communists, socialists, Arab nationalists, and Islamic fundamentalists — accused the government of rigging the vote. Riots erupted throughout Jordan, and the Arab Legion, under the command of General John Glubb Pasha, was deployed to suppress the disturbances. For the first time, the army opened fire on the crowds, leaving 24 persons dead and over 100 injured. The protests marked the beginning of the devolution of British control over Jordan. Although Glubb Pasha had been wrongly criticised for his failure to save parts of Palestine in 1948, it was when the army became associated with oppressive measures against Jordanians that a coherent anti-British campaign began among opposition elements.

Another event which was to have an indelible impact on Jordan was the rise of the Egyptian leader, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Although the historical record shows that Nasser's career was chequered with foolish political gambits and acts of 'brinkmanship' which eventually led the Arab world to the precipice of disaster in 1967, his effect during the 1950s cannot be underestimated. To disenchanted young Arabs, Nasser's anti-imperialist and anti-Zionist rhetoric struck a responsive chord. Nasser used the medium of radio to spread his revolutionary message, calling for all Arabs to unite. Egypt also utilised financial and diplomatic channels to exert political leverage in Jordan.

Hussein first felt the sting of Nasser's propaganda during the Baghdad Pact crisis of December 1955. The Pact, conceived as a Western defence strategy to protect the Northern Tier countries against Soviet encroach-

ment, was perceived by Nasser as a threat to his quest for regional hegemony. Egypt launched a vociferous campaign against Hussein, who was under British pressure to accede to the agreement. Demonstrations were staged in most Jordanian towns, and the Arab Legion used tear gas and gunfire to quell the disturbances. Hussein went through four prime ministers in a twenty-five day period, as successive governments collapsed in the face of popular resistance. Calm returned only when Hussein announced that Jordan would not join the Pact. The opposition had won its first victory.

Sensing that he needed a bold move to regain the political initiative, Hussein decided, against the advice of some of his closest advisers, to dismiss Glubb. The justification given for Hussein's action was Glubb's alleged failure to protect the West Bank against Israeli raids. But Glubb was firmly committed to the defence of Jordan, believing that it was only a matter of time before Israel seized the West Bank. Hussein's real intention was to undercut Glubb's base of power in Jordan. He would never be an independent ruler as long as Glubb, who regulated the distribution of military funds and controlled all promotions, retained his grip on the army. Hussein was also under increasing pressure from Jordanian military officers to 'Arabise' the armed forces. The departure of Glubb and other British advisers boosted Hussein's popularity in Jordan and throughout the Arab world. He filled the positions vacated by the British with Jordanians. Officers were promoted almost overnight and many with little military experience were placed in positions of responsibility. For instance, Captain Ali Abu Nuwar was rapidly promoted to major-general and soon became Chief of Staff.

Glubb's dismissal coincided with a liberalisation of the electoral process. In the October 1956 poll, the National Socialist Party (NSP) under Suleiman al-Nabulsi captured a majority of seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The Nabulsi government is often viewed as a milestone in the history of Jordan, a time when free elections unleashed progressive forces seeking to alter the complexion of Jordanian politics. In reality, most members of the Nabulsi chamber were not elected for their ideology but on the basis of communal ties, tribal loyalties, and personal reputations. Nevertheless, the Nabulsi government attempted to align Jordan's policies with those of Egypt and Syria. Taking advantage of popular sentiments engendered by the Suez crisis, Nabulsi convinced Hussein to abrogate the Anglo-Jordanian treaty. He also called for the establishment of ties with the Soviet Union and China.

Hussein, realising that his gradualist, pro-Western brand of Arab unity was incompatible with Nasser's vision, decided to consolidate his regime. He dismissed the government and dissolved parliament. In April 1957, the King discovered that a *coup* was being planned in the army. He executed a countercoup against the rebel officers, removing the chief conspirator, Ali Abu Nuwar and ordering a number of others to be tried and sentenced by a military tribunal. Hussein also tacitly accepted the Eisenhower Doctrine, which promised American financial and military

assistance to any Middle Eastern state under threat from 'international communism'. The US responded by granting economic aid to Jordan and deploying the Sixth Fleet off the coast of Lebanon as a show of force for the King. Finally, Hussein banned all political parties and declared martial law.

The Jordan crisis of July 1958 was the last test in Hussein's 'trial by fire'. After uncovering another plot to overthrow his regime, Hussein requested British military assistance, and British troops were sent to Jordan — over-flying Israel since Saudi Arabia, Syria, and Iraq were all hostile. During the next three months, his security services took draconian measures, arresting hundreds of suspected plotters. The crisis was successfully resolved when the United Nations extracted a promise from Nasser to refrain from sponsoring subversive activities in Jordan.

Hussein consolidated his regime by transforming the three pillars of his rule. First, he replaced one external actor — Britain — with another — the United States. Second, he placed the armed forces under Jordanian control and purged the ranks of disloyal elements. Finally, he turned back to the traditional political elite, whose advice he had ignored in his gestures towards the opposition in 1956. Hussein also personalised his reign by displaying considerable courage during the crises. More than once he risked assassination by confronting rebellious elements of the armed forces.

Although Hussein ensured internal stability in Jordan, he still faced external pressures from Egypt, Syria, and Iraq. During the period known as 'the Arab Cold War', Hussein survived numerous assassination attempts, including bombing and poisoning plots. One of the most spectacular occurred in November 1958. While flying over Syria to go on holiday, Hussein's private jet was attacked by two MIG-17 fighters. Hussein and his co-pilot managed to evade the interceptors and returned to a tumultuous welcome in Amman, where soldiers of the royal guard had threatened to shoot the entire cabinet for allowing the King to fly over Syria. The British ambassador in Amman reported that 'the episode has strengthened the already potent "Hussein Legend".'

The first Arab summit in Cairo in January 1964 heralded a new era in inter-Arab co-operation. The summit led to a rapprochement between Nasser and Hussein, who agreed to the formation of the Palestine Liberation Organisation (PLO). Hussein allowed the PLO to train and recruit in Jordan, but his co-operation with the Palestinians proved to be a double-edged sword. On the one hand, he could use his backing for the Palestinian cause to mobilise support for Jordan in the Arab world. On the other, Palestinian guerrilla operations against Israel endangered the uneasy truce which existed between Jordan and its Jewish neighbour. In November 1966, an Israeli brigade attacked the West Bank village of Samu in reprisal for the deaths of three soldiers who died in a landmine explosion in Israel. The Israelis destroyed Samu, killing 21 Jordanians and providing the catalyst for riots against the regime. Whether Israel hoped to provoke a Jordanian counter-attack, thereby providing a pretext for capturing the West Bank, is still in dispute.

The disastrous June 1967 war, which resulted in Jordan's losing the West Bank, was the outcome of a series of Arab miscalculations, and Nasser must bear the greatest share of the blame for the Arab defeat. But Hussein also made a mistake in going to war against a militarily superior Israel. Popular opinion in Jordan was undoubtedly in favour of fighting. Defenders of Hussein argue that he would have faced an uprising by the Palestinians if he did not confront Israel. Further, Hussein would have lost all prestige in the Arab world if he stayed out of the hostilities. Critics reply that Hussein could have controlled the Palestinians by military means. Moreover, since the Palestinians went to war against the regime in 1970, it would have been better for Hussein to confront the PLO on his own terms in 1967. Another criticism — raised by some of Hussein's closest advisers and military commanders — was that the King should not have placed his armed forces under Egyptian command. Instead, Hussein should have sacrificed the West Bank, which could not be effectively defended, and concentrated his forces in Jerusalem, where Israel could not use its air power without destroying the Old City.

One major consequence of the Arab defeat in 1967 was an increase in the size and scope of the Palestinian liberation movement. The PLO fought alongside the Jordanian army in March 1968 at the battle of Karameh, in which an Israeli tank and infantry division was routed after a twelve-hour battle. Although many Jordanians charged that the Palestinians did little of the fighting, Hussein, perhaps unwisely, allowed the PLO to take the lion's share of the credit for the victory. By 1970, the PLO guerrillas in Jordan — who were given almost full run of Amman — were acting as if they possessed 'a state within a state'. Hussein came under intense pressure from many advisers in his inner circle to expel the Palestinians. Finally, a machine-gun attack on Hussein's motorcade, followed by a multiple hijacking of foreign airliners to Amman by radical Palestinians, gave Hussein a reason to strike.

Black September of 1970 has become the source of many myths and misconceptions about the nature of Jordanian-Palestinian relations. The fact is that the Jordanian army moved against the PLO, and after a few weeks of fighting, ejected the Palestinian fighters from Amman. In 1971, the army managed to crush the remaining pockets of PLO resistance in the hills round the ancient city of Jerash. The PLO — and some of the 'radical' Arab states — charged Hussein with slaughtering innocent Palestinians, producing exaggerated casualty figures to support their claims. What the PLO failed to mention was that numerous Jordanians were pro-Palestinian during the civil war, while some Palestinians fought on the side of the Jordanian army. Thus, the Jordanian and Palestinian populations of Jordan were not neatly divided against each other.

The October 1973 Middle East war (in which Jordan did not fight) led to peace talks between Egypt and Israel and a re-definition of the nature of the Palestinian liberation struggle. With the Arab military option against Israel a foregone conclusion, the Arab states meeting in Rabat in 1974 proclaimed the PLO the sole legitimate representative of the Pales-

tinian people. The summit called for the formation of a Palestinian entity in any territories emancipated from Israel. Hussein still believed in Jordanian sovereignty over the West Bank, especially in Jerusalem, but acquiesced to the demands of his fellow Arabs. Among his political elite, some argued that Jordan should take the Rabat decision to its logical conclusion, severing administrative ties with the West Bank and revoking citizenship from Palestinians living in Jordan. But Hussein refused to disengage from the West Bank, hoping to balance his territorial ambitions with his support for the PLO.

The negotiations between Egypt and Israel resulted in the signing of the Camp David Accords in 1978. Although Jordan was mentioned fourteen times in the Accords, Hussein did not participate in the talks and rejected the agreement. First, the Accords made no provisions for Palestinian statehood and treated the Palestinian problem merely as a refugee issue. Second, the agreement perpetuated Israeli control over the West Bank and Gaza and did not discuss the sensitive issue of Israeli settlements. Hussein was right to denounce the Accords as offering less than a just and comprehensive solution to the Palestinian problem. Hussein was punished for his refusal to countenance the Camp David framework for peace. The Carter Administration reduced budgetary support for Jordan from $40 million in 1978 to $20 million in 1980. In 1981, the US withdrew all budgetary support to Jordan but continued to provide technical assistance and loans.

Despite the loss of aid from the US, Jordan enjoyed a period of unprecedented economic prosperity during the 1970s. The 1978 Arab summit in Baghdad pledged $1.2 thousand million to Jordan as a 'confrontation state' with Israel. The kingdom also benefited from remittances from the 300,000 Jordanians working in the Gulf states, revenues derived from exports of agricultural products and phosphates, and transit fees from the port of Aqaba. But increasing affluence — Jordan's economy grew nearly ten per cent per year during most of the 1970s — resulted in economic and social dislocations by the early 1980s, when declining oil prices reduced external revenues from the Gulf region. Many people in Jordan did well during the boom years, but others suffered, with income disparities growing between rich and poor. By the late 1980s, Jordan had economic and demographic problems. Unemployment was increasing, population was rising, and foreign reserves were dwindling. More and more people were becoming dependent on a shrinking resource base.

The rapid economic growth also had implications for Hussein's traditional instruments of power. Jordan introduced national service in 1976, marking a shift from a professional to a conscript army. Yet career military personnel — who still comprised the backbone of the security apparatus — enjoyed increased economic privileges designed to ensure their loyalty. The political elite had always been co-opted by the Hashemites, but they now competed with each other for a larger share of the wealth controlled by the state. In effect, Jordan had become an 'aid economy' with a growing number of citizens dependent on government largesse.

During these years, Hussein's diplomacy on the Arab front remained predicated on national security concerns. He improved his relations with Syria — which had deteriorated due to Jordan's support for Saddam Hussein and the Syrian Muslim Brotherhood, both enemies of President Hafez al-Assad. Hussein also made several unsuccessful attempts to resolve the Palestinian issue. His efforts were undermined by the gradual shift in the locus of the Palestinian liberation struggle from the diaspora to the West Bank and Gaza. Palestinians living under the oppressive conditions of military occupation realised that their leadership-in-exile had failed to liberate a single inch of Palestine. The result was a growth in self-reliance, which gained momentum after the PLO's 1982 exodus from Beirut, and culminated in the outbreak of the Intifada in 1987.

The Palestinian uprising symbolised a rejection not only of Israel, but also of Jordan. Hussein was confronted with a Palestinian population on the West Bank which had cultivated its own institutions and structures of local government and no longer wanted his leadership. Accordingly, he severed all administrative and legal ties with the West Bank on 31 July 1988. Another factor behind Hussein's decision was his frustration with America's reluctance to press Israel for substantive concessions on the question of trading land for peace. Hussein's surprise move created the political space the PLO needed to declare an independent Palestinian state in November 1988. The process of disengagement which began at Rabat was finally complete.

Hussein's most recent challenge came during the Gulf crisis in 1990. He condemned the Iraqi annexation of Kuwait but also denounced the use of Western military force to restore the *status quo ante*. Because Jordan had historical, political, and economic links with Iraq, it would have been difficult for Hussein to sever ties with Baghdad. However, some maintained that Hussein made a tactical blunder: he should have immediately disassociated himself from Saddam Hussein and signed on with the coalition forces. But Hussein's stance during the Gulf war does not seem to have done him great harm, at least in the short term. Jordan appears to be back in the good graces of the West. The 300,000 Jordanians and Palestinians who left Kuwait after the war and resettled in Jordan are investing in the country, and the Amman area is currently experiencing a slight economic boom. But such economic growth is ephemeral and cannot be sustained without substantial infusions of capital. Questions are now being asked about the future of Jordan. The King's recent return from the US, where he underwent an operation for cancer, caused many Jordanians to realise just how much they depend upon Hussein. It seems that Hussein's brother, Crown Prince Hassan, will enjoy a smooth succession to the throne. However, most people believe that only democratic institutions and political liberalisation will guarantee the long-term stability of Jordan.

Since 1989, Hussein has conducted an exciting experiment in liberalisation. Free parliamentary elections (which returned a chamber dominated by Islamists, who enjoy broad support because of their wide networks of

social welfare services and uncompromising stand against corruption), an end to martial law (in effect since 1967), and new press freedoms have contributed to a more pluralistic political arena. Liberalisation, however, is not synonymous with democratisation. Hussein has expanded the base of his regime by opening up political space in the media, professional associations, trade unions, universities, and mosques. Liberalisation has provided a safety-valve for the regime by allowing people to air their grievances. On the other hand, the liberalisation has been 'risk-free'. Authorities have been able to manipulate the electoral laws to exclude certain candidates from standing at local and national levels.

Hussein's success during the past forty years has been conditioned by his ability to rebuild the pillars under his regime to meet changing circumstances and new challenges. In particular, the King has been adept at neutralising former opponents by bringing them into government. He maintains secret ties with Israel and open relations with the PLO but places Jordanian interests at the top of his agenda. Hussein knows that he can no longer depend solely on his traditional instruments of power. He thus hopes to diffuse decision-making throughout the state structure, allowing more people to enter the political field. The greatest test of Hussein's leadership, though, will be how well he prepares his people for life without him.

[Lawrence Tal is a member of St. Antony's College, Oxford. He has recently returned from a research trip to Jordan.]

MANUFACTURING IN THE UK: THE LONG WAY BACK?

by Mark Cook

THE conquering of inflation in many Western countries and the UK in particular has paved the way for the development of the next major target of economic policy, that is, economic growth. By pursuing policies aimed at improving the growth rate of the economy we can reinstate our belief in a more equitable distribution of income and the process of growth will tackle the problem of unemployment. Low growth rates have been seen to be a reflection of a poorly motivated workforce, one which is poorly trained, and exhibits low productivity. If we couple this with the low level of Research and Development (R&D) and investment in the UK we have all the ingredients in place to show why other countries have had higher growth rates than the UK and why the UK's percentage of world manufactures has declined over this century.

Manufacturing is seen as the key to the well being of the UK economy. A strong manufacturing base is seen as one which provides employment, stimulates growth and enables a country like the UK which exports a greater part of its Gross Domestic Product (GDP) than any other country to achieve equilibrium in its trade account. Without a strong manufacturing base, it is argued, we shall run into balance of payments difficulties, structural unemployment will rise and there will be the ensuing regional problems. Other major developed economies like Germany and Japan are seen to have a higher percentage of manufacturing in GDP and one view is that if we wish to emulate them then the UK needs to look at the decline in manufacturing. Like many other developed economies over the last thirty years the UK's industrial structure has altered from a predominantly manufacturing economy towards one more devoted to services. Unlike some other developed nations, however, which possessed a relatively large agricultural sector the UK compensated for the growth in the service sector by a reduction in manufacturing employment.

It is not the first time that the UK has experienced structural change in its economy since it was the first country to industrialise. Nonetheless, it is too simplistic an argument to suggest that because the UK was the first to industrialise it will, therefore, be the first country into the post-industrial sector. Moreover, this maturing economy hypothesis cannot explain why it is the UK rather than Germany or Japan which has experienced a declining share in world manufactures. We would expect the structure of the UK economy like any other developed economy to change slowly over time as the pattern of demand changes resulting from increases in income, changes in tastes, and alterations in the demographic make-up of the population. These changes would therefore have a knock-on effect onto employment and output. Moreover, the impact of technology will also alter the pattern of goods and services that can be provided from the market as technical progress reduces the cost of production,

changes the comparative advantages in production and affects the level of competition and this will be reflected subsequently in a change in the composition of output. But are there any singularly British factors which are behind the gradual decline in the UK's manufacturing sector?

Like many other countries the UK was a net importer of oil in the early 1970s but with the development of its North Sea oil reserves the position was reversed by the early 1980s. The production of North Sea oil has raised a number of questions as to its overall impact on the UK economy and the subsequent structural changes. Forsyth and Kay (1980)[1] suggested that the development of North Sea oil caused an appreciation in the value of the pound and the reduced competitiveness of UK exports led to a decline in UK manufacturing. Although there might be some truth in this argument, others have pointed out that the decline in UK manufacturing was well under way before the development of North Sea oil. To separate out the effects of North Sea oil on the UK economy is most difficult since the period 1979-1981, when North Sea oil came on stream in sufficient quantity, coincided with contractory fiscal and monetary policies and with a world recession. Some evidence as to the negative impact of North Sea oil could be explained by the 'Dutch Disease', a name given to a scenario concerning the discovery of a natural energy resource, named after the discovery and impact of natural gas on the Dutch economy. The argument runs as follows in the context of the UK economy: having oil in sufficient quantities increases wealth which impacts on the demand for consumer goods and services. If UK manufactures are good substitutes for world manufactures then the price of these are largely determined on the open market. In this case the price of services relative to manufactures will rise. If the factor rewards to services relative to manufactures are improved then factors of production will move out of manufacturing and into the service sector. However, not all factors are equally mobile and thus the decline in the employment and size of the manufacturing sector occurs. But what did the UK do with its oil revenues? Some saw these revenues as being 'frittered away' on various forms of benefits for the growing numbers of unemployed during the early 1980s or to pay for a consumer spending spree rather than being used for investment on capital projects. In fact by the end of 1986, between a third and one half of the economic rent from the North Sea had been invested in overseas assets, yielding a substantial return in interests and dividends for the future. It could be argued, therefore, that the revenue from North Sea oil enabled the UK economy's income to remain at a fairly high level so that the structural changes that were needed, could be made.

One argument frequently cited for the decline in the UK's manufacturing base is that British goods are being under-cut by cheaper imports from 'Newly Industrialised Countries' (NICs). These countries face lower wage bills, labour works longer hours and is less unionised, and is thereby seen as more flexible. It is not the level of wages on its own that matters but also the associated level of productivity of labour. Thus a high cost

labour force coupled with high productivity can be as equally effective as a low cost labour force with low levels of productivity. If this is the situation facing the UK then this must be the same for other developed countries. Moreover, the UK itself could be seen as a low wage economy when compared with some of the other countries in Western Europe. Nonetheless, its productivity levels do lag behind those in other western nations, a feature we shall return to later.

Even if the UK does not possess price competitiveness this may be restored by movements in the exchange rate, though if the exchange rate is kept too high as it was during the early 1980s or not allowed to fall as it was during the late 1980s then the lack of price competitiveness at home cannot be restored.

One suggestion by Dow (1964)[3] for the decline of the UK manufacturing was that the various attempts by governments to stabilize the growth in the economy had led to a variety of 'stop-go' policies which rather than stabilize the economy had de-stabilized it. Without a consistent range of policies, the uncertainties that have ensued have resulted in a relatively poor investment record. If we couple this with the way firms are financed in the UK and their need to make short-term profits then other countries may well have benefited from taking a much longer perspective of investment plans. The Keynesian policy of active demand management has also been suggested as having a long term detrimental effect on the economy. When governments require money for fiscal injections into the economy, the selling of government stocks deprives the private sector of scarce resources, that is the government sector has 'crowded-out' private sector investment. The subsequent rise in interest rates that follows as both private and public sector seek scarce investment funds, increases the costs to industry, reduces investment and inhibits economic growth.

The balance of payments has also been seen as a problem behind the UK's manufacturing performance. In the growth part of the economic cycle, consumer expenditure attracts more imports and domestic producers faced with increased consumer demand at home switch exports to the domestic market. Thus the balance of payments deteriorates. The problem with the balance of payments can be resolved by letting the exchange rate fall in value but this will lead to increased prices for imports and a greater deterioration in the balance of trade in the short term. The extent to which exports are stimulated depends on the degree to which higher import prices feed into export prices and the degree to which higher import prices force up the rate of inflation and the subsequent rise in wage claims further increase the costs to industry.

It may well be that the UK is characterised by particular supply-side constraints which prevent the market mechanism working adequately. Amongst the factors which have been put forward as explanations of the UK's poor productivity record are: obstructive industrial relations and trade union restrictive practices, unskilled and inadequately trained workers and management, poorly directed R&D, and distortions that arise due to the tax system. In addition the finance of British industry

with their need to make short-term profits to satisfy shareholders may well have led it to select projects which give quick returns rather than to look for projects with long-term investment potential. Some even argue that the 'climate' in Britain is not one which easily takes up new ideas, leaving other countries to reap the benefits from British inventions.

If we couple the factors outlined above with a class system which is said to encourage people to work against, not with, one another, a higher UK inflation rate which has priced UK goods out of export markets, that manufacturing is not seen as a sector in which the best graduates have sought employment, and that UK businesses have been more eager to invest abroad, then we have a number of explanations for the demise of UK manufacturing.

But does the manufacturing sector really matter since over two thirds of UK workers are employed in the service sector and wasn't the 1980s a time when the Thatcher Administration overhauled British industry?

It would appear that during the 1980s UK productivity growth, particularly in manufacturing, improved relative to the rest of the European Community. Why the concentration on manufacturing rather than any other sector when discussing productivity? This is justified on the grounds that manufacturing is the key to the growth and transformation of the economy. Output growth requires a strong manufacturing sector and associated high levels of labour productivity. In fact if we dis-aggregate manufacturing productivity growth some sectors show a very patchy performance during the 1980s, in particular clothing and footwear whilst it is the sectors of motor vehicles and parts and other transport equipment which showed large increases in their productivity levels. Non-manufacturing productivity levels were not so impressive during the 1980s averaging 1.75 per cent compared with 4.2 per cent for manufacturing over the period 1979-1988. So what led to the major spurt in manufacturing productivity during the 1980s? It is not likely to be the result of increased growth in capital stock or to relatively higher R&D expenditure, since during the 1980s both tended to be lower in the UK than in other EC or OECD countries. It is true that investment levels in UK-based manufacturing industry were higher at the beginning of the recession in 1989 compared with those at the beginning of the 1979 recession by some 12.8 per cent but these were far smaller than the 320.3 per cent increase in investment in the financial and business services sector over the same period. It is also not due to the 'playing of the best batsman argument' since the closure of manufacturing plants during the early 1980s included a number of larger plants which had above average productivity levels. Layard and Nickell (1990)[3] suggest that the productivity growth had occurred mainly because production had been re-organised due to the curbing of trade union power and through reductions in manning levels. Some of the impetus for these changes had been due to a combination of domestic supply-side, fiscal and monetary policies as well as changes in the external environment. Thus they point to the world recession of 1980/81 exacerbated by Conservative policies which

gave workers and management an obvious choice, change working practices and increase productivity or lose your jobs entirely. The supply-side policies switched the balance of power in wage negotiations towards management. In fact there is some evidence to suggest that the biggest productivity gains were in those firms which had been more highly unionised and those that had sustained a bigger shock in 1979-81.

The role of new technology and the microchip revolution may also be relevant for the UK's 'productivity miracle'. However, such technology is also available to our major competitors and so by itself can only be a partial explanation of the UK's improved competitiveness. But it is possible that UK industry is making better use of new technologies now, perhaps due to union flexibility and other supply-side factors. Moreover, we should not forget about the way in which companies were run during the 1980s since there was a big reduction in over-manning and this in itself has improved productivity levels. But have we described a productivity miracle which has helped British manufacturing only in the short term and not improved its position in world trading markets in the long-run?

Here commentators are once again not in agreement. Productivity has been improved during the 1980s but this has only returned UK productivity levels to their level of growth of the 1960s. Moreover, even though there were long periods during the 1980s when the UK out-performed its major competitors, the gap between UK and German, Japanese and US productivity levels is still very large and even with the catch-up phase that the UK has undergone it will take years to reach comparative productivity levels of these other countries. Research work as to the impact of Conservative policies on unions and the subsequent performance of the UK economy is also inconclusive, some suggest that the Thatcher reforms have laid the basis for sustained improvements in economic performance, whilst others view the Conservative policies as giving a 'one-off' effect. Others point to the shake-out of labour as a major fillip to the productivity gains of the 1980s. In 1979 there were approximately seven million employees in manufacturing; since then this workforce has shrunk some three million. If we couple this with the rise in manufacturing output over this period, not surprisingly, productivity in the manufacturing sector grew. There is little doubt that the supply-side policies of the government had some effect but the importance of these may well have been overstated. In fact even during the decade of the 1980s suggestions were made that this shake out of labour in the manufacturing sector would not give a sustained increase in productivity since the rise in profits for companies and the willingness of labour to be more flexible hid the UK's poor record in investment in new plant, machinery and workforce skills. Whilst profits were in existence there was also less need to carry out high levels of capital investment. To illustrate this point, between 1979-1988 the profits of British manufacturing companies rose significantly but the increase in capital investment was disappointing. Conversely, in Japan, Canada and Belgium new capital investment rose appreciably despite profit shares remaining relatively constant. In fact we can turn the loss of trade union

power on its head, in that the switch of control towards management enabled it to keep labour costs low and pursue production practices that are more labour intensive than other countries. This view of the UK as a low labour cost country has been expounded by government as a means to attract foreign direct investment, a policy that appears to have been very successful, yet this encourages the proliferation of investment in low value added, labour intensive techniques of production which leads to low productivity levels. In addition it is in these labour intensive, low value added areas that the UK faces the most competition from the NICs.

We may also have another indicator at hand which may tell us about the success or failure of government policies in the manufacturing sector, and that is the balance of trade. The opening years of the 1980s witnessed balance of trade surpluses for the UK, the overall picture was made better by the surpluses on the oil account, nonetheless surpluses elsewhere were being made. By the middle of the 1980s the non-oil account had gone into the red and by the end of the decade the surplus on the oil account, which had been deteriorating, was not sufficient to off-set the deficit in the non-oil account, leaving the UK with a current account deficit of £20.9 billion or 4.0 per cent of GDP in 1989. It may be true to say that the UK's export growth was better than most countries over the period 1981-1991, but if we take a slightly different time period, say back to 1979, then the UK's export performance is not that impressive. Moreover, it may well be that we should not be concentrating on the export side but should be considering the growth of import penetration. The real problem facing the UK economy is its propensity to import manufactured goods as it expands. Thus although UK manufacturing may be 'leaner and fitter' there may not be enough of it to satisfy domestic demand. This can be seen if we look at the UK's manufacturing sector alone. From its traditional position in manufacturing trade — the UK recorded a surplus of £2.7 billion in 1979, the 1989 figure showed a deficit of £16.1 billion. What also must be worrying is that during a recession the UK continues to run a balance of trade deficit, some £13.8 billion in 1992 with an estimate of £18.8 billion for 1993. Some of this could be expected given the depreciation in the value of the pound, notwithstanding this, a major concern is that UK domestic demand growth is likely to exceed that of its major competitors.

If we cannot rely on the manufacturing sector to get the UK out of its current difficulties could we turn to the service sector as its saviour? The problem for the service sector is that although it employs over 60 per cent of the workforce in the UK its output is less tradeable, thus if the manufacturing sector is replaced by the service sector then exports will fall. But this argument rests on the fact that services are less tradeable and this is beginning to change. The opportunities are growing as more developed countries turn to the service sector having reduced their manufacturing base. Moreover, the current GATT round shows how important services are, giving them a prominent position in the current negotiations. But isn't productivity lower in the service sector? On the

figures available the answer is yes, but this is partly due to the fact that output in services is difficult to define. Moreover, the changes that have swept the manufacturing sector of the economy are now beginning to affect the services sector with a shake-out of over-manning and the introduction of competition. If anything the official figures tend to understate the importance of the service sector. Due to the arbitrariness of definition some service jobs are placed in with the manufacturing sector. In addition, manufacturing firms have often undertaken service sector tasks, such as design and marketing, but because they are done in-house the jobs have been included with manufacturing employment. Thus when manufacturing firms put these tasks out to tender then we see a movement of manufacturing jobs into the service sector.

Where does all this leave the UK? The structural changes facing the UK are not new, they may, however, have quickened in pace. The UK's share of world manufacturing has fallen appreciably since the 1940s and has left it with a manufacturing base that appears to be too small, thus the UK faces continual balance of payments problems which are either overcome by a depreciation in the currency or through a combination of fiscal and monetary policies to dampen domestic demand. Its low level of training and poor investment has resulted in it being a relatively low productive yet relatively cheap source of labour compared with other main industrial countries. By being a low wage/low productive/poorly trained economy one of its main areas of output has been in low valued added products which make it susceptible to competition from the NICs. UK consumers, however, may have desires to consume a greater proportion of high value-added products which are then imported. Supply-side solutions may well have helped the UK economy, but the level of training needs to be improved. An internal report submitted to the President of the Board of Trade, Michael Heseltine, indicates that even with the measures that have taken place, Britain's manufacturing industry is now so uncompetitive that it will take decades to rectify the problems. In other words we cannot let market forces rule all the time and it may have come to the point where the government should be actively advocating an industrial policy, one which should favour investment and the export of goods. If we cannot, or do not, want the return of the manufacturing sector then we must turn towards services as a major source of revenue in the future. Fewer service jobs are clerical or manual, many of them require a high level of skill-training and education; thus once again we return to a common problem whichever way we turn; the appropriate education and training perhaps are the key to the future success of the UK economy.

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THE IKON AND THE LATRINE BUCKET: THE WORLD OF ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

by Anthony James

'ILYICH, is it your turn to take out the latrine bucket?', one prisoner asked another in a crammed cell in the Lubyanka Prison in Moscow in the Spring of 1945. The question was overheard by a twenty-six year old captain of artillery, newly arrested for veiled, though disparaging, remarks about Stalin contained in a letter to a friend which had been intercepted. The young captain shuddered with a sense of outrage. Ilyich happened to be Lenin's patronymic as well as that of the prisoner addressed. The brilliant young officer felt disgust that the name should be uttered in the same sentence as 'latrine bucket' and also felt that it was somehow wrong to call anyone but Lenin by that name.[1] This highly decorated Red Army officer had harboured an intellectual contempt for Stalin since boyhood, yet he was a passionately convinced Marxist-Leninist. The young officer was Aleksandr Isayevich Solzhenitsyn, later to become a Nobel prize winner and the most famous of Soviet dissidents and one of the most formidable and implacable opponents of Marxism of the 20th century.

Few writers in history have been so profoundly and crucially affected by the experience of imprisonment as Solzhenitsyn. His major works are an artistic response to prison and concentration camp life, to punitive exile and to an awareness of being defined as an enemy and an alien by the society which he had served unselfishly and with energy and discipline. Now that the writer is in his seventies and has been engaged for over twenty years in writing a quite different series of books, not connected with his prison experiences or — in any direct way — with his own life, it can be seen that his arrest and his years as a prisoner are an essential point of reference in understanding his development and his literary output as a whole. Understanding of Solzhenitsyn is important because his career illuminates not only the course of 20th century history and the ideologies which have helped to generate historical changes, but also the issues of moral integrity and artistic integrity and artistic decline.

It has become increasingly obvious in recent years since the spectacle of Solzhenitsyn's almost unbelievable bravery in setting himself up as opponent of the Soviet regime — and indeed that very regime itself — have receded into the past, that he is *not* a great writer. That term, *great writer*, is of course an imprecise and dangerous one, but it is an essential concept. Much lengthy theorising can be avoided, perhaps, by quoting actual examples. Shakespeare's sonnets are *great poetry*, while the sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney are good poetry. Jack London and Somerset Maugham are good writers, even important writers, but George Eliot and Conrad are great writers. The peculiar nature of the 20th century has given Solzhenitsyn immense importance as a historical figure though he remains a good and remarkable writer not a great one. The notion that Solzhenitsyn's work is

on the same level as that of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky is a cliche put about by politically-minded journalists hostile to the USSR, or an over-reaction by intelligent critics astonished by the appearance of worthwhile fiction in Russia after decades of censorship and silence.

Political writers are perhaps the least clearly understood of all writers, though they often go to great lengths, even to the extent of vulgarising their work, to make their meaning clear. Sympathetic understanding and objectivity are replaced, however, by condemnation or adulation which has little to do with the writer's work and a great deal to do with party loyalty or emotional imperatives. Orwell grasped this point with unusual clarity and ironically, it has been the fate of Orwell's own greatest novel, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* to be more misunderstood and misrepresented than any novel in English in the last half-century. Until the 1980s the *artistic* greatness of Orwell's last work received amazingly little attention. The book was either seen as a defence of the Free World against Communism and the Labour Party or as a sick man's vicious satire on socialism and the Soviet Union. Orwell's book is, of course, neither of these, yet its subtle, frightening and continuously relevant vision has seldom been grasped or confronted.

Similarly, the reception of Solzhenitsyn's work in the West has followed an almost comically predictable stereotype. For nearly ten years, between the early 1960s and the early 1970s, Solzhenitsyn's reputation was exploited by the political Right in the West and used for right-wing propaganda purposes.[2] Those on the Left also admired him, citing his work as a validation of their own painful misunderstanding of Soviet history and of the nature of Leninist ideology and the revolution of 1917.[3]

There then followed, in quick succession, the English translation of *August 1914* (1971), the publication of *The Gulag Archipelago* (1974) and the attacks made by Solzhenitsyn on Western society in 1975 and 1976 after his deportation to the West, attacks which were every bit as vehement as those he had directed against the Soviet Union.[4] From the late 1970s, cultural and political journalists, speech writers, politicians, ideologists, analysts and dogmatists, mentioned him less and less, not wishing to remind themselves or to remind the public of their own misapprehensions and delusions. It remains to be seen whether the collapse of the Soviet Union will make Solzhenitsyn and his ideas — or what are taken to be his ideas — once again useful to political partisans.

Yet the textual basis for understanding the evolution of Solzhenitsyn's attitudes and beliefs and the unique part played in his life and work by imprisonment, has grown firmer with every book of his which has been translated and published — however defective from a literary point of view the translations may have been at times. One can best illustrate what kind of writer Solzhenitsyn is by tracing the events of his life as well as his literary development since his arrest in 1945.

'Ilyich, is it your turn to take out the latrine bucket?' The young Captain Solzhenitsyn who flinched at this profaning of Lenin, for whom he held a kind of religious reverence was an only child whose father had

died in a shooting accident before his birth. His father had been a loyal army officer also, a young man who had abandoned his Tolstoyan pacifism in order to fight for his country. Solzhenitsyn's mother never remarried. On her side of the family, his grandparents had been wealthy, prosperous merchants. However, the young Aleksandr had no experience of wealth or prosperity, but only of severe poverty. He was a child of dangerously suspect social origins according to the Bolshevik ideology of the 1920s and 1930s and his mother was denied anything but the lowest paid work.

Solzhenitsyn was an adored son, a brilliant and successful student who always wanted to be a writer, who identified in his teens the history of the revolution as his great artistic theme. He was a young man of selfless dedication to an inhuman, perhaps repulsive degree. Secretly, with a strange Orwellian heretical intensity, he hated Stalin.[5]

He became after the outbreak of the war a courageous and talented artillery officer and by his own later account, an arrogant and unpleasantly self-complacent one.[6] His arrest for insulting Stalin in a letter in 1945, began the process of shattering his arrogance, his complacency, his egocentricity and his dogmatic passion for Marxism-Leninism. He was sentenced to eight years in labour camps. After a year in ordinary camps, he served three years in a prison for highly qualified prisoners (Solzhenitsyn was a graduate in physics and mathematics) whose skills were used by government departments and by the secret police. His portrait of himself at that period of his life, at the age of thirty, is contained in the character of Gleb Nerzhin in *The First Circle* — a man who has lost his belief in Leninism, sceptical, eclectic, tolerant, interested in the play of ideas, though a tenacious survivor of the prison system. Solzhenitsyn became increasingly unwilling to go on with the scientific work at the prison or to occupy the relatively privileged position and the humane conditions which went with it. He was soon sent to serve his sentence in the relentless drudgery, cold, malnutrition and brutality at a hard labour camp in the Soviet East — the world he described in *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. By his release in 1953 he was already suffering from severe intestinal cancer. Like most political prisoners, he was sent into 'perpetual exile' under close police surveillance in a desert village in Soviet Asia. Grudgingly and after long delays, the authorities allowed him to go to a Tashkent hospital where his cancer was arrested by massive doses of radiotherapy and hormone injections.

As Martin Seymour-Smith points out, the ethical and moral vision of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, and of the prisoners depicted in the book, is a kind of Christian, non-Marxist communism. It is from that non-dogmatic moral standpoint that Marxism and Soviet society are attacked and rejected. This was Solzhenitsyn's own view of things in the 1950s. By the time of the dismissal of the charges against him in 1957, during Khruschev's political thaw, he had reached a radical rejection of Marxism-Leninism and had become a religious believer.[7] Solzhenitsyn has certainly valued Christianity's contribution to society in his mature work as well as accepting the Christian ethical code. He is obviously sincere in

his belief in some kind of Divine Power. Whether he is, or ever was, a believing Christian as such is very doubtful, he has never been willing to be too specific on this point.[8]

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich and *Cancer Ward* are Solzhenitsyn's finest works — stylistically rich, successful in characterisation, subtle in the ironies they bring out, emotionally balanced and morally restrained. The convincing portrait of Ivan Denisovich, a simple, non-intellectual man, free from condescension or sentimentality on the author's part and the sympathetic portrait of the hideous Rusanov, the secret policeman stricken by cancer are among the finest achievements of Russian fiction this century. They are the products of the shattering impact which imprisonment had upon Solzhenitsyn and the values which he adopted in the 1950s and 1960s.

The novel *The First Circle* written between 1955 and 1963 and the huge documentary *The Gulag Archipelago* written between 1958 and 1968 are not quite on the same level, though both are remarkable and powerful works. Gone was the brilliant, arrogant young student determined to write a history of the Russian revolution in a series of novels which would rival or better Tolstoy. Gone was the self-confident, doctrinaire Marxist. 'Bless you prison, for being in my life!'[9] Solzhenitsyn wrote with an almost religious ecstasy. He had lived for years with despair, hunger and brutality and after his release had been close to death for many months from seemingly incurable cancer.

'Before I was arrested, I knew very little about such things. I drifted into literature unthinkingly, without really knowing what I needed from it, or what I could do for it. I just felt depressed because it was so difficult, I thought, to find fresh subjects for stories. I hate to think what kind of writer I would have become (for I would have gone on writing) if I had not been *put inside*.'[10] The break with his outlook as a young man seemed absolute.

Nikita Khrushchev, whose power base in the Soviet Union was far from secure, gave the final decision for *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* to be published, creating the impression that new liberalisations of the regime were on the way and thus making use of a valuable political tactic. Solzhenitsyn became a national celebrity within the USSR, praised lavishly by party propagandists. Within a few years, Khrushchev had been removed, Solzhenitsyn's manuscripts had been confiscated by the KGB and he lived under the threat of imminent arrest, all his works were banned in the Soviet Union. There began an extraordinarily courageous period of public criticism and defiance of the regime by Solzhenitsyn, culminating with his arrest and deportation to the West in 1974. During the brief period of his official acceptance in Russia he had toned down his novels *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle*, removing some of the specifically anti-Leninist passages. Criticism of the Stalin years was possible under Khrushchev, while an attack on Leninism itself, of course, was not. Solzhenitsyn hoped to publish these books in the Soviet Union in this way, believing that the truth about the past would emerge gradually. It was in this modified form

that the novels appeared in the West, thus helping to foster the illusion in left-wing circles, which clung to the idea of the revolution as a positive progressive event in history, while regretting the betrayal of the revolution by Stalin, that Solzhenitsyn somehow shared an ideological common ground with them.[11] This however, was a view of things which Solzhenitsyn had finally left behind long ago during the body searches conducted in sub-zero temperatures by concentration camp guards.

It was an intellectual and intuitive triumph of Solzhenitsyn's to grasp the fact that the large scale repression and genocide of the Stalin regime had already been created in embryonic form by Lenin and Trotsky. The *gulag* or concentration camp system with its tens of millions of victims, the widespread torture practised by the secret police and the totalitarian hysteria of the Soviet Union had their psychological roots in Lenin's ideological insistence that, 'our morality is entirely subordinated to the interest of the class struggle of the proletariat... Morality is that which serves to destroy the old exploiting society and to unite all the toilers around the proletariat which is creating a new communist society'.[12]

The Bolsheviks had set up a secular religion, which 'like the English Rule of Saints was a military despotism enlivened by witchcraft trials', as Orwell unforgettably described it. From this ideology, as from Hitler's ideology, the concentration camps naturally grew — all methods were justified ideologically, any method could be used in reality in order to advance an historical process interpreted and defined by the party, the authority of which was not to be challenged.[13] The fullest and clearest expression of this understanding of events is in *The Gulag Archipelago*, which Solzhenitsyn realised could never be published in the Soviet Union. *The Gulag Archipelago* is a mixture of fine documentary journalism and autobiography, a compelling statement of facts and beliefs and interpretations, but not an artistic *demonstration* of them. It is Solzhenitsyn's failure as a writer that, unlike Dostoyevsky or Orwell, he could not integrate his most important political insights into a major work of art.

The Gulag Archipelago, however, was finished in 1968, it sums up, as I have indicated, the values which had grown out of Solzhenitsyn's ordeal in the camps, yet even as he was finishing it, his thinking began to change. The following year he once again took up the project of writing a long series of novels on the years leading up to 1917 and its aftermath which he had planned as a young student. This series is called *The Red Wheel* and Solzhenitsyn has been working on the novels which make up the series simultaneously over the last twenty years. The first, *August 1914* was published in 1971 and another volume *Lenin in Zurich* appeared in 1976. A much expanded and revised version of *August 1914* appeared in English in 1989.

The feeling which most readers coming from Solzhenitsyn's earlier work to these books are likely to have is one of disappointment and shock to the point of disbelief. The characters are embarrassingly contrived caricatures, whether they are set up as mouthpieces for, or opponents of Solzhenitsyn's beliefs. He quite fails to bring the historical figures to

life on the page and intrudes his own mostly banal comments into the narrative in the most crude way. A Tsarist officer is called 'a noble knight', there is a hideous portrayal of an 'uncorrupted' young peasant soldier, loyal and pure, an argument between a spoilt young woman with revolutionary beliefs and a professional engineer which is contrived and lifeless, a mere dramatised polemic... Worst of all are the chapters devoted to Pyotr Stolypin, the Russian Prime Minister assassinated in 1911, whom Solzhenitsyn admires with frantic intensity and lack of reserve. Stolypin is 'a fine figure of a man', Solzhenitsyn tells us as he describes a session of the Russian parliament, whereas one of his opponents is 'some socialist windbag'. The whole impression is one of a terrible lack of depth, an absence of imagination, a polemical urge replacing the subtlety and awareness of contradictions and ambiguities which are essential to all worthwhile fiction. The novels of *The Red Wheel* series are reminiscent of the political formula fiction approved by the Soviet regime. Thus *Lenin in Zurich* is a mirror image of so many adulatory Soviet depictions of Lenin — naive and wooden glorification has been replaced by Solzhenitsyn by naive and wooden denunciation.

In Solzhenitsyn's earlier work Marxist ideology had been rejected on the basis of tolerance, scepticism and the non-doctrinaire application of ethical values. But the Solzhenitsyn of *The Red Wheel* novels is no longer in touch with that ethical vision, instead he is the proponent of a rival *political ideology*. In that ideology or hierarchy of ikons and demons, Stolypin has replaced Lenin as the principal deity. This point can hardly be overstated — Marxism-Leninism depends on the deification of political leaders, the ideology of the later Solzhenitsyn depends on essentially the same approach. Solzhenitsyn's position is neither 'right' nor 'left' in the Western sense, he can best be described as belonging to the Slavophile tradition of the 19th century, a tradition which celebrates ancient Russian values and the Orthodox Church with a taste for authoritarian governments and a hostility to all forms of liberalism and humanism. In Solzhenitsyn this has been combined with the values of his mother's family which might be collectively termed *patriotic commercial energy and initiative*. It is Stolypin who combines and exemplifies all these qualities and it is Stolypin — a secular messiah who died, as did that other secular messiah, Lenin, with his work unfinished — whom Solzhenitsyn now worships. The texture of the Stolypin chapters of *August 1914*, demonstrate, I think, that *worship* is not too strong a word. It is fascinating to read in the preface to the expanded version of *August 1914* by the translator, Harry T. Willetts, that some of the chapters in the novel were written by Solzhenitsyn in 1937 and have been included basically unchanged in the text published four decades later.

Orwell wrote that the career of most novelists can be seen as a parabola: 'Joyce has to start with the frigid competence of *Dubliners* and end with the dream language of *Finnegans Wake* but *Ulysses* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* are part of the trajectory'.[14] The same is true, to an almost painfully evident extent, of Solzhenitsyn. The young student and

army officer, rather after the tradition of the Russian Orthodox Church worshipped an ikon — the ikon was called Lenin. Under the pressure of imprisonment, exile and severe disease, Solzhenitsyn produced fine and enduring fiction. He became, not a man who worshipped an ikon, but the chronicler of the latrine bucket, the punishment cell and the cancer ward and the power of human endurance and generosity to transcend such things. Later, as the prison years receded, the ikon returned, only this time it is called Stolypin.

It must be added that despite terrible pressures and enormous temptations, Solzhenitsyn has never compromised with any external force. His artistic decline has been a wholly *internal* phenomenon. The case of Solzhenitsyn is an important one because it is that of a political prisoner, dissident and persecuted writer, celebrated and triumphant world figure, encompassing five decades of artistic and psychological development. Solzhenitsyn's career will remain relevant as a constant reminder of human potential and human limitations. Far beyond this, *Ivan Denisovich* and *Cancer Ward* will endure as demonstrations that the degradation of the latrine bucket and the communal cell can be overcome, not by faith in this or that political ikon, but by humour and generosity and by a tenacious hold on the primal decencies and basic sanity of human life.

NOTES

1. *The Gulag Archipelago*. Part 1, chapter 5.
2. As late as January 5, 1975, Lord Home wrote of the common ground between Tory philosophy and the ideas of Solzhenitsyn in 'The lesson we could learn from this man out of chains' in *The Sunday Express*.
3. The paperback edition of Giovanni Grazzini's *Solzhenitsyn* (1973), referred to the subject's 'devotion to Leninism'. Francis Barker from a left wing standpoint approved of Solzhenitsyn's earlier novels, as did most left wing intellectuals and newspapers. For Francis Barker, see below (No. 11). Solzhenitsyn's story *Zakhar the Pouch* was included in the left wing anthology: *For Freedom: Theirs and Ours* introduced by Michael Foot (1968).
4. Specifically, the speeches in Washington to the American Federation of Labor/Congress of Industrial Organisations published in *Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn Speaks to the West*, and the BBC TV and Radio 3 interview and broadcasts in 1976 published in *Warning to the Western World* (Bodley Head).
5. See *Solzhenitsyn: A Biography* (1984) by Michael Scammell and Burg & Feifer, *Solzhenitsyn* (1972) as well as almost all the autobiographical passages in the novels, especially *The First Circle*.
6. See Scammell as above (No. 5) as well as the early chapters of *The Gulag Archipelago*.
7. Martin Seymour-Smith, *Fifty European Novels* (1979), the best short critical account of Solzhenitsyn's first novel in English. For an account of his religious conversion, see *The Gulag Archipelago*, Part 4.
8. See Michael Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn*, Epilogue.
9. *The Gulag Archipelago*, Part 4, chapter 1.
10. *The Oak and the Calf, A Memoir*.
11. *Solzhenitsyn: Politics and Form* by Francis Barker (1977) attempts to trace the development and evolution of Solzhenitsyn' ideas, but only in (Marxist) ideological terms.
12. Lenin, *Collected Works*, Volume 17, pp.321-3 and in the selection *On Religion* (Progress Publishers, Moscow, 1965).
13. Orwell, *Collected Essays*, 'Wells, Hitler and the World State'.
14. Orwell, *Collected Essays*, 'Charles Dickens'.

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MEXICO: NEOLIBERALISM WITH A HUMAN FACE

by Martin C. Needler

LIKE the other countries of Latin America, and indeed of the world, Mexico has taken the path of neoliberalism in economic policy; but — like everything Mexico does — it has done so with a difference, and a very significant difference.

Unlike what has happened in so many countries, where the new policies have met with elite dissent and popular resistance, in Mexico the new policies have been generally welcomed. This is because conditions had become so disastrous that everybody felt that a drastic change was long overdue and was willing to suspend disbelief long enough for the benefits of the new policies to become apparent. In fact, things were so disastrous that improvement was all but inevitable, whether new policies had been adopted or not. Nevertheless, it would be not only ungracious but inaccurate to ascribe the success of the policies of the current administration only to luck; a great deal of skill has been involved, skill beyond the level one has any right to expect, and beyond the level one has seen in action in most of the countries of the world. 'The economic managers have been so adept... that they have earned the right to say to their countrymen "Trust us".'[1]

The situation facing the incoming government of Carlos Salinas at the end of 1988 looked horrendous. Real per capita income had fallen to the levels of twenty years before; inflation was running at more than 150 per cent a year; the country had an external debt of almost a hundred billion dollars. Politically, the situation looked equally disastrous for the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI). Salinas had just won the presidency with an official figure of 50.74 per cent of the vote, a majority so bare that it was universally believed to have been adjusted upward so that the government candidate would not take office with the indignity of having had a majority of the voters oppose him, by far the lowest proportion of the vote for a winning presidential candidate in this century.[2] The opposition on the left was led by Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, the son of the most popular Mexican president in living memory.

Of course, it's darkest just before dawn, and the sun rose on a beautiful day for the PRI. By the halfway mark in his six-year term, Salinas had negotiated ten billion dollars off the foreign debt — not a relatively large amount by itself, but significant because it helped to restore creditor confidence and began a flow of repatriated capital. Inflation was brought down to under 15 per cent. The public sector deficit was eliminated. The economy was growing at some 3 per cent a year, fuelled by a sharp increase in exports.[3]

The PRI rebounded from its poor 1988 showing to capture 61.4 per cent of the vote in the 1991 mid-term elections.[4] This was a perfectly plausible result in light of the Gallup poll results on party preferences, which showed the PRI at 68 per cent, its 1988 showing having been

55 per cent.[5] Apparently the PRI does better with Gallup than in the actual election; even so, if the 1988 result was 'adjusted' upward for moral effect, it cannot have been by much.

Moreover, it appeared that Salinas had found a mechanism for extending economic improvement far into the future. By reviving an old and half-forgotten proposal for a North American free trade area, he opened new and promising horizons for the Mexican economy. A study by the US International Trade Commission projected that NAFTA would contribute to an increase in annual output of as much as 16.2 per cent in Mexico and might increase employment in Mexico by 6.6 per cent.[6] Another study projected the net gain in employment in Mexico as 600,000 new jobs, substantially more than in the United States.[7]

To a large extent, we are talking about neoliberal policies here. Industries are being privatized.[8] Tariffs and other restrictions on international trade have been cut back drastically, so that what is left is predominantly an *ad valorem* tariff approximating 10 per cent, on the model suggested by the Cambridge school of economics. Most drastic of all is Salinas's reform of the 'ejido' system, revising the hitherto sacred Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution to allow the mortgaging and sale of properties distributed under terms of the land reform, which had predominantly been farmed individually but were not owned outright by the farmer and could not be alienated.

But there is a specific Mexican difference in the programme, a difference that enables Salinas regularly to denounce neoliberalism as heartless and as dispensing with an altogether necessary role the state must have in actively promoting social justice — while on the other hand he denounces 'populism', or sometimes statist populism, as oppressive, bureaucratic, and economically counter-productive.

> What kind of justice do we want in Mexico? The justice that centralizes decisions in a distant and paternalistic bureaucracy that inhibits the initiatives of the people? Or perhaps the justice that limits the state to the role of observer of market regulations while it waits for the market to create opportunities even if this means sacrificing one or more generations? The answer will be found neither in populism nor in neoliberalism. In our country, these two options date back to the days of our independence, but they have never won the people's favour. History and facts show that the justice in which the Mexicans believe, the kind of justice we want to implement, is not that which goes against liberties and rights in its search for equality. In this regard, our justice is characteristically liberal. Our justice does not emerge spontaneously or depend upon the goodwill of the most opulent ones. In this regard, our justice is deliberately of a social nature.[9]

This approach, which is supposed to steer clear of the excesses of both neoliberalism and bureaucratic populism, Salinas calls 'social liberalism'. While social liberalism can thus be characterized as a moderate, reasonable, and productive social and economic strategy, it has the merit that

it is also the strategy that offers the best chance of maintaining the PRI in power, and with the PRI the political-administrative caste, a post-revolutionary 'new class', that has ruled Mexico for two or three generations.

But Salinas does not depend solely on the productive advances of the economy to attract popular support back to the PRI. He has embarked on a wide-ranging social welfare programme, the National Solidarity Programme or PRONASOL, which has raised the 'social' portion of the national budget from a third to a half of expenditure.[10] Solidarity, which has been called the 'political trademark' of the Salinas administration[11] is a brilliant piece of political-social engineering which grows out of a discovery Salinas made when working on his doctoral dissertation.[12] In correlating attitudes toward the government and the PRI with the amount of money spent by the government in various communities, he was taken aback to discover that the population was more hostile to the PRI the more money the government had spent in the community. The reason, he concluded after some investigation, was that the money spent had been visibly misappropriated and misapplied, leading to resentment, and polarization between the politically well-connected and the mass of the population. Moreover, the projects on which money was spent were generally based on the ideas of what would be good for the people by Mexico City bureaucrats and politicians. Where projects had been initiated by the local people themselves, based on their own evaluations of their needs and guided by local committees, attitudes to the PRI were more favourable.

Drawing on this research, in what must be one of the few instances in which academic research was transcribed almost immediately and directly into government policy, Salinas developed, in Solidarity, a programme in which government provides funds for all kinds of projects — credits for farmers and businessmen, free food and medical care, funding for public works — so long as a plausible project has been developed by an authentic grassroots organization. Not only has the programme been hugely popular, but it has been extremely cost-effective in that funds are not wasted in top-heavy bureaucratic structures or siphoned off by intermediaries. The programme's director, Luis Donaldo Colosio, was first made president of the PRI and then secretary of a new cabinet department of social welfare. This makes Colosio a possible future presidential nominee if the holder of the inside track, the Finance Secretary, Pedro Aspe — or the economic policies with which he is identified — should falter. Of course it is possible to criticize PRONASOL as simply a trick to garner electoral support for the PRI; from the PRI point of view, of course, that is a point in its favour. But it is also a perfectly good reflection of the latest thinking in development strategy, which criticizes traditional top-down approaches in favour of grassroots participation and definition of need. It is also the case that PRONASOL may serve to develop a new generation of political leaders and enable Salinas to bypass many of the old-line regional and sectoral bosses who obstruct his modern-

ization of the party.

'Modernization' has always been one of his themes. Salinas appreciates that today's Mexico is a nation of literate urban dwellers who are increasingly high school and even college graduates, who are not willing to be led in the authoritarian populist style that was perhaps appropriate for the nation of illiterate peasants of 70 years ago.[13] If PRONASOL can indeed provide effective development, generate increased support for the ruling party, and form new leadership elements, all on a reduced budget, it is clearly a political masterpiece.

Of course, it never does for a Mexican president to become overconfident. The pattern for the presidents of the last quarter-century has been for disaster to strike sometime during the second half of the presidential term and force a reversal of all the optimistic prognoses. Gustavo Díaz Ordaz over-reacted to opposition demonstrations in 1968 and produced the infamous Tlatelolco massacre; Luís Echeverría's infantile leftism produced a financial crisis, and his administration ended in a chaos of government-encouraged land invasions and violent clashes; José López Portillo mismanged the country's new oil riches in an economic and financial disaster that he tried to escape from with a demagogic and illegal seizure of the banks; while poor Miguel de la Madrid found that a disastrous economic situation could be made even worse by a devastating earthquake. The gods may also tire of Carlos Salinas. But if his luck holds and the economy continues to prosper, he may yet succeed in the culminating achievement of modernizing the ruling party and the political system, and guaranteeing absolutely free and impeccable elections which the PRI nevertheless wins handily because its policies are both effective and popular.

NOTES

1. Sidney Weintraub, 'The Economy on the Eve of Free Trade', *Current History*, February, 1993, p.71. In the same issue of the journal Jorge Castañeda is more sceptical and assigns a larger role to luck; 'The Clouding Political Horizon', *Ibid.*
2. On August 20, 1989, the Los Angeles *Times* published a poll in which 68 per cent of the Mexican respondents said they believed that Salinas had not actually won the election.
3. Weintraub, *op. cit.*
4. 'A Report on the Mexican Mid-Term Elections', distributed by the Embassy of Mexico in the United States, n.p., n.d.
5. Jorge J. Domínguez and James A. McCann, 'Shaping Mexico's Electoral Arena: The Construction of Partisan Cleavages in the 1988 and 1991 National Elections', paper delivered at the American Political Science Association Annual Meeting, Chicago, September 3-6, 1992, p.23.
6. Keith Bradsher, 'Study Says Trade Pact Will Aid US Economy', *New York Times*, February 3, 1993, page C1. This is a completely misleading headline for the story, which reports that there will be negligible effect on the US economy, though much benefit for the Mexican.
7. Gary C. Hufbauer and Jeffrey J. Schott, *North American Free Trade: Issues and Recommendations*, Institute for International Economics, Washington D.C. 1993.

8. Of course, this is privatization *a la mexicana*, in which the well-connected and favoured make fortunes — out of which they are expected to show gratitude to the PRI. Tim Golden, 'Mexican Leader Asks Executives To Give Party $25 Million Each', *New York Times*, March 9, 1993, p.A1.
9. State of the Nation Address *(Informe Anual)*, given November 1, 1992; English translation published in the *Daily Report* of the Foreign Broadcast Information Service, FBIS-LAT-92-214, 4 November 1992.
10. *Ibid*, page 13.
11. Denise Dresser, *Neo-Populist Solutions to Neo-Liberal Problems: Mexico's National Solidarity Program*, San Diego: Center for US-Mexican Studies, 1991.
12. The principal results are reported in Carlos Salinas de Gortari, *Political Participation, Public Investment*, and *Support for the System*, *ibid.*, 1982.
13. I discuss this question at some length in 'The Future of Mexican Politics', in Michael Howard and Douglas Ross, eds., *Mexico's Second Revolution*? Centre for International Studies, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, B.C., 1991.

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LIVING HELL

Hell's ourselves, not other people,
And Sartre got it wrong.
The human tones we most revile,
But echo our own song;
For hell is being out of key,
With cosmic concert pitch;
(The conscience, like a tuning fork,
Betrays discordant kitsch.)
Such private, inharmonic pain,
In vain we disavow:
When hell is dissonance within,
We face the music now.

Tim Hopkins

THE WITNESS

by Miklós Radnóti

Translated from the Hungarian by Thomas Land

A notebook containing these poems — written in careful, even handwriting complete with printers' instructions — was found at the close of the Second World War in a Serbian communal grave of 21 Hungarian Jewish prisoners executed by retreating fascists. Their author, Miklós Radnóti (1909-1944), is widely recognized today as a major European poet. The poems are from a volume of translations by Thomas Land published by Maecenas Press in Budapest.

THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE

Evening approaches the barracks and the ferocious oak fence
braided with barbed wire, look, they dissolve in the twilight.
Slowly the eye thus abandons the bounds of our captivity
and only the mind, the mind is aware of the wire's tension.
Even fantasy finds no other path towards freedom.
Look, my beloved, dream, that lovely liberator,
releases our aching bodies. The captives set out for home.

Clad in rags and snoring, with shaven heads, the prisoners
fly from Serbia's blinded peaks to their fugitive homelands.
Fugitive homeland! Oh — is there still such a place?
still unharmed by bombs? as on the day we enlisted?
And will the groaning men to my right and my left return safely?
And is there a home where hexameters are appreciated?

Dimly groping line after line without punctuation,
here I write this poem as I live in the twilight:
inching, like blear-eyed caterpillar, my way on the paper;
torches and books have all been seized by the *Lager* guard,
mail has stopped and the fog from the mountains muffles the barracks.

Riddled with insects and rumours here in the mountains, Frenchmen,
Poles and dissident Serbs, loud Italians, dreamy Jews —
fevered, a dismembered body, we lead a single existence,
waiting for news, a sweet word from a woman, and decency, freedom,
waiting for miracles, guessing the end obscured by the darkness.

Lying on boards, I am a captive beast among vermin,
the fleas renew their siege but the flies have at last retired.
Evening has come; my captivity, behold, is curtailed

by a day and so is my life. The camp is asleep. The moonshine
lights up the land and highlights the taut barbed wire fence,
drawing the shadow of armed prison guards, observed through the window,
walking, projected on walls, and spying the night's early noises.

Swish go the dreams, behold my beloved, the camp is asleep,
and the odd man who wakes with a snort turns about in his little
space and returns to his dreams at once, his face glowing.
Alone I sit up awake with the lingering taste of a cigarette butt
in my mouth instead of your kiss, and I get no merciful sleep,
for neither can I live nor die without you, my love, any longer.

FORCED MARCH

Collapsed exhausted, only a fool would rise again
to drag his knees and ankles once more like marching pain
yet press on as though wings were to lift him on his way,
invited by the ditch but in vain, he'd dare not stay . . .
ask him, why not? maintaining his pace, he might reply:
he longs to meet the wife and a gentler death, that's why.
But he's insane, I tell you, because above the homes,
since we have left them, only a scorching whirlwind roams,
the walls are laid, the plumtree is broken, and the night
lurks there among the ruins in fearful, bristling plight.
Oh, if I could believe that all things for which I yearn
exist beyond my heart, that there's still home and return . . .
return! the old verandah, the peaceful hum of bees
attracted by the cooling fresh plum jam in the breeze,
the still, late summer sunshine, the garden drowsing mute,
among the leaves the swaying voluptuous naked fruit,
and Fanni waiting for me, blonde by the russet hedge,
while languidly the morning re-draws the shadow's edge . . .
It may come true again — the moon shines so round — be wise!
Don't leave me, friend, shout at me, shout! and I will arise!

PICTURE POSTCARDS

I

The roar of cannon rolls from Bulgaria dense and broad,
resounds upon the mountain crest, then hesitates and ceases;
the maned sky runs above; but recoils the neighing road;
and men and beasts are tangled, and wagon, thought and load.
You're deep and constant in me despite this turbulence
and glowing in my conscience, forever still, intense
and silent like an angel when wondering he sees
destruction, or as beetles entombed in dying trees.

II

Nine kilometres from here, look, the haystacks
and homes consumed in blaze;
the peasants smoke in silence by the meadow
and huddle in a daze.
But here, the shepherdess leaves in the water
light ripples in her wake
and gently dipping down, her curly flock drinks
the clouds up in the lake.

III

The oxen slaver red saliva. People
pass urine mixed with blood. My squadron stands
disorganized in filthy bunches. Death
blows overhead its cold, infernal breath.

IV

I slump beside his body. It turns over
already taut as string about to break.
Shot in the nape. You too will end like that,
I whisper to myself. *Lie calm, be patient.*
Death's flower blooms in silence while I wait.
Blood mixed with dirt grows clotted on my ear.
A soldier quips: *There's one who'll get away yet.*

KOBO ABE: JAPAN'S NOVELIST OF ALIENATION

by Raymond Lamont-Brown

KOBO Abe was born in Tokyo on March 7, 1924. He was taken by his family to Mukden when he was barely a year old and thus spent his early years in the Japanese puppet-state of Manchukuo. Abe's ancestral origins were in Japan's northernmost main island of Hokkaido, and his father, a doctor of medicine, taught at the medical school at Mukden. In Japan it is important to have identifiable roots in a *furusato* (hometown) setting. Abe never felt that he had this declaring, 'I am a man without a hometown'. It was to be an emotion that coloured his writing from the start.

A voracious reader, Abe was to be influenced by such as Nietzsche, Dostoevsky and Poe, and it was with extracts from the latter that he used to regale his school friends during lunch breaks. When he had exhausted Poe, Abe entertained with stories of his own device.

His early teenage years were lived within a traditional Japanese household, but against a background of hostile Chinese administration under the figurehead of the puppet emperor Henry Pu Yi. As a diversion from the alien culture around him Abe began painting abstract pictures and studied entomology.

By 1940 Abe had returned to Tokyo and entered the Seijo High School. A convalescent period from tuberculosis gave him time to study more Dostoevsky, and he embarked on a research into modern Japanese literature. He admitted that his search was to find something to substantiate his own feelings of antagonism towards the militaristic cabinets of such as General Hideki Tojo. It was a time when he absorbed the writings of Heidegger, Jaspers and Kafka.

Abe's searches did not produce what he needed and his own writings developed into a book of poems, published by himself in 1948, as *Poems by an Unknown.*

In 1943, following parental insistence, he entered the medical school at Tokyo Imperial University, but the stress was too much and for a while he voluntarily entered a mental hospital. By way of forged papers concerned with his health, he made his way back to Manchuria and lived out the rest of the war in what he described as 'peaceful idleness'. He eventually qualified in medicine in 1948, but never practised. Abe had married Machi, an artist, while still a student.

On his father's death Abe considered himself 'released' from any *gimu* (duty) he had towards his family and began to see literature as his life's work. In 1948 his first book was published, *The Road Sign at the End of the Road.*

In 1951 Abe was awarded the prestigious Akutagawa literary prize for his novel *The Crime of Mr. S. Karuma.* The storyline was to be characteristic of Abe: the book's narrator loses the power of normal communication with other humans. He communicates though, through zoo animals

and shop-window dummies. And throughout his writing career Abe's main theme was to be the alienation of modern people within an urban setting.

By this time, Abe was allying himself with such as Kiyateru Hamada, dedicating his work to merging surrealism with Marxism. For a while Abe was a member of the ineffective *Kyosanto* (Japanese Communist Party), but was expelled from membership in 1956 for writing a book scathing of Eastern European socialist regimes.

Abe now became an important 'translatable' writer. His *Suna no Onna* (1962: The Woman of the Dunes, 1964) was filmed by Hiroshi Teshigahara in 1963. The film won the Jury Prize at Cannes and the Yomiuri Prize for Abe. This was to become Abe's best known work in the West and concerns a school teacher on an outing who is imprisoned by the local folk in a large sand pit with a recently widowed woman. The teacher's attempts at escape are unsuccessful and in true Abe fashion he 'discovers' himself, his purpose, his life and when he is able to, he refuses escape.

The first of Abe's novels to be translated into English was the 1964 *Tanin No Kao* (The Face of Another, 1966) published in the UK in 1969. It was filmed by Teshigahara, and concerns a scientist, hideously scarred by a laboratory accident; another search for identity.

Moetsukita Chizu (1967: The Ruined Map) appeared in English in 1969 to be followed by *Dai Yon Kampyoki* (Inter Ice Age) which had been first published in 1959. The storyline concerns a technologist, Professor Katsumi, whose computer can foretell the future. Eventually the computer takes over control of Katsumi and draws him into a nightmarish situation. Set in the next century, a group of scientists try to avert world disaster using stolen human foetuses which they try by biological mutation to make into mammalian life that can survive underwater. Katsumi has to make choices when the scientists' conspiracy threatens his own wife and unborn child. In the novel Abe formulated a new type of Japanese fictional theme by welding together the science-fiction novel with the philosophical thriller.

The English language edition of *Hako Otoko* (1973: The Box Man) followed in 1974 along with *Mikkai* (Secret Rendezvous) in 1979 to keep Abe's international reputation fresh.

Abe began to direct his own theatre company in Tokyo, for which he wrote several new plays each year. In 1979 he toured America with his play *You Too Are Guilty* in which he explored the theme of possible links between the living and the dead.

In Japan today Kobo Abe is given the definition of being the country's nominee to represent 'Kafkaesque surrealism'. Scholars point out the short story *Bo ni natta otoko* — 'The Man Who Turned Into a Stick' (translated by John Nathan in *Japan Quarterly*, 1966 as 'Stick') as an early example of Abe's vision of life drawing co-extension with Kafka's *Die Verwandlung* (1916). Even so, although Abe was influenced by the ideas of Kafka, he gave the whole a Japanese philosophical overview. 'Stick', and other works, show that Abe cut himself off from traditional Japanese classical literature and tried to weave a place for himself in the

literary fabric of Japan which was as hostile and alienating as had been the Manchukuo of his early youth. Abe, of course, spoke no language fluently but his own, and came to the writings of European authors in Japanese translation.

As well as his 'twin themes' of 'alienation' and 'loss of identity', Abe was obsessed with the impersonality, mind stifling claustrophobia and ugliness of modern urban agglomeration. The trend in Japan towards the futuristic mega-city filled him with horror.

Underlining this the word *yawatanoyabu* (labyrinth) appears a lot in Abe's literary thoughts and it signifies for him the horrors of city life in which he found himself lost as in a maze. He felt overwhelmed by city life, emasculated by it even, and the isolation and loneliness of urbanisation meant danger and destruction. It was a theme which he was to work for in his play *Tomodachi* (1967: 'Friends', 1971) which tells the story of a young man who lives alone and who is joined (*shinyu suru*-invaded) by a large family intent on 'rescuing' him from loneliness. In the end he has but a greater depth of loneliness.

So Kobo Abe's popularity in translation was founded on the fact that he dealt with problems of modern life; his universal appeal being founded on the universality of his work. On a number of occasions he was a contender for the Nobel Prize for Literature, but in his everyday being he avoided publicity and clubability.

Kobo Abe died in a Tokyo hospital on January 22, 1993.

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CHOPIN'S SCOTTISH AUTUMN

by Iwo and Pamela Zaluski

FREDERICK Chopin alighted at Edinburgh's Lothian Road station on August 5th, 1848, exhausted by the twelve-hour train journey from Euston. His affair with George Sand was over, there was revolution in France and Poland, and he was now very ill from the tuberculosis that was to kill him the following year.

Chopin came to Britain at the instigation of Jane Wilhelmina Stirling, youngest daughter of John Stirling, Laird of Kippendavie, a well-known Scottish family. She was born at Kippenross House in Dunblane, on July 15th, 1804. Jane's parents died while she was in her teens, and she was taken in hand by her widowed elder sister Katherine Erskine. The pair became inseparable.

In 1826 Jane and Katherine, rich, independent and thirsting for culture, went to Paris. A sojourn in the heady atmosphere of the French capital was 'de rigueur' for the wealthy, and they became fully involved in the Parisian scene.

They met Chopin in 1840, a year after his return to Paris after his Majorcan experience with George Sand. Within two years Jane became Chopin's piano pupil, and, by Chopin's own account, a very good one. Her admiration for him grew, and with it her devotion and affection. Chopin, touched by her generosity of spirit, dedicated his two Nocturnes Op. 55 to her.

Chopin arrived in London in April 1848, and was quickly absorbed into its social and cultural life. Surrounded by adoring women and lovers of his music, his concerts and soirees were triumphs which earned him both money and adulation. He supplemented this income with private lessons at a guinea a time — although some privileged ladies failed to pay after only a couple of lessons, booked only for the further privilege of 'name-dropping' their teacher.

At the end of July, Queen Victoria left London for Osborne House and then Balmoral. Society followed for the shooting and fishing season in estates north of the Border.

This was Jane's cue to arrange for Chopin to visit the land of her forebears, and introduce him to her family. Chopin had already been invited by Jane's brother-in-law, Lord Torphichen, to stay at Calder House, near Edinburgh. Facing a socially deserted London with no prospects of concerts or lessons, Chopin accepted the invitation.

Chopin left for Edinburgh from Euston Railway Station on August 5th, travelling first class along the freshly opened western route via Birmingham and Carlisle. This latest example of Victorian enterprise was well subscribed by the wealthy landowners migrating to their Scottish estates.

The London piano-maker James Broadwood paid for the tickets for Chopin and his devoted Irish servant Daniel, booking the seat opposite so that the sick composer could put his feet up during the journey. John

Muir Wood, the Scottish music publisher and owner of music shops in Edinburgh and Glasgow, also travelled on the train.

In Edinburgh, Chopin stayed at the Douglas Hotel in St. Andrew Square. The journey had taken a considerable toll on his health, but by noon the next day he recovered enough to see the sights of 'this exquisite city'. He visited the two-year-old Memorial to his hero, Edinburgh-born Sir Walter Scott, in East Princes Street Gardens.

On Monday morning, he visited Muir Wood's music shop at 12 Waterloo Place. According to legend, he heard a blind man playing one of his own mazurkas in the shop, joined in, and later played a duet with Muir Wood. They discussed plans for an Edinburgh concert in October, to coincide with the Caledonian Rout — an action packed week of revelry and socialising in the Scottish calendar.

Calder House, west of Edinburgh, an imposing old manor whose solid fabric exuded a rich air of history, delighted Chopin. In 1556 John Knox had first celebrated communion there. Lord Torphichen welcomed Chopin with true Scottish hospitality, insisting that he stay all summer, and return the following year. 'My worthy Scots!' wrote Chopin to his family, 'I am unable to think of anything which isn't realised immediately.'

But formal dinners were an ordeal. They were long-drawn out affairs, and when the ladies 'retired' they left a bewildered Chopin in the company of men discussing shooting and fishing. Chopin spoke only French and Polish. Despite plentiful contact with English speakers, he never learnt English. As he had no interest in blood sports, was a martyr to tobacco smoke and now drank very little, the routine of port and cigars held no attraction for him, and he found the long evenings at the table wearing.

When there were no guests, Chopin spent the evenings informally with his host. 'Some evenings I play Scotch songs to the old lord', he wrote. 'The good man hums the tunes to me and expresses his feelings in French as best he can.'

Calder House, in Mid Calder near Livingston, is still the private home of the Torphichen family.

During his stay Chopin met the Stirlings' homeopathic physician, the Polish-born but 'scotticised' Dr. Adam Lyszczynski. Concerned for his fellow-countryman's failing health, he invited Chopin to his Edinburgh house at 10 Warriston Crescent. Chopin's tuberculosis was gaining ground, and he had difficulty in breathing, so after three weeks at Calder, he accepted the invitation. Every evening he had to be carried to his bedroom on the first floor by the doctor, as he was too weak to climb the stairs.

A plaque commemorating the 100th anniversary of Chopin's stay was placed on the house by the Polish community in Edinburgh and their Scottish friends in 1948.

Meanwhile, James Broadwood had arranged a concert in Manchester for the end of August. Revived by the doctor's treatment, Chopin braved the eight-hour train journey to Manchester, where he stayed with the wealthy manufacturer, Salis Schwabe, at Crumpsall House, well outside the smoke-filled and polluted city.

The concert, at which his performance was documented as 'elegant, polished and delicate, but lacking in power and passion', took place on the 28th August before 1,200 people. It only earned Chopin £60, a pittance compared to the £150 a time he commanded in London.

After the concert Chopin returned to Dr. Lyszczynski.

Jane was anxious to show Chopin off to her relations, her long-term vision being a closer relationship than Chopin was prepared to give. With countless relatives in the Lowlands, she launched Chopin on a gruelling round of family homes. Meaning well, her devotion was growing into an obsession, blinding her to the burden the visits were imposing on a dying man.

On September 2nd, Chopin was whisked away to stay with Jane's sister, Mrs. Ludovic Houston, at Johnstone Castle, outside Glasgow. Muir Wood had organised a concert for Chopin in Glasgow for the end of September, and Johnstone Castle was an ideal base.

There was a large house-party at the Castle. Chopin had neither the health nor the desire to shoot or fish, and chose to stay behind with the children and older guests. The weather deteriorated, precluding strolls in the grounds, and boredom began to set in.

The evenings were a greater ordeal. He wrote to his friend Albert Grzymala that he had to 'sit for two hours with the men at table, and look at them talking and listen to them drinking — bored to death. I go to the drawing room, where I need all my courage to revive myself, for then they are eager to hear me. Then my good Daniel carries me upstairs to my bedroom, undresses me, puts me down, leaves a candle, and I am allowed to breathe and dream until morning'.

Johnstone Castle served as a springboard for other visits, including one to Admiral Napier, who was married to Jane's sister Elizabeth, at nearby Milliken House. Chopin probably visited the nearby Glentyan House, owned by Jane's brother Captain James Stirling, who had been appointed Deputy Lieutenant of Renfrewshire that year.

He also spent a week at Strachur House, on Loch Fyne, with Lord and Lady Murray. Sixty-year-old Lady Murray had been Chopin's first pupil in London and was a leading patroness of music in Scotland.

Fresh herrings from the loch, salmon from the rivers and venison from the hills were the seasonal fare at the dinner table, as well as Bordeaux wines imported by the francophile Lady Murray.

Back at Johnstone, Chopin learned from Dr. Lyszczynski that his prime pupil, Princess Marcelina Czartoryska (nee Radziwill), and her husband Alexander were in Edinburgh. Eager to see the Czartoryskis again, he took the train to Edinburgh. 'Princess Marcelina is the same angel of kindness as last year', he wrote. 'I revived somewhat under their Polish ambience.' A few days later he returned to Johnstone Castle to prepare for the Glasgow concert.

Chopin had a brush with death when driving near the coast. The horses bolted on a slope. The coach hit a tree, overturned down a steep drop and was smashed into pieces with Chopin inside. Chopin was bruised,

cut and very shaken, but otherwise unhurt.

The concert took place at 2.30 on September 27th at the Merchants' Hall, Hutcheson Street. The Hall was packed with the aristocracy and friends who came from all over Scotland to support him, including the Duchess of Argyll, the Countess of Eglinton and Winton, the Countess of Glasgow, the Countess of Cathcart, Lady Isabella Gordon, Baroness Sempill, Lady Blantyre and Lady Belhaven.

Lord and Lady Murray drove down from Strachur, Lord Torphichen travelled across from Calder, Prince and Princess Czartoryski were there, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton attended, as did the Stirling clan, and Dr. and Mrs. Lyszczynski arrived from Edinburgh.

Muir Wood was relieved that Chopin was able to perform; there had been times when he had wondered if it would all come together.

After the concert some commentators threw light on Chopin's performance. Sir James Hedderwick described 'a little fragile looking man, in pale grey suit, including frock-coat of identical tint and texture, moving about among the company... With what consummate sweetness and ease did he unravel the wonderful varieties and complexities of sound! It was a drawing room entertainment, more piano than forte, though not without occasional episodes of both strength and grandeur. He took the audience, as it were, into his confidence, and whispered to them of zephyrs and moonlight rather than of cataracts and thunder'. *The Glasgow Courier* reported that 'the performance was certainly of the highest order in point of musical attainment and artistic skill and was completely successful in interesting and delighting everyone present for an hour and a half'. *The Glasgow Herald* was more specific: 'One thing must have been apparent to everyone of the audience, the melancholy and plaintive sentiment which pervaded his music... M. Chopin is evidently a man of weak constitution, and seems to be labouring under physical debility and ill health'.

That evening an 'apres-concert' banquet was held at Johnstone Castle. Johnstone Castle was demolished in 1950 to make way for a housing estate, although the central tower still survives.

Three days later Chopin arrived at Keir House, outside Dunblane, near Jane's birthplace at Kippenross. It was the residence of Jane's cousin 'Willie' Stirling, in later years a well-known traveller, historian and art-collector, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell.

'Everywhere I am received with the most cordial kindness and boundless hospitality', wrote Chopin of Keir, 'I find excellent pianos, beautiful pictures and choice libraries; there are also shoots, dogs, dinners that never end and cellars of which I take less advantage'.

Jane's family schedules intensified, to Chopin's growing dismay. Among the visits was one to Gargunnock House, the home of Jane's brother Charles. 'As soon as I get accustomed to one place', Chopin continued, 'I must go to another, for my Scottish ladies leave me no peace; either they come to fetch me or they drive me to visit their families. They will stifle me with their kindness, and I am too polite to stop them.' He did not visit Kippenross — on the scheduled day he was too ill to go. Jane

went alone and brought him back a rose.

Gargunnock House, west of Stirling, is now in trust. The piano that Chopin reputedly played is at the house today. Kippenross House is still in the Stirling family, but Keir House is now in foreign hands.

On October 4th Chopin gave his Caledonian Rout concert in the Hopetoun Hall, Edinburgh. *The Edinburgh Evening Courant* recorded that his execution was 'the most finished we have ever heard... As a chamber pianist he stands unrivalled'. It was apparent by now that Chopin was physically too weak to perform in a large concert hall. The hall has now been replaced by Erskine House, Queen Street, a commercial building.

Chopin escaped from Jane by accepting invitations to Wishaw House to visit Lady Belhaven, and to Hamilton Palace to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. Both Wishaw House, in Cambusnethan, and Hamilton Palace have been demolished, although the Hamilton Mausoleum, where the Duke was buried in 1852, still dominates the Strathclyde Country Park.

Chopin returned to Jane and Katherine's increasingly oppressive attentions at Calder House. 'My Scottish ladies are kind, but such bores, God help me!' he wrote. 'They would have me stay and knock about the Scottish palaces, here, there and everywhere... and wherever I go they follow me if they can.' Katherine, staunch Calvinist that she was, had taken to reading the Bible to him, and discussing his obviously impending afterlife!

The damp weather aggravated Chopin's condition, and he returned to the Lyszczynskis. He had become very difficult, never satisfied, demanding breakfast in bed, complaining that his linen was never white enough, nor his shoes black enough. He was aghast at rumours of his impending marriage to Jane. 'I am nearer to the grave than the nuptial bed!' he wrote.

Chopin wrote virtually no music in Scotland. A waltz dedicated to Katherine is now lost, and a Scottische that he composed in Gargunnock has been assimilated into Scottish folk music. A song, 'Spring', written at Warriston Crescent, has recently been discovered. The manuscript is at Kornik Castle in Poland.

'Where has my art gone?' he wrote. 'Where did I lose my heart? I can hardly remember how they sing in Poland. I'm losing myself, I have no strength left. Why doesn't God kill me straight away, instead of bit by bit?'

Chopin left Scotland for London on October 31st to perform for the last time at the Guildhall on November 16th. Jane and Katherine followed him to London and on to Paris. 'My Scottish ladies... have latched on so hard that I cannot get away!'

Tuberculosis killed Chopin in Paris on October 17th, 1849. Jane and Katherine attended the funeral in the Madeleine. He is buried in the Pere Lachaise cemetry. Embedded in the tombstone is a petal from the rose that Jane brought Chopin from Kippenross.

[*The Scottish Autumn of Frederick Chopin* by Iwo and Pamela Zaluski will be published by John Donald Ltd., Edinburgh, August 1993.]

MONGOLIAN TROTTING

by Patricia Hynes

TROTTING on ice; strides short and balanced, as we rode on unshod, stocky ponies through herds of yaks who were lumbering across the lunar-like landscape of Mongolia. December, minus 14C, causing not only our breath to freeze but the insides of our nostrils and what felt like the top layers of exposed skin. The only warmth emanating from the briskly moving shoulders of the solid animals beneath us.

Our guide across this sepia coloured land was Bat. His broad, regal face grinning as he explained, 'In Mongolia there are thirty-two words for snow'. We learnt how to say horse, yak, wolf and one word for snow, the basics of Mongolian vocabulary.

Great care is taken of these small 'horses'; for hundreds of years they have been of vital importance to the economy and communications of the country — a lack of technology maintaining this status. The people believe themselves to be 'born and bred' on horseback. A critical eye of our riding skills was cast by each passing herdsman.

Our journey took us to a dense, reservation style of village. Yurts — great, white circular tents, were clustered together; white smoke coming from each causing a haze of frozen air to hang, guarding the village. It was deserted. We halted outside one of the smoking yurts.

'Tea,' announced Bat, who smiled, leapt off his pony and wandered inside. His pony, untied, didn't move. We copied.

Into the warmth. Inside and seated we were given Mongolian tea — sour and milky — and yak butter biscuits. At the centre of the warmth was a black boiler, the chimney leading to a hole in the roof and the structure of the ceiling resembled the inside of a Chinese umbrella — each spine painted and decorated to perfection. A crude gun was propped up against a chest that had Genghis Khan painted on each panel. A flame flickered next to the Buddha with a background of black and white family photographs. Four children sat huddled staring at the two foreigners wearing brightly coloured jackets drinking tea from their shallow wood and brass dishes.

A broad grin. 'Now vodka,' and we were handed a 'for export only' Scottish vodka bottle. It looked, and tasted, like salty water — made from yak milk we discovered; we were shown a barrel of brewing 'vodka'. A Scottish bottle that would never be empty.

The day outside had begun to depart. Much warmed, we remounted. Maybe it was the vodka or maybe it was the sound of wolves in the forests above us but the journey through the ice cut valley seemed much more enchanting on the way home.

Colder, darker and still. The yaks no longer lumbered; they were motionless rocks on the earth's crust. Only we moved with the same briskly moving shoulders beneath us. We saw the thirty-two colours of snow.

Landlocked between the once USSR and China, Mongolian mythology says it is the centre of the world and, in turn, the centre of the universe. An empire, under Genghis Khan, that once stretched from the Pacific to the Black Sea. The Great Wall of China built to halt marauding, nomadic Mongols.

The image of a fiercesome Mongol was dispelled in my mind every time I saw those proud faced people in fur coats walking the cold, grey streets of the capital, Ulan Bator. People too dignified to eat potatoes and chickens because they taste of earth and rubbish.

The Mongolian Secret History is 750 years old. I couldn't help but think that maybe there is a good reason for this enigma.

A QUESTION

The Man Stood upon a lonely hill,
Made of stone, and stone still.
Down he looked upon the grass,
Wondering still will it last?
Off in the distance, he heard a Boom,
Then he saw a mushroom cloud loom.
Families gone, people lost,
Then again this was war, that the cost.
Then, Desolate Barren like his past,
He thought about peace at last.
He looked upon the desolate waste,
Wishing to leave, to make haste.
He was the bird shot by a hunter,
When it screamed like thunder, then silence.
Victory, challenged, down it went,
Victory, no consequence, down that went.
He looked down, nowhere to run or hide,
The Earth was poisoned, and soon his inside.

Paul Evans

LYTE'S 'ABIDE WITH ME'

by Mervyn Horder

THERE is indeed a great gulf fixed between what highbrows consider significant and what pleases lesser mortals. One wonders how much, and what, academic English Literature textbooks will find to say in 2093 about Betjeman or Coward or Catherine Cookson or Paul Macartney, whose works have gone round the world in our time, the first two achieving a stone each in Westminster Abbey. Probably not much!

These thoughts are prompted by a consideration of the case of Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847) whose tiny verse output has been a solace and inspiration for generations to millions of ordinary people while as a man he remains unknown except to a handful of hymnology students. Perhaps in this his bicentenary year a word or two in his honour may not be out of place. For Lyte wrote the words of two of our favourite English hymns, *Abide with Me* and *Praise my Soul the King of Heaven*, which annually jostle each other for places among the top five hymns in the BBC *Songs of Praise* ballot. Lyte wrote also the words of three more hymns which, though now elbowed out of most modern hymnals by the huge influx of new contemporary material, have still a strong appeal to the older worshippers among us: *God of Mercy, God of Grace; Pleasant are Thy Courts above* and *Long did I toil and knew no earthly Rest.* To these he added *The Spirit of the Psalms*, a complete series of metrical versions, with sometimes as many as four versions of each psalm.

Lyte was born on June 1st, 1793, near Kelso in the Lowlands, the son of an army officer serving in India at the time. His father soon deserted his mother, who had her son educated from age nine to nineteen at Portora School, Belfast, later as a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin where three years running he won the English Poetry prize with such stirring epics as 'The Siege of Salamanca'. Ordained in 1815, the year of Waterloo, he served various curacies in Ireland and the south of England, then in 1822 was admitted as perpetual curate of All Saints, Lower Brixham in South Devon (population 4,000) which he held for 25 years until his death. He was immensely popular, went to sea with the local fishermen, preached them relevant sermons about storms on the Sea of Galilee, and equipped each one with a Bible and Prayer Book for use at sea. Six-foot-two tall, he was a Pied Piper to the local children, of whom he mustered more than 700 in his Sunday School, which boasted a staff of 80. In his late forties he developed bronchitis and then tuberculosis, which he was medically advised to hold at bay by travelling in Italy and France. This he did reluctantly, unwilling to tear himself away from his parish duties — 'it is better to *wear* out than to *rust* out' he said. The travels seemed to work for a time, but in 1847 he died (ultimately of dysentery) in Nice, where his body still lies in the cemetery of the English Holy Trinity church.

Completed at Brixham a few months before he died was the hymn that made him famous all over the English-speaking world, *Abide with Me.* He called it in a letter to his family 'my latest effusion', and it had originally

three more stanzas in the middle which were dropped in publication. He wrote his own tune for it, but this was soon superseded by Dr. W. H. Monk's tune 'Eventide' which appeared with Lyte's words for the first time in the first edition of *Hymns Ancient & Modern*, 1861. (The legend is that Monk retired to the summerhouse at the end of his garden from which he emerged ten minutes later with a smile on his face and the tune completed.) The prominent use of the word 'Eventide' as the tune's title probably did as much as anything to get the hymn accepted as a straight evening hymn — which it is not: its words refer to the eventide of life.

What is less well known is that Lyte was an ardent and scholarly collector of antique religious books: the library of 4,500 books he had amassed with his son's help took 16 days to auction in London after his death, its sale catalogue, marked with the price obtained for each item, is still to be seen in the National Library today. It is also satisfying that his daughter's husband, Rev. J. R. Hogg, carried on his work at Brixham for another twenty years, and that their daughter, A. M. R. Hogg, wrote the preface to an edition of her grandfather's poems.

It is, however, not so much the circumstances of his death that are interesting, as those of his birth. This took place in the Berwickshire village of Ednam, three miles north of Kelso, where his mother was lodged in a local farm while the father was out serving in India. It so happens that Ednam was also the birthplace (in the local manse) of James Thomson who in 1740 wrote the words of *Rule, Britannia!* It is a singular coincidence that this one modest Berwickshire hamlet should have produced both the writers of the two most widely known British songs of all time. There is a memorial to Thomson in Ednam, but none to Lyte. One wonders whether it might be helpful to go and stroll round Ednam for an hour or two in case there is some special virtue in the air there — an afflatus which would help one to generate a third great song which would go round the world in the same way.

The hymns of this kindly scholar-gentleman-parson are his public memorial for all time; but it is tempting to take leave of him on a lighter, more secular note. Here is the stylish little poem he wrote in 1826 for the grave of a friend's dead spaniel, called Var; it might almost serve as his own epitaph:

Breathe, gentle spring, breathe on this grassy mound,
And sing, ye birds, and bloom, ye flowers around.
Ye suns and dews, make green the resting-place
Of honest Var, the noblest of his race.
Gentle, yet fearless, active, fond and true,
He reads, proud man, a lesson here for you;
And bids you (happy might you hear) to be
Guiltless in life and calm in death as he.
Go, and as faithful to your Master prove,
As firm in duty, and as strong in love.
You will not find this moment here mis-spent
In musing o'er a spaniel's monument.

[Lord Horder is a musicologist and composer as well as the former chairman of Duckworth Publishers.]

AN ELIZABETHAN GHOST GOES WEST

by Francis Edwards

I must begin by saying that I was brought up in the 1930s to believe there are no such things as ghosts. Since then, if only as a result of reading Herbert Thurston's *Ghosts and Poltergeists*, and the original correspondence on which it was based, I have revised my views. But paranormal phenomena can have more than one explanation. Sometimes the time-film, so to speak, runs backward, so we may have the appearance of Roman legionnaires marching through parts of contemporary York. Evil spirits may manifest themselves even if we do not take *The Exorcist* or *The Omen* series too literally. How much is due to imagination, or even hypnosis, is demonstrated in Ian Wilson's *Mind Out of Time*. But a piece by Gillian Cribbs appearing in *The Sunday Telegraph* of March 21, 1993 entitled 'Haunted Coutts calls in the ghost-buster' presents one with at least the possibility of a genuine earth-bound spirit who is or was still looking for the main exit even after death.

Miss Cribbs described an Elizabethan nobleman who had been executed by beheading on a trumped-up charge of treason. Since then, I have been in touch with the 'ghost-buster' himself, Mr. Eddie Burks, a retired professional engineer some seventy years old, who has been 'releasing ghosts' — Miss Cribbs's phrase — for some ten years. Telephone conversations suggested a man level-headed, rational and honest. It is surely important that he takes no money for his services in ushering the shades tc more appropriate places. He kindly supplied further information on the Coutts Bank ghost which, as he claims, came through to him as a 'clairsentient'. Our Elizabethan was 'of considerable pride who had some social standing' and was 'somewhat haughty'. He was 'tall and fairly slim', with 'a thin face and aquiline nose' and probably aged about forty. It seems he practised law. He would not 'bend to the Queen's command' conveyed through the Keeper of the Great Seal, that is the Lord Chancellor — most probably Sir Nicholas Bacon. 'By this time I knew too much. Did I become indiscreet I could threaten Her Majesty, so when it was discovered that I would not be amenable, a case of treason was trumped up and I was beheaded not far from here on a summer's day, which made me loath to depart'.

As Mr Burks further discerned him, he was wearing costume which was no doubt correctly taken as Elizabethan, and that of a man of rank. Curiously, 'he drew my attention to the jewelled rings on his left hand and the gold or silver chain suspended from his neck. At the end of the chain was a disc with delicate tracery worked in gold or silver'. At his execution he took off his outer clothing which he did not want spoilt, which went to his son. He put on his shoulders the black mantle which was part of his 'accoutrement in Law', not minding if this were spoilt since it had been 'stained already through this injustice'. His daughter then approached and she led the man away. 'She was dressed in Eliza-

bethan costume, but entirely in white, and she radiated light'. He looked back for a moment 'to thank us for helping him'. But he claimed that he had 'been waiting a long time', and implied a rebuke because he had been kept 'waiting needlessly'. This 'interview' took place on August 14, 1992.

There was a final(?) visitation from the apparition on January 12, 1993. As Mr. Burks reports it, the spirit said, 'I heard you talk of me and take this opportunity to return to give you my thanks, for I had not time when you did free me from my imprisonment'. He was overjoyed at his release and praised God 'for all His goodness. My daughter has stayed with me to bring me familiarity with this new abode but soon she will return to her heavenly place which is as yet beyond me. But I have made friends and feel secure, for the beauty of this place is beyond my describing. Thank you again. One day we shall meet face to face and it will give me great joy to embrace you. Farewell in the love of God'.

A very important point in all this as far as the writer is concerned is that the apparition did not identify himself. If he had, for various reasons it would have been difficult to accept much of the story as it stands and on the terms offered; and there would presumably have been no need for my intervention. Mr. Burks, who has been engaged in this activity for some ten years, informed me that this is usually the case but was not able to convey to me a reason that seemed convincing. I take his word for it.

What could strike one immediately on reading the description of the apparition is that it corresponds at all known points with Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk in the Howard line, who was executed for treason on June 2, 1572. Certainly, the number of possible candidates is much reduced by the fact that he was beheaded. This was a privileged execution reserved to the upper classes. There were few of these in the reign of Elizabeth so treated; only the Duke, Mary, Queen of Scots, and later the Earl of Essex and a very few more involved with him in his 'treason'. There were plenty of papists, priests and laymen and even a few women, getting on for three hundred in all, who were executed on the treason charge. But as plebeians or minor gentry they went for the most part to the gallows and quartering block.

Until the present writer's book, *The Marvellous Chance*, appeared in 1968, it had always been assumed that the evidence against the fourth Duke as a convicted traitor was to be taken almost for granted. So his case appears in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and so it was accepted in Neville William's otherwise scholarly and documented life of the Duke. It must seem strange, however, that a man who after his early tutoring by John Foxe of martyr's fame remained all his life and to the moment of his death a devout and convinced Anglican should have been ready from 1568 onwards to countenance a Spanish invasion to oust Queen Elizabeth so that he could take the throne himself with Mary, Queen of Scots, as his consort. This was the published aim of the Ridolfi plot which brewed up from 1568 until 1571. True, it has been assumed,

and was emphasised at the trial on January 16, 1572, that his admitted intention to marry the Scottish queen could only bear the most sinister interpretation. But this was not so. Nor, in fact, did the Scottish queen, in spite of the charges made against her also, really entertain any sinister design against the throne of Elizabeth. What Mary always insisted on was her right to the throne of Scotland and her right to the English succession in default of heirs by Queen Elizabeth. Mary's alleged part in the Ridolfi affair was dealt with at length in a companion volume, *The Dangerous Queen,* published in 1964. It would be impossible in a few words to recapitulate the thesis. Nor in view of the above-mentioned works is it necessary. But it must always be admitted that in these darker passages of history, where evidence has been lost or destroyed and continuity in the narrative is often broken, an element of doubt remains. So if anyone wishes to continue to believe in the standard story of the Ridolfi plot, or for that matter, the later gunpowder plot, which was out of the same stable, it would be rash to accuse them of absurdity. But it should be understood that if one continues so to believe, it is in spite of evidence on the other side, which is considerable.

Evidently, the ghost of Coutts's bank adds a new dimension to the argument. I do not know of any other historian who has had a visitor from the other side to confirm his thesis. Nor do I know why I should be so privileged! Nor do I expect Academe generally to be much impressed by this latest contribution to the debate. But is it too much to ask that, ghosts or no ghosts, there be a quiet reappraisal of some aspects of our national mythology, with an admission that this is often what we have been given for history? It is interesting that our ghost should stress his connection with law since this does not come out at any rate in the later documentation of Norfolk's life as it has survived. However, he became a member of Gray's Inn in December, 1561, and so a strong connection is there.

Nor does the episode described leave the present writer at least without difficulties. True, the happening, as it has been described by Mr. Burks, fully confirms the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, an intermediate state between hell and heaven. It confirms the further aspect of the doctrine that souls in that state cannot help themselves very much but need the prayers and intercession, which can include Masses, offered by the faithful still on earth. At the same time, the fact that someone 'over there' had to be kept waiting for over four centuries until he was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Burks is curious to say the least. A daughter already in heaven, it seems, probably Margaret, arrives on the scene in Elizabethan costume to help her father to another important step towards the same place. Mr. Burks can, apparently, secure the release of the spirit simply by asking for it. He tells me he is a convinced Christian although of no fixed denomination. From all the above it can scarcely be denied that he possesses some extraordinary gift which it is beyond me and most to understand.

In accordance with an ancient Judaeo-Christian tradition, I cannot,

with my Church, approve of attempting to conjure up the dead. But Mr. Burks is clearly engaged in the contrary process. At a lesser level of mystery, why did the apparition appear at this particular time? The obvious moment would have been the anniversary of his death in 1972. And why in Coutts's bank? The Howard properties lay further east in Arundel House and Norfolk House, while the Duke's principal property in London was the Charterhouse in Smithfield. He was executed on Tower Hill, the proper place for strictly non-royal executions, although the queen referred to him as her cousin by reason of the Boleyn connection. Why did he make his appearance so far west from the original scene of his not-quite-final exit? Perhaps I should add, probably unnecessarily, that I have had no visitation from His Grace myself, nor for that matter, do I want one. It may be that my attitude, right or wrong, will ensure that I do not get one. If at the end of it all my readers think the whole episode somewhat strange, so do I, but fascinating all the same!

[The Rev. Francis Edwards, S.J., historian and archivist of the British Province S.J., Farm Street, London, 1959-86, and the Archivum Romanum S.J. in Rome, 1986-89, is the author of *The Jesuits in England*, an overall history of the British Province, and several historical works, mainly on 16th and 17th century topics.]

In the August number of the *Contemporary Review* Canon Roger Greenacre, Chancellor of Chichester Cathedral, reassesses the rôle of Christianity in *Christianity and Europe* and Gerard de Groot examines the situation of the Scottish Universities in *Selling Scottish Universities*.

Literary Supplement

THE RELIGIOUS THEME IN IRISH LITERATURE

Irish Writers and Religion. Edited by Robert Welch. Irish Literary Studies 37. Colin Smythe, 1992. £22.50. 0 86140 236 7.

This volume in the well established series on Irish writers and writing explores the major theme of how religion and society interact in Ireland. There are sixteen critical essays ranging over poetry, drama, prose, sermon and pamphlet literature. Robert Welch's brief introduction seizes on a common informing principle to this varied offering, namely integration as part of the religious quest. A religious instinct is a permanent feature of Irish writing. The essays follow a chronological framework but, despite the generic and stylistic changes over the centuries and the wide range of outside influences, many of the contributors return to the tensions between Celtic paganism and Latin Christianity as the cults, beliefs, poetry and practices of the former become assimilated but not totally so into early Christian Irish society. A major feature therefore in all manner of Irish writing which will not be ignored is the survival of a pre-Christian Celtic past. Séamus MacMathuna's 'Paganism and Society in Early Ireland' powerfully sets out those themes, beginning with a brief analysis of *Fiacc's Hymn* (c.800 A.D.), and ends with a splendid translation of that most characteristic poem on the ebb and flow of life, 'The Lament of the Old Woman of Beare'.

The next two essays by Joseph McMinn and Barbara Hayley move on to the literary uses of folk beliefs and religion in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Inevitably, the brush strokes are too large; for example, McMinn's generalization, 'Literature in eighteenth century Ireland, whether in Gaelic or in English, is the fruit of insecurity'. Politically and religiously, the middle class Anglo-Irish writers from clerical backgrounds may have felt insecure as the ruling Protestant minority over the dispossessed Catholic majority. In this context Swift and Berkeley are considered; and, among the sophisticated Munster Gaelic poets, Aogán Ó Rathaille (c.1675-1729) and Eoghan Rua Ó Suilleabháin (1748-1784) are used to illustrate the period's best known poetic form, the Aisling which combines the political, the religious, and the erotic in religious allegory. Indeed, the last essay by the poetess, Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill, 'Mis and Dubh Ruis: A parable of Psychic Transformation' strikes to the root of an immemorial Irish literary tradition; that of the hag or *caillech* signifying the tribal land she, when in the conjugal act with the rightful king, is then transformed into a beautiful goddess. Yeats encapsulated it into his play *Cathleen Ní Houlihan*. Ireland as a woman is one of the more persistent themes, from the ancient earth goddess to the modern goddess of liberty. A combination of art, religion and folklore is central to the works of Patrick Kavanagh, Austin Clarke and Séan O Riordáin.

Barbara Hayley, to whose memory the volume is dedicated, finds the classification of literature by religious affiliation too stark. However, the majority of 19th century Irish novelists were Protestant but Carleton, surely one of the more prolific and representative, was a convert to Protestantism before he began to write. And yet, the tensions between Catholic and Protestant makes for powerful fiction. Hayley concludes that, seen through fiction, Ireland presents a depressing aspect in the hopelessness of reconciliation between the two religions of the island.

It is invidious to pick and choose among such a galaxy of scholars, especially when they look at the giants, Shaw, Yeats, Joyce, McNeice, Kavanagh and Beckett. Nonetheless, their contentions need emphasis: Dáithi Ó Hógáin deems the distinction between pagan and Christian unsatisfactory because there is not enough stress on shared ideas and habits. Ruth Fleischmann takes on Yeats's challenge that 'the intellect of Ireland is irreligious' by an examination of Canon Sheehan's novels and the works of Daniel Corkery in discovering *The Hidden Ireland*. The Japanese Yeatsian scholar, Mitsuko Ohno, examines the poet's mystical experiences but concludes perhaps too sensibly that religion for Yeats was nothing more than his poetry. Eamonn Hughes considers the effects of Catholicism on Joyce's writing as a whole, indeed, of how Joyce could both deny and assent to Catholicism. Anne McCartney sees in the long literary career of Francis Stuart how the spiritual and physical merge in everyday existence so that religion does not become the sole property of the Church. Alan Peacock's insights into the work of MacNeice and Kavanagh are nicely epitomised in his title, 'Received religion and secular vision'; MacNeice being perceived 'religious' like Horace in his concern to achieve a wholeness of response to life, and Kavanagh in his celebration of the local, the banal, the inconsequential.

To this reader, the essays on 'Ghosts in Anglo-Irish Literature' and 'Shaw and Creative Evolution', while eminently spell-binding in themselves, are marginal to the main themes. Others might contend that Lance St. John Butler's piece on Samuel Beckett and the absence of God is the best qualifier for marginality. Patrick Rafroidi's all too brief essay is a meditation on the living poet Desmond Egan's God-centred, even Catholic motifs. Egan's briefer 'Religion?' roundly demonstrates that the religious impulse will show itself in a search for wholeness in his own tribute to Sam Beckett on his 80th birthday. The entire volume ends fittingly with Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill's telling of the 'Mis and Dubh Ruis', her commentary on this most feminine Celtic theme, and above all with her own howl of hag energy in a most sensitive poem in both languages, the *Primavera*. With this volume the Irish Literary Studies series goes from strength to strength.

JOHN MCGURK

SIX TUDOR QUEENS

The Six Wives of Henry VIII. Antonia Fraser. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 1992. 479pp. 0 297 81242 4.

One of the most original and striking pieces in the 'Sovereign' exhibition at the V. & A. last year to commemorate the Queen's 40 years on the throne was a little seen bust of Henry VIII as a child, by Guido Mazzoni. It is a masterpiece of expression and adult potential, and is reproduced as one of the many illustrations in this latest work on a much tried subject. The face and above all the eyes tell us much about the future Henry VIII: dependent, woman-orientated, perhaps almost uxorious, although not in the sense of Philip V of Spain, for example.

What was Henry VIII looking for in women, above all in his wives? What was his experience of women? His mother had died when he was eleven years old, and the royal household had then been dominated by his grandmother, a grande dame if ever there was one, Margaret Beaufort, intellectual, aesthetic and very powerful. She outlived the son who owed his slender claim to the crown to her, and then acted as Regent for her grandson, still only seventeen.

She then died, just after his coronation and marriage to the Princess of Spain, who had been the cynosure of his adolescence, known to history as Catherine of Aragon. By any standards she was at that time the most beautiful of all his wives, and none of them were beautiful. But she was red-haired and truly pretty, as an early portrait complete with aureole shows. The looks faded, Henry himself developed and grew into a person almost unrecognizable from his early youth. Catherine simply did not belong to the person he was at thirty-five, whereas she had certainly belonged to the person he was at eighteen.

It is worth considering the notable and high profile position of royal women in the sixteenth century. In 1553, six years after Henry's death, the next ten persons in succession to the crown were all women. Elizabeth of York, Henry's mother, had had a better hereditary claim to the crown than his father; the position of his grandmother was partly because she too had a better prior claim to the crown than her own son.

Before being too judgemental to Henry, the position of marriage and divorce or anulment must also be put into perspective. Many sovereigns married several times, and many other royal persons besides. Mary Queen of Scots married three times: Henry's sister Margaret Tudor, the Queen of Scotland, married three times; William of Orange married four times; Philip II of Spain four times. What distinguished Henry was that he married six times, what one writer has described as 'dividing the silly sheep from the giddy goats'. No-one notable has ever married more times in history, except Ivan IV of Russia, Ivan the Terrible, who certainly married seven times, and perhaps eight. Moreover, Henry's attitude to his wives was increasingly that they were dispensable. Divorce or annulment was not unknown: removal by execution certainly was. In his own eyes in any case Henry VIII was married only three times: to Jane Seymour, to Katherine Howard and to Katherine Parr. His 'marriages' to Catherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn and Anne of Cleves were all annulled, they were declared to be no marriages at all. (In the eyes of Catholics of course the marriage to Catherine of Aragon had been declared valid by the Pope in 1534, but by this time Henry had repudiated all Papal authority). Nevertheless he had been through six ceremonies of marriage, and Anne Boleyn had actually been crowned and anointed as well.

Also, Henry had in a sense bad examples from his closest contemporaries: his own sister, Margaret Tudor, whom he chastised for obtaining a highly dubious annulment; and his best friend Charles Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk. Brandon had jilted at least one lady in order to marry her wealthy aunt, and then, having got the inheritance of the latter, divorced her and went back to the original lady... He had also married, as his third wife, but possibly only his second, the king's own sister, Mary Tudor, the widowed Queen of France. After her death he married a fourth time, a young heiress intended for his own son. So the background is clear and unambiguous: to many, especially the cynical and the worldly wise, marriage was a dispensable commodity. But one of the intriguing questions one is also faced with by Henry VIII is whether he was himself cynical or worldly wise. Self-deceptive certainly, but in a curious way he remained innocent.

So what did he expect of his wives? Fertility is the only answer which fits the first four; and then, companionship. Intellect and capability made him suspicious: his first wife probably had greater potential talents in the art of governing than he had, and this could not be brooked in a woman; neither could questioning intellect, which nearly brought his last wife to the block.

Beauty and sexual attraction were quite obviously to him highly subjective. Jane Seymour was as plain as plain could be; Anne Boleyn, never described better than by Elizabeth Jenkins as 'dazzling and disagreeable' and Katherine Howard a pathetically immature and ill-educated little girl, who nevertheless captivated the ageing king with her petite figure and red hair. Neither was Henry any better at judging his own daughters, both of whom he treated with a degree of cruelty and insensitivity bordering on the psychotic. Catherine of Aragon of course, the daughter of the great Isabella of Castile, saw no reason why her own daughter, Mary Tudor, should not also be a great woman sovereign. So she might have been, if history and Henry had left her alone.

Antonia Fraser is a writer of great distinction; she is, most commendably, her own researcher. But does she say anything new? One searches in vain for the one telling phrase that will be remembered about any of the wives: something like J. M. Neale's immortal and unforgettable line on Anne Boleyn, when she lost her last child who would have been a boy: 'She had miscarried of her saviour'. The book is new in its approach, its wealth of illustrations and its genealogies, showing the common Plantagenet descent of Henry and his six wives. Yet here the descent of Jane Seymour from Edward III has always been questionable. Of interest too are the devices, coats of arms and mottoes which the queens adopted. Catherine of Aragon had a pomegranite in her arms: the symbol, ironically, of fertility: Katherine Howard adopted the rose with the device *rosa sine spina*, the rose without a thorn, and she had so many! Only Anne of Cleves, complaisant and pragmatic, adopted as her motto 'God send me well to keep'. Any wife of Henry VIII needed that motto.

MICHAEL L. NASH

REASON AND LOVE IN RELIGION

A History of God from Abraham to the Present: the 4000-year Quest for God. Karen Armstrong. Heinemann. 1993. £16.99. 0 434 02456 2.

In this ambitious history Karen Armstrong's own position is ambivalent. Having claimed her own religious experience to have been formed by the way in which she worked on her own feelings and imagination, paragraphs later complains that no-one told her God was the product of the creative imagination. Who is she blaming? No matter, as she traces Jewish, Christian and Muslim perceptions of God through the formation of religious groupings and ideologies, bringing our attention to developments which are sometimes similar in all three religions (in 610 Muhammad ibn Abdullah has an Isaiah type experience on Mount Hira), her task is more philosophical than personal. It is no small matter to combine the history of peoples with the ideas which characterise them, but Armstrong skilfully weaves them together, keeping, from her bird's eye perspective, a distinction between two anyway inseparable processes. Philosophically she seems to be struggling with our alienation from God which for me makes her project worthwhile. Constantly she draws our attention to the way that, throughout history, we alternately perceive ourselves as close to God, and then as separate. And she shows how a part of this shift in position is due to the struggle between reason and revelation.

She never really explains whether she thinks it was our collective 'projected' need which created this continual shift in position. But when Abraham prepared food for this Yahweh, or when Jacob dreamt of a ladder stretching between heaven and earth, it had been preceded by a holistic vision where gods were

not separate from humanity. The image of a God who appeared on Mount Sinai when the Israelites had to keep their distance, or the God who asked Abraham to sacrifice his son or told Moses not to come near the burning bush, provides a great contrast. For now in a short space of time the gap between divinity and humanity has drastically widened, the relationship to God altered. He is now separate. Other. Armstrong claims this is a despotic, tribal deity inspiring a narrow tribal theology, but without considering that on another level this might symbolise a theological need for change.

For, as she has so rightly seen, the perception of God as separate was exacerbated by the Greeks' interest in logic and reason. Although Plato's static God (based on the premise that truth was pure, remote, discoverable through reason, our exiled souls being trapped in matter), along with Aristotle's Unmoved Mover, conflicts with the active God of Revelations, does this not represent a truth about our basic psychological make-up, the contraries within our psyche representing a necessary transition towards a whole? In this vast historical survey, Armstrong leads us rather to a view of how the underlying theme of the split between reason and revelation, or intellect and love, is outwardly manifest in history. For instance, the breaking off of relations in 1054 between the Eastern and Western churches because Western Christians wanted a rational explanation of the Trinity, whereas the Cappodocians saw God's incomprehensibility, His unrevealed essence, to be the whole point. The appearance of Abelard in 1141 before the powerful Abbot Bernard, symbolised a moment in history when love and intellect were split, the Abbot declaring love to be incompatible with the exercise of reason. In all three deist religions, the author shows the constant dichotomies and disagreements arising concerning the place of reason or science.

Strangely (because the path man's search takes for God must be full of twists and turns, but Karen Armstrong makes this path confidently rational) she seems to imply that if there is a place left for God in the future, despite the current rise in fundamentalism and retreat from God, it lies with the inner God of the Mystics, as opposed to the God of the Philosophers who sought God through purely rational means. But I feel saddened by *The History of God*'s return to the old dualism. In opting only for the God of the Mystics, Armstrong is being one-sided, suppressing intellect, the joyful reason for our embodiment, and with it the possibility of ending the conflict which can only be achieved by reconciling reason with love. However, it is illuminating because we are made aware of the past, present and continuing difference between forms of reason and revelation in people's perception of God, leaving us with a sense of how the complexities of history may have shaped the way we experience God, as either irrelevant, near or remote.

MARYANNE TRAYLEN

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

A Short History of the Future, 2nd edition. Warren Wagar. Adamantine Studies of the 21st Century. £13.50. 0 7449 0074 3.

Given today's turmoil in what was once the USSR, Yugoslavia, and colonial or independent Africa, this picture of the future reads with disturbing accuracy and alarm. It features the growth of world-wide capitalism, armed with computer networks and automata replacing 'workers'. It forecasts the end of the twentieth century threats of heart diseases and cancer, the likelihood of the collapse of the so-called Welfare States, and of the world-wide threat of

Islamic fundamentalism. It foresees nuclear world war, dated here at 2044, the building of a socialist world commonwealth in 2062, the eventual supersession of capitalism and of socialism by a decentralised order of self-governing communities, and the Darwin Project in species modification, set at 2169. As 'history' it surpasses the writing of other 'futurists' like H. G. Wells, Olaf Stapledon, and Norman Macrae. It has indeed touches that recall Harry Harrison's novel, *More Room! More Room!*, the story that became the frightening portrayal of tomorrow in the film, *Soylent Green*, featuring Charlton Heston and Edward G. Robinson, produced in 1977. Warren Wagar's writing is more realist than such fiction, for he is a gifted historian: given the events in Eastern Europe since 1990, however, maybe this survey *is* the shape of things to come. In which case, we will all need our hibertubes.

ESMOND WRIGHT

A TRUE ROMANTIC

Claire Clairmont and the Shelleys, 1798-1879. Robert Gittings and Jo Manton. Oxford University Press. 281 pages. £20.00. 0 19 818594 4.

This book is a joy to read, but one picks it up with sadness for it is the last work to come from the pen of Robert Gittings, a man who made a long and distinguished contribution to literary biography. His books on Keats, Hardy and Dorothy Wordsworth should long remain standard works for anyone who values English literature. His wife, Jo Manton, herself a well known biographer, is the co-author of this book.

Claire Clairmont is clearly not in the same league as the other figures about whom Robert Gittings has written. The few people who know her name today, normally only have a dim recollection of her being involved with Shelley or Byron in some scandal. Yet it is often these less important figures, that provide the best insight into the past. Even the diligent scholarship of the Gittings has been unable to discover much about Claire Clairmont's birth. She herself was not sure where or when she was born or the identity of her father. When she was about three years of age, she became part of the Godwin family as her mother married the radical writer and novelist, William Godwin. Claire thus became a half-sister of Mary who eventually married Shelley.

The Gittings throw new light on Claire's relationship with Shelley. Eventually she had a brief affair with Byron producing that tragic child, Allegra. Byron's heartless treatment of Claire Clairmont followed his normal pattern of vicious cruelty and vivid self-justification. This book further confirms the Duke of Wellington's view that Byron was 'a rum fellow'. He kept Claire from seeing her child. Claire's early years in England and her life in Italy as part of the revolutionary circle surrounding Shelley are well told. The reader cannot help seeing the parallels between Claire Clairmont and many young disillusioned radicals of our own time.

Perhaps the most fascinating part of this fine biography is the account of Claire's peripatetic wanderings after the 'Romantic' dream of bliss in Italy came to an end. The Gittings follow her throughout Europe where she bravely attempted to fashion a life for herself by tutoring. The authors have done much research — even into the records of the Viennese police — to show how she survived in Austria and Russia. To read this book is to be taken on a tour of Romantic Europe. They conclude that Claire Clairmont was 'rash,

hasty, but of deep and generous feelings,' a true Romantic'.

Claire Clairmont herself rightly felt that she had not achieved all that her considerable gifts promised. She hoped that 'my memory may not be lost in oblivion as my life has been'. Her life has now been rescued from oblivion and her memory made secure in this excellent and highly enjoyable biography.

RICHARD MULLEN

FREYA AT ONE HUNDRED

Freya Stark: A Biography. Molly Izzard. Hodder and Stoughton. 342pp. £25.00. 0 340 589078. *Prelude to Magdala: Emperor Theodore of Ethiopia and British Diplomacy*. Percy Arnold. Bellew. 336pp. £27.00. 0 947792 538.

Dame Freya Stark, C.B.E., died on the 9th of May 1993. She was 100 years old: in her 80s she had travelled intrepidly. And yet, the 'facts and the fame', Molly Izzard pronounced, 'do not correspond'. And too much of the book is wasted in searching for the self-delusion and socio-pathic elements in Freya's nature from an uninteresting family background, to prove that Freya was an oddball. So what? So was Mary Kingsley. As for her male fellow travellers, most of them were eccentric to the point of lunacy. So Freya was jilted at an early age; she had a disastrous marriage: her looks were spoilt by an accident. She suffered from ill-health, that wonderful refuge for women like Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Isabella Bird, till the moment came to leap out of bed and face their destiny.

Freya was 34 in 1927 when she answered the call to go East, without the money or family support enjoyed by many travellers. In time she was the last of the old type of traveller, just giving way to a new mechanised world. Her life can be divided into three sections: original travel, discovery and writing. She gave her own flavour to it and was one of the first to consider the world of women in the Muslim countries of the Near and Middle East. The second part covers wartime work in intelligence, based on Cairo. This cannot be assessed here, and Freya's pro-British outlook contrasts strongly with the fifties iconoclastic outlook of Izzard. Part three, covers Freya's life as an admired and prolific travel writer: ten travel books, four of autobiography, eight of letters and other miscellania including photography, at which she was an expert. Her letters, whether or not for posterity, are still a delight to read for, as Patrick Leigh Fermor said in the preface, she escaped the 'decay of literacy' of modern writers. Freya also had, in common with her sister travellers, a delightful sense of humour, lacking in the more self important male travellers. The reader inevitably feels for Freya, as she faced the last untravelled marge, indomitable as Ulysses.

Nothing could be more unlike Freya's forays than the stark brutality experienced fifty years earlier by British Consul Duncan Cameron and a missionary group led by Stern Rosenthal, in the huge unknown country of Abbysinia only partly controlled by that Christian monarch, Theodore. He took umbrage over a delay in Queen Victoria's response to his desire to send a mission to England and, after a mishmash of misunderstanding and lack of communication startling even for the Foreign Office, this despot of uncertain temper gathered all the Europeans in chains at the fortress of Magdala. Their situation was not helped by the egregious Dr. Beke, one of those freelance Englishmen who danced his own measure through the whole pantomime. Theodore on the one hand claimed a divine right to India and

Jerusalem through his linear descent from Solomon and on the other accused the British of plotting against him with his traditional Muslim enemies, Turkey and Egypt. There is a horrid feeling of *dèja vu* as the British were slowly sucked into military intervention to rescue their nationals. Fortunately Sir William Napier's expedition of 1867 was swift and efficient. Magdala, which might have become a name like Ladysmith or Sharpeville, slipped out of history before it was in. The British, not being in imperial mood, failed to annex Ethiopia and, after Theodore's suicide, the country slid back into civil war, without the British man in the street, and thankfully the media, being aware of it. The whole affair could be summed up in Palmerston's plaintive minute to the Foreign Office: 'Where is Massawa? Who and what is Dr. Beke?' Percy Arnold, a distinguished Ethiopian scholar, answered these questions clearly and added another small strand to the history of the British Empire.

MOLLY MORTIMER

SOMEONE WHO GOT IT RIGHT

Mary Renault A Biography. David Sweetman. Chatto & Windus. 322pp. £18.00.

David Sweetman was a BBC television producer who interviewed the novelist, Mary Renault, in 1982. Six years later he told her life-long friend and fellow nurse, Julie Mullard, that he wanted to write a biography. Fortunately, Miss Mullard agreed to help and her presence is felt through much of this delightful and thoroughly readable biography. The author also had access to Mary Renault's papers and to her letters to various friends and associates. With all this material and with the guidance and help of Miss Mullard, it is not surprising that the author has produced such a good book. One might say that he could not have done otherwise but one would have been wrong.

Two sizeable pitfalls await the biographer of someone like Mary Renault. The first stems from her decision to leave the Britain of Clement Attlee with its queues, rationing, punative taxation and socialist nostrums to settle in South Africa. Many biographers would, in today's intellectual climate, perform knee-jerk reactions whenever this 'racist' topic turned up and castigate their subject for not thinking as they think. David Sweetman has avoided this pitfall. Perhaps it is because he lived in Africa for eight years and realises at first hand that the moralising simplicities of English drawing-rooms and BBC news-readers have little to do with the difficulties facing South Africa. Perhaps it is because he has talked to too many people who do understand. Whatever the reason, his refusal to play to a gallery filled with the chattering-classes is to be commended. He shows us how this English liberal lady was affected by South Africa and how she tried to stem the tide of the Boers' racial policies or at least direct it in a more humanitarian direction. That she failed is nothing new: it is the plight of most civilised liberals caught between two sets of fanatics.

The second pitfall he avoids is the tendency, seen in so many modern biographers, to inject sex into every topic he can. Given Mary Renault's sexual preferences this was a very large pitfall indeed. The fact that he avoided it will mean he is bound to displease some reviewers. It also means that he has produced a biography that tells its readers a great deal about its subject and very little about the interests of the biographer. He assumes his readers have a mature understanding of life and of human sexuality; he leaves bedroom

doors closed. What he does show is that the writer's tastes — her preferences for theatrical men and her dislike of women in the mass — made it possible for her to write about ancient Greece in the way in which she did.

Mr. Sweetman traces Mary Renault's (born Mary Challans) life from her birth in Edwardian London through Oxford, nursing school, the war and her first novels to her departure for South Africa after losing most of an MGM prize to the taxman. She had had some fame as a 'lady novelist' of stories set in hospitals and with a hint of sexual ambiguity and as the author of *The Charioteer*, set in a prisoner-of-war camp during World War II. Her real fame came when she began writing her historical novels set in Greece and, while she did not read Greek, she researched her topics thoroughly. When her future biographer asked her what she would like to be remembered for she replied, 'As someone who got it right'. The same may be said for this biography: David Sweetman has got it right.

JAMES MUNSON

LAW AND LAWYERS

The Oxford Companion to the Supreme Court. Edited by Kermit L. Hall and others. Oxford University Press. $45.00. 0 19 505835 6.

In *Democracy in America*, de Tocqueville observed that there is hardly a political question in the United States which does not sooner or later turn into a judicial one. Two hundred years of American history have certainly born out the truth of this remark. Whether a controversy is political, economic, or social, whether it focuses on child labour, prayer in public schools, war powers, busing, abortion, business monopolies, or capital punishment eventually the battle is taken to court. And the ultimate venue for these struggles is the Supreme Court. Indeed, the Supreme Court is a prism through which the entire life of the nation is magnified and illuminated, and through which Americans have defined themselves as a people.

Now, in *The Oxford Companion to the Supreme Court of the United States*, readers have a rich source of information about one of the central institutions of American life. Everything one would want to know about the Supreme Court is here, in more than a thousand alphabetically arranged entries. There are biographies of every justice who ever sat on the Supreme Court (with pictures of each) as well as entries on rejected nominees and prominent judges (such as Learned Hand), on presidents who had an important impact on — or conflict with — the Court (including Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt), and on other influential figures (from Alexander Hamilton to Cass Gilbert, the architect of the Supreme Court Building). More than four hundred entries examine every major case that the court has decided, from *Marbury v. Madison* (which established the Court's power to declare federal laws unconstitutional) and *Scott v. Sandford* (the Dred Scott Case) to *Brown v. Board of Education* and *Roe v. Wade*. In addition, there are extended essays on the major issues that have confronted the Court (from slavery to national security, capital punishment to religion, affirmative action to the Vietnam War), entries on judicial matters and legal terms, articles on all Amendments to the Constitution, and an extensive, four-part history of the Court. And as in all Oxford Companions, the contributions combine scholarship with engaging insight, giving us a sense of the personality and the inner workings of the Court.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SHORTER REVIEWS

That Classical Greek literature survives is due largely to its preservation by the Byzantines, and then as a legacy of their migration to Italy in the decades just before and after the fall of Constantinople in 1453. A continuous tradition of learning Greek had never been established in the Middle Ages but, with help from the refugees, the Italians established in Venice and the University of Padua, which had been absorbed into the Venetian republic in 1405, in Bologna and Mantua, in Rome and Florence academies, schools and printing houses where Greek learning was carefully and lovingly preserved. N. G. Wilson, of Lincoln College, Oxford, now follows up his *Scholars of Byzantium* with **From Byzanthum to Italy, Greek Studies in the Italian Renaissance** (Duckworth. £20. 0 7156 2418 0.) As in his earlier book, his complex story is fascinating in its details: of diplomats, cardinals and copyists, of surgeons, poets and printers, and, not least, compilers of dictionaries. Perhaps the most vivid portrait painted here is that of John Bessarion, the scholar equally at home in Latin and in Greek, who worked for the re-union of both Christendoms at the Council of Florence, who himself became a Catholic Cardinal, and ultimately titular Latin Patriarch at Constantinople. He was twice a candidate for the papacy and lobbied unsuccessfully for a crusade against the Turks. It is but one of the many sketches that mark this eminent scholar's handbook.

Roger Scruton, Professor at Birkbeck College in London and at Boston University, is amusing, gifted and sparkling. He reveals his range and his mastery of Greek texts in his **Xanthippic Dialogues.** (Sinclair-Stevenson, £15.99. 1 85619 2814.) In what he describes as pieces of philosophical fiction he brings Xanthippe to life as no mere shrew. She is a formidable personality, although she does talk. She can outdo Socrates — whom she familiarly calls Socks — and reminds him that it is the family and the individual, and the experiences of men and women, that create civilizations, rather than the state and its ideals. So much for all the familiar stuff of Plato's Republic. And Plato's mother can be as perceptive as her son. Scruton should pay regular visits to the Corniche at Alexandria or the oracle at Delphi to find (or invent) more of such fascinating manuscripts.

Bogdan Denitch, Yugoslav specialist teaching in the Graduate School at C.U.N.Y., is well qualified and well placed to analyse present-day power relations across the world. In **After The Flood: World Politics and Democracy in the Wake of Communism (Adamantine Studies on World Democracy,** No. 2, £15.95. 0 7449 0095 6) he explores the effect of ethnic conflicts and of disintegrative nationalism in a world where state controlism has collapsed; he recognises the neocorporatism of the post-Cold War, and post-Reagan and post-Thatcher worlds; he distinguishes between the varieties of Third World politics; and he sees that Europe-in-turmoil has its own Rio Grande to the East and to the South, and its own 'wetbacks'. This is a first-class introduction to the problems of today that are still likely to bedevil the twenty-first century. At least it is clear that unlike the present the next will not be the American Century.

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From "Music of Tears"
The words of Sephimus Warren Smith came to her, "'Now we will fall ourselves' . But Sephimus let himself think horrible things." She rose and went over to Fredericck and looking into his face let free her great melancholy p.103

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